ANECDOTES OF THE WESLEYS

Tredegar Wharf (Mixed) Schools,

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This Prize was awarded to

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Anecdotes of the . . . Wesleys Illustrative of their Character and Personal History. By the Rev. J. B. Wakeley

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PREFACE

THERE is a story related of a man who opened the door and put his head into Paradise, and, seeing many strange faces there, said, "Gentlemen, I hope I do not intrude; if I do, I can walk out again." So, in presenting this book, I hope I do not "intrude;" if I do, "I can walk out again"—the reader can lay it down and select some other volume more congenial to his taste.

I am aware there are those who undervalue anecdotes, and others who ridicule them. Men may ridicule them till they are gray, but the people will read them. There are persons who, if they wish to eulogize a preacher, will say, "he never tells any stories in the pulpit; he relates no anecdotes." So preached not the Wesleys, or Whitefield, or Coke, or Asbury, or M'Kendree. They all related anecdotes and incidents in the pulpit.

The late Judge M'Lean highly commends the practice. He says, "Some preachers are opposed to what they call story-telling in their sermons. This was practised in the early age of Methodism, and it was admirably suited to those times; and, if more practised, it would

be found just as well suited to the present times."

Some time ago I was in company with the Bishops, and Bishop Morris (our archbishop) said, "I must return to the method of the fathers, relating anecdotes and incidents in preaching;" and Bishop Ames said, "Take away the stories from the Bible, and what have we left."

The anecdotes in this volume have been obtained from all the biographies of the Wesleys, from Tyerman's "Life of Samuel Wesley, Sen.;" Kirk's "Mother of the Wesleys;" Jackson's "Life of Charles Wesley;" Adam Clarke's "Wesley Family;" John Wesley's "Works," particularly his Journals, which contain his best biography; the Arminian and Wesleyan Magazines; and from hundreds of volumes and pamphlets. Some of them were never published before.

It is singular we have books of anecdotes of poets and painters, of heroes, philosophers, and statesmen, and have hitherto had no volume of Anecdotes of the Wesleys.

For over twelve years I have been gathering these anecdotes, and it is with confidence I submit this book to the public, believing it will detract nothing from the fame of the Wesleys, but will awaken a desire to know more concerning them, and will be read with interest when the writer sleeps in the dust.

INTRODUCTION

"THE history of men who have been prime agents in those great moral and intellectual revolutions which from time to time take place among mankind is not less important than that of statesmen and conquerors. There may come a time when the name of Wesley will be more generally known, and in remoter regions of the globe, than that of Frederick or Catharine. For the works of such men survive them, and continue to operate, when nothing remains of worldly ambition but the memory of its vanity and its guilt." So wrote Robert Southey fifty years ago. The "time" for the fulfilment of his prediction has arrived earlier, doubtless, than he dreamed. There is now no land in which the name of Wesley is not known to more persons than those of Frederick and Catharine. And the fragrance of that name grows richer with the lapse of time.

The glory of John Wesley has, to a large extent, been shared by all his family. But they were a rare breed, for two or three generations at least, nearly all distinguished for wit, intelligence, and accomplishments.

The present volume is a contribution, in a new form, to our knowledge of these rare Wesleys. From the old Greek days, anecdotes of eminent persons have always been held to be one of the most delightful forms of composition. Anecdotes delight us by gratifying our natural curiosity to know something of the more private ways and thoughts of people whose public lives have been distinguished. It is, moreover, often the case that "an apparently insignificant anecdote throws an entirely new light on the history of the most admired works, or the most brilliant actions." *

Mr. Wakeley has been happily inspired in the conception of this book of anecdotes. The execution of his task is also felicitous. The public will owe him gratitude for this contribution not merely to their entertainment but to their instruction.

* Edinourgh Review, xxxiii, 302.

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BOOK I.

SAMUEL WESLEY, SEN., M.A.

In conversation Samuel Wesley was grave yet instructive, lively, and full of anecdote, and this talent the late Mr. John Wesley possessed in a high degree.—HENRY MOORE.

BOOK I.

Rev. SAMUEL WESLEY, Sen., M.A.

"What is there like a father to a son?
A father, quick in love, wakeful in care,
Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
Severe in honor, perfect in example,
Stamped with humility!"

Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles Wesley, was born in 1662, was Rector of Epworth thirty-nine years, and died in April, 1735. Much has been written concerning the virtues of his wife, Susanna Wesley, while her excellent husband has been thrown into the shade. He was a man of fine talents, a ripe scholar, an untiring student, a poet of rare excellence, an author of solid merit, a superior preacher, and a faithful Pastor.

Mr. Wesley was a man of small stature, with a bright eye, and a radiant countenance. A number of his early schoolfellows rose to distinction, among others Daniel Defoe, author of Robinson Crusoe John Bunyan and Richard Baxter he heard preach, and greatly admired them. He was early ac

quainted with some of the greatest wits in England, and in native gifts he was not a whit behind them. Alexander Pope and Dean Swift he knew very well, and, like them, he excelled in conversational powers and in anecdote, which he made subservient to the cause of truth, and useful to silence gainsayers.

Well may the poet Cowper inquire,

> "Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right?
> The fixed fee-simple of the vain and light?
> Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an hour,
> That comes to waft us out of sorrow's power,
> Obscure or quench a faculty that finds
> Its happiest soil in the serenest minds?
> Religion curbs, indeed, its wanton play,
> And brings the trifler under vigorous sway,
> But gives it usefulness unknown before,
> And purifying, makes it shine the more.
> A Christian's wit is inoffensive light;
> A beam that aids, but never grieves, the sight."

His sons, Samuel, John, and Charles, and his gifted daughters, while deeply indebted to their mother, inherited their wit and poetic talent from their father. Heroically he struggled with poverty all his days. Mr. Wesley took unwearied pains in the education of his sons. His letters to them while at the University at Oxford show a large heart and noble soul, and abound in wise cautions and suggestions, which had a beneficial effect upon them. Had he not been the father of the Wesleys such were his talents and works he could not be forgotten; but he will be remembered chiefly as

the father of the greatest evangelist of modern times, and of the best sacred poet since the minstrel prophet David.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Samuel Wesley's First Parsonage.

Samuel Wesley in 1691 was appointed Rector of the parish of South Ormsby, with a salary of fifty pounds a year and a parsonage. It was a very mean and uncomfortable abode, but in it he and his youthful wife resided for years, and there five of their children were born, and most of his valuable books were written. Mr. Wesley describes it in cheerful verse, as follows:

> "In a mean cot, composed of reeds and clay,
> Wasting in sighs th' uncomfortable day;
> Near where the inhospitable Humber roars,
> Devouring by degrees the neighbouring shores.
> Let earth go where it will I'll not repine,
> Nor can unhappy be, while heaven is mine."

Samuel Wesley's Description of his Wife.

It has been supposed that Samuel Wesley was a sour and disagreeable husband. On the contrary, he was one of the kindest of husbands, one of the best of fathers. His granddaughter, Miss Sarah Wesley, said "his children idolized his

memory." We shall see the high regard his wife had for him, and this feeling he reciprocated. A few years after their marriage, in his "Life of Christ," he painted her portrait thus:

"She graced my humble roof, and blest my life;
Blest me by a far greater name than wife;
Yet still I bore an undisputed sway,
Nor was't her task, but pleasure, to obey.
Scarce thought, much less could act, what I denied.
In our lone house there was no room for pride.
Nor need I e'er direct what still was right;
She studied my convenience and delight;
Nor did I for her care ungrateful prove,
But only used my power to show my love.
Whate'er she asked I gave, without reproach or grudge
For still she reason asked, and I was judge.
All my commands, requests at her fair hands,
And her requests, to me were all commands.
To others' thresholds rarely she'd incline,
Her house her pleasure was, and she was mine.
Rarely abroad, or never but with me,
Or when by pity called, or charity."

Samuel Wesley and the Profane Officer.

Soon after Mr. Wesley left the University he was engaged with John Dunton and Richard Sault in publishing the *Athenian Gazette.* They used to meet to talk over the affairs of their new publication at Smith's Coffee House, London. At one of these meetings an incident occurred that strikingly illustrates the character of Samuel Wesley. At the other end of the room where Wesley and his two friends were met for business there

were a number of gentlemen, including an officer of the Guards, who was awfully profane. Mr. Wesley was shocked at his language, and asked the waiter to bring him a glass of water. It was brought. In a loud tone of voice he said, "Carry it to that gentleman in the red coat, and desire him to wash his mouth after his oaths." No sooner had he uttered these words than the officer was on his feet to chastise the young clergyman. His friends, who had better manners and judgment than himself, laid hold of him, and said, "Nay, Colonel, you gave the first offence; you know it is an affront to swear in the presence of a clergyman." Years rolled on. Mr. Wesley was in London attending Convocation. As he was going through St. James's Park a gentleman accosted him, and asked if he knew him. Mr. Wesley said he did not. The gentleman brought to his mind the scene at Smith's Coffee House, when Mr. Wesley gave him such a terrible reproof for his profanity, and added, "Since then, sir, I thank God, I have feared an oath and every thing that is offensive to the divine Majesty. I rejoice at seeing you, and cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude to you and to God that we ever met."

Samuel Wesley and Queen Mary.

Mr. Wesley was an enthusiastic admirer of Queen Mary. He dedicated to her his "Life of Christ." She is said to have read it with great pleasure

The Queen gave him the living of Epworth, which he never asked for nor expected. He says, "It was proffered and given without my having ever solicited any person, and without my ever expecting or thinking of such a favour." He adds, "The favours which our blessed Queen was pleased to bestow on me, after she had read my book, were as far beyond my expectation as my desert."

In 1694 this excellent Queen died, and was deeply lamented. Mr. Wesley published a poem on her death, which was highly eulogistic. The following is a specimen:

"Would virtue take a shape, she'd choose to appear,
And think, and speak, and dress, and live, like her.
Zeal without heat, devotion without pride,
Work without noise, did all her hours divide;
Wit without trifling, prudence without guile,
Pure faith, which no false reasoning could spoil,
With her, secure and blest our happy isle."

This, and some other of his early poetry, made him the butt of the ridicule of the wits, and John Dunton wrote:

"Poor, harmless Wesley! let him write again;
Be pitied in his old heroic strain;
Let him in reams proclaim himself a dunce,
And break a dozen stationers at once."

Samuel Wesley, Jr., retorted upon Dunton in his poem, "Neck or Nothing," when he puts the following into Dunton's mouth:

"Have I alone obliged the press
With fifteen hundred treatises,
Printers and stationers undone—
A plagiary in every one?"

Samuel Wesley's Life of Christ.

His "Heroic Poem," containing nine thousand lines, was published in 1693. Concerning its merits there were various opinions. Dunton, his brother-in-law, describes it as "intolerably dull." Samuel Badcock says, "It excited the ridicule of the wits." This same poem was splendidly eulogized by the Poet-laureate, Naham Tate, who was, to be sure, no great judge. He regards Samuel Wesley as "completing the task which Milton left unfinished; and represents him as a great bard emerging from solitude, fired with rapture, and charmingly unfolding the great themes of angelic hymns, and weaving wit and piety together. His spotless muse brings fresh laurels from Parnassus and plants them on Zion."* Dr. Coke admired and republished it one hundred years after the first edition was published. Wesley himself thus speaks of the first edition: "The cuts are good; the notes pretty good; the verses so-so."

Samuel Palmer rudely attacked it. Mr. Wesley replied, "I know my poem is faulty; but whether it be in itself so absolutely contemptible as Mr. Palmer represents it, I desire may be left to more impartial judges. If he will be so kind as to let me know the particular faults of that poem I shall own myself highly obliged to him, and will take care to correct them. I am sensible there are too many incorrect lines in it, which had better have been left out; but I remember, too, some lines struck

* See Tyerman's "Life of Samuel Wesley," p. 160.

out which, perhaps, had been as well left in. I care not if I oblige him with two or three of them which were in the original, but were not printed, and leave him to guess the reason:

> 'Or murmuring deep, with harsh incondite tone,
> With eyes reversed, and many a brutal groan,
> We are the favor'd few, the elect alone.'"

John Wesley said, "In my father's poem on the 'Life of Christ' there are many excellent lines, but they must be taken in connection with the rest. It would not be at all proper to print them separate."

Samuel Wesley, Jr., had a peculiar affection for his father, and was a great admirer of his genius, and he speaks thus of his Life of Christ:

> "Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end:
> Faith to assert and virtue to defend.
> He sung how God his Saviour deigned to expire
> With Vida's piety, though not his fire."

Samuel Wesley and his Persecutors.

Mr. Wesley preached at Epworth with great plainness of speech. His politics also gave great offence, and much persecution followed. His opponents injured his cattle, burned his house to the ground, and had him imprisoned for debt in Lincoln Castle. Mr. Wesley was very poor, and had only ten shillings when he went to prison, and his wife had less. She sent him her gold rings to relieve him, but he returned them. His noble soul was free even in

the prison. We cannot but admire him as he bows his head to the storm. While in bonds he wrote a characteristic letter to the Archbishop of York, in which he says, "I am come to the haven where I have long expected to be; but I do not despair of doing good here; it may be, more in this new parish than in my old one. A jail is a paradise in comparison of the life I led before I came hither. . . . I hope to rise again, as I have always done when at the lowest, and I think I could not be much lower now. . . . I am getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can, and I shall write to London next post to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, who, I hope, will send some books to distribute among them." He volunteered to be chaplain to the prisoners, and was very useful to them. Daily he read prayers, and on Sabbath preached to them the perfect law of liberty. After remaining three months in Lincoln Castle he was released.

Samuel Wesley and Archbishop Sharpe.

Archbishop Sharpe was a generous man, and a great friend of Samuel Wesley. He was the grandfather of Granville Sharpe, of world-wide fame for his efforts for the enslaved. The Archbishop had great influence with King William, and it was well for Samuel Wesley to have such a friend. He rendered him great assistance in his poverty by giving and raising money for him.

Mr. Wesley appreciated his kindness, and in a letter to the Archbishop shows his heart was overflowing with gratitude: "When I received your Grace's first letter I thanked God upon my knees for it, and have done the same, I believe, twenty times since, as often as I have read it; and more than once for the other, which I received yesterday." Again: "I am pretty confident your Grace neither reflects on nor imagines how much you have done for me, nor what sums I have received by your lordship's bounty and favour, without which I had been ere this moldy in a jail, and sunk a thousand fathoms below nothing." He names over the sums he had received through the Archbishop, one hundred and eighty-four pounds, in which was included forty-three pounds from Queen Anne. "A frightful sum," he adds; "but it is beyond thanks, and I must never expect to perform that as I ought till in another world, where, if I get first into the harbour, I hope none will go before me in welcoming your lordship into everlasting habitations, where you will be no more tried with my follies, nor concerned with my misfortunes."

Again he wrote a characteristic letter, dated May 18, 1701:

"My Lord: . . . Last night my wife brought me a *few* children. There are but *two* yet, a boy and a girl, and I think they are all at present. We have had four in two years and a day, three of which are living. Never came any thing more like a gift from heaven than what the Countess of Northampton sent by your lordship's charitable

offices. Wednesday evening my wife and I joined stocks, which came to but *six shillings*, to send for coals. Thursday morning I received the *ten pounds*, and at night my wife was delivered. Glory to God for his unspeakable goodness!"

Archbishop Sharpe and the Highwayman.

To illustrate the character of the Archbishop, Samuel Wesley's faithful friend in adversity, in prison and in poverty, we insert the following anecdote, which John Wesley published in the Arminian Magazine in 1785, p. 157. It was his lordship's custom to have a saddle-horse attend his carriage, that in case of fatigue from sitting he might take the refreshment of a ride. As he was thus going to his episcopal residence, and had gone a mile or two before the carriage, a decent, well-looking young man came up to him, and with a trembling hand and faltering tongue presented a pistol to his lordship's breast, demanding his money. The Archbishop with composure turned about, and looking steadfastly at him, desired he would remove that dangerous weapon and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir! sir!" with great agitation cried the youth, "no words—'tis not a time—your money instantly!" "Hear me, young man," said the Archbishop, "and come on with me. You see I am a very old man, and my life is of very little consequence. Yours seems far otherwise. I am named *Sharpe*, and am Archbishop of York; my

carriage and servants are behind. Tell me what money you want, and who you are, and I'll not injure you, but prove a friend. Here, take this and now tell me how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as you are now engaged in." "O, sir!" replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you. I am—but—at home there are creditors who will not stay Fifty pounds, my lord, indeed would do what no tongue besides my own can tell!" "Well, sir I take it on your word; and, upon my honour, if you will in a day or two call on me at——, what I have now given shall be made up to that sum." The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and at the time appointed actually waited on the Archbishop, and assured his lordship his words had left impressions which nothing could ever efface. Nothing more of him transpired for a year and a half, or more, when one morning a person knocked at his Grace's gate, and with peculiar earnestness desired to see him. The Bishop ordered the stranger to be brought in; he entered the room where his lordship was, and had scarce advanced a few steps before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor. On recovering he requested of his lordship for a private audience. The apartment being cleared, "My Lord," said he, "you cannot have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place; gratitude will never suffer them to be effaced from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind, but

now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, to millions. O, my lord, (tears for awhile preventing his utterance,) 'tis *you*, 'tis *you* that have saved me, body and soul! 'Tis you that have saved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children dearer than my life! Here is that fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness, your deed itself your glory, and may heaven and all its blessings be your present and everlasting reward! I was the youngest son of a wealthy man; your lordship knew him I am sure. His name was ——. My marriage alienated his affection, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since my brother died a bachelor and intestate. What was *his* is become *mine;* and by your astonishing goodness I am now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species."

Samuel Wesley and the Chief Man of the Town

The parsonage at Epworth was burned February 9, 1709. There can be no doubt that it was set on fire by his enemies. This was the second time it was on fire. While his house was burning the last time, and Mr. Wesley was running about the street inquiring for his wife and children, he met the chief man and chief constable of the town going from the house, not toward it. Wesley said to him, "God's will be done." He gruffly in-

quired, "Will you never be done with your tricks? You fired your house once before. Did you not get money enough by it then, that you have to do it again?" Mr. Wesley replied, "God forgive you! I find you are chief man still."

Samuel Wesley and the Rescued Hymn.

When the parsonage was burned most of Mr. Wesley's manuscripts were destroyed, but a few small mementoes of the terrible calamity were preserved, among others a hymn with music adapted. It is the only entire hymn written by the father of the Wesleys that finds a place in the Methodist hymn book.

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend!

Samuel Wesley and his Advisers.

In consequence of the bitter persecution he endured Mr. Wesley was advised to leave Epworth. He was made of such material as martyrs are made of. "God had not given him the spirit of fear, but of courage and of a sound mind." He

was ready to say with Nehemiah, "Shall such a man as I flee?" With all the spirit of unbending heroism he refused, saying, "'Tis like a coward to desert my post because the enemy fires thick upon me. They have only wounded me yet, and I believe cannot kill me." How much like his heroic sons in after years, when John wrote

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

Samuel Wesley and the Dishonest Farmer.

At Epworth Mr. Wesley was supported by tithes paid by his parishioners. One day he went into his field where the corn tithes were laid out. He found a dishonest farmer very deliberately at work with a pair of shears cutting off the ears of

corn and putting them in a bag. Mr. Wesley said not a word, but took him by the arm and marched him into the town. When they were in the market-place he seized the bag, and, turning it inside out before the people, told them what the farmer had been doing. He then left him with his ill-gotten gain to the judgment of his neighbors, and walked quietly home.

Samuel Wesley and his Dying Parishioner.

Samuel Wesley visited one of his parishioners as he was upon his dying bed—a man who had never missed going to church in forty years. "Thomas, where do you think your soul will go?" "Soul! soul!" said Thomas. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Wesley, "do you not know what your soul is?" "Aye, surely," said Thomas; "why, it is a little bone in the back that lives longer than the body." "So much," says John Wesley, who related it on the authority of Dr. Lupton, who had it from his father, "had Thomas learned from hearing sermons, and exceedingly good sermons, for forty years.*"

Samuel Wesley and the Mysterious Noises at Epworth.

These noises made a great noise in the world. Mrs. Wesley first heard them in her bedroom. There was a clattering of the windows and doors,

* British Minutes for 1744.

and several distinct knocks three by three. Nancy Marshall, the maid-servant, heard in the dining room something that sounded like the groans of a dying man. The young ladies of the family were greatly disturbed by these strange doings. Mrs. Wesley then informed her husband of the circumstances, and intimated her belief of their supernatural character. He was displeased, and said, "Sukey, I am ashamed of you. These boys and girls frighten one another, but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more." This answer displeased the girls, and they wished their father might hear the noises himself. Their wish was soon gratified. The very next night he was roused from his slumbers by nine loud and distinct knocks. Raps and thumps were heard all over the house, except in the study.

Mr. Wesley asked what it was, and why it disturbed innocent children, and did not come to him in his study. The next night the noises were as boisterous as ever. Mr. Wesley pulled out a pistol, and was about to fire at the place whence the sounds proceeded, when the Rev. Mr. Hoole caught him by the arm, and said, "Sir, if this is something preternatural you cannot hurt it by firing your pistol, but you may give it power to hurt you."

There had been no disturbance in the study up to this time. The next evening, as Mr. Wesley opened the door of the study, it was thrust back with such violence as well-nigh threw him down, and then there was a knocking first on one side, then the other.

He went into an adjoining room, where was his daughter Anne, and the noises still continued. He said to her, "Spirits love darkness; put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak."

She did so, and he asked the mysterious personage to speak. No answer came, but the knocking continued. He then said, "Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil; go down stairs, and it may be when I am left alone it will have courage enough to speak." He then thought something might have happened to his son Samuel, and he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray thee knock three knocks, and no more." No answer, and all was quiet for the night.

Nothing more was heard for about a month, when, while at family prayer, the usual knocks were heard when he prayed for King George, and a thundering thump at the *amen*. Noises continued, latches were uplifted, doors flew open, the house shook from top to bottom, the Rector's trencher danced upon the table at a Sunday dinner, beds were uplifted, etc.

Several clergymen and others advised Mr. Wesley to leave the old parsonage. His answer was, "No; let the devil flee from *me*, I will not flee from *him*."

Such is a mere outline of the "strange doings" at Epworth rectory. Many have tried to account for these extraordinary noises. Some have said it was rats, others the tricks of the servants—the house was haunted—witchcraft—catalepsy—diabolical influences—departed spirits, etc.

Mrs. Wesley wrote to her son Samuel to have him explain the mysterious movements. He wrote thus: "My mother sends to me to know my thoughts of it, and I cannot think at all of any interpretation. Wit, I fancy, might find many, but wisdom none."

Samuel Wesley and his Comical Clerk.

The following anecdote was related by John Wesley:

Samuel Wesley had a clerk, a well-meaning, honest, but weak and vain man. He believed the Rector, his master, to be the greatest man in the parish, if not in the country, and that he himself stood next to him in worth and importance. He had the privilege of wearing Mr. Wesley's cast-off clothes and wigs, for the latter of which his head was far too small, and the figure he cut in it was ludicrously grotesque. One morning, before church time, Mr. Wesley said, "John, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day, and shall choose my own psalm, of which I shall give out the first line, and you shall proceed as usual."

John was pleased, and the service went forward as usual till they came to the singing, when Mr. Wesley gave out the following line:

"Like to an owl in ivy bush."

This was sung, and the following line. John, peeping out of the large canonical wig in which

his head was half lost, gave out with an audible voice, and an appropriate connecting twang

"That rueful thing am I."

The whole congregation saw and felt the similitude, and could not refrain from laughter.

This clerk was the same man who, when King William returned to London after some of his expeditions, gave out in Epworth Church, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God a hymn of my own composing:"

"King William has come home, come home;
King William home is come;
Therefore together let us sing
The hymn that is called Te D'um."

Samuel Wesley and the Miser.

"Should a broad stream of golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul."

We have seen that Mr. Wesley was distinguished for vivacity. His wit was bright, sparkling, always at hand, never far-fetched. The following will illustrate this:

A miser near Epworth, who had always lived in a little world by himself, who had never entertained any company, concluded, to the astonishment of those who knew him, to make a feast, and invited Mr. Wesley and a number of others to partake of it.

After dinner his host requested Mr. Wesley to return thanks, which he did in the following language, which not only showed his humour, but his felicity at improvisation:

"Behold a miracle! for 'tis no less
Than eating manna in the wilderness!
Here some have starved where we have found relief,
And seen the wonders of a chine of beef;
Here chimnies smoke which never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more."*

The miser confirmed the closing line by immediately adding, "*No, gentlemen, it is too expensive.*"

Samuel Wesley and his Curate.

Samuel Wesley had a curate named Inman. On one of Mr. Wesley's returns from the metropolis a complaint was urged against his Curate that he preached nothing to his congregation, except the duty of paying their debts and behaving well among their neighbors. The complainants added, "We think, sir, there is more in religion than this." Mr. Wesley replied, "There certainly is; I will hear him myself." He accordingly sent for his Curate, and told him he wished him to preach the next Lord's day, observing, "You could prepare a sermon on any text that I shall give you?" He re-

* Richard Watson says, "The design of this odd extemporaneous effusion, we are bound to believe, was not to indulge in levity, but to convey a useful reproof."—*Life of John Wesley.* p. 281.

plied, "By all means." Then said Mr. Wesley, "Prepare a sermon on the text found in Heb. xi, 6: 'Without faith it is impossible to please [God.']" When the time arrived Mr. Wesley read the prayers, and the Curate ascended the pulpit and read the text with the greatest solemnity, and thus began: "It must be confessed, friends, that faith is a most excellent virtue, and it produces other virtues also. In particular, it makes a man pay his debts as soon as he can." He went on in this way, enforcing the social duties, for about a quarter of an hour, and then concluded. So, said John Wesley, "my father saw it was a lost case."

Samuel Wesley reproved by his Son.

Samuel Wesley loved the weed, and not only smoked tobacco, but indulged in snuff-taking. His son Samuel had a perfect abhorrence for tobacco in any form, he therefore aimed one of his keenest satires at his father's propensities. He thus speaks of the box:

> "The snuff-box first provokes our just disdain,
> That rival of the fan and of the cane.
> Your modern beaux to richest shrines intrust
> Their worthless stores of fashionable dust."

And again, of snuff itself:

> "Strange is the power of snuff, whose pungent grains
> Can make fops speak, and furnish beaux with brains·
> Nor care of cleanliness, nor love of dress,
> Can save their clothes from brick-dust nastiness.

Some think the part too small of modish sand
Which at a niggard pinch they can command;
Nor can their fingers for that task suffice,
Their nose too greedy, not their hands too nice;
To such a height with these is fashion grown,
They feed their nostrils with a spoon.
One, and but one, degree is wanting yet
To make our senseless luxury complete;
Some choice regale useless as snuff, and dear,
To feed the mazy windings of the ear."

At the request of his aunt, Miss Annesley, young Samuel wrote this withering satire, and afterward made a most graceful apology to his father for the liberty he had taken.

Samuel Wesley and his son John.

John was greatly indebted to his father, not only for supporting him at the University, but for excellent advice that had much to do with moulding his ministerial character.

When John was at Oxford he was in great need of money. His father sent him some, and wrote this playful letter, full of characteristic humour, in January, 1724: "Since you have now for some time bit upon the bridle, I will take care hereafter to put a little honey upon it as often as I am able; but then it shall be of my own mere motion, as the last five pounds was, for I will bear no rival in my kingdom." He concludes with, "Work and write while you can. You see Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little behind him.

My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them." Again he wrote, "I will write to the Bishop of Lincoln again. You shall not want a black coat as soon as I have any *white.*"

Samuel Wesley and John Dryden.

Samuel Wesley was well acquainted with the English poets, and his "Epistle on Poetry" is no bad specimen of criticism. He names Spenser, with his "vast genius" and "noble thoughts;" and Dryden, with his "matchless skill," is highly praised. But he censures the great but unhappy man, and says, "Suppose the great poet and critic to stand before the judgment-seat, (even if he should find mercy,") he exclaims,

> "How will he wish that each unpolished line,
> That makes vice pleasing and damnation shine,
> Had been as dull as honest Quarles' or mine?"

Samuel Wesley and his son Charles.

There never was a more affectionate father than Samuel Wesley. His letters to Samuel, John, and Charles show this. They are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. They had much to do in forming the character of his sons.

When Charles was twenty-one he began to take pupils at the University. His father wrote to him, and thus concluded his letter: "You are now

launched fairly, Charles; hold up your head and swim like a man, and when you buff the wave beneath you say to it much as another hero did,

Carolum vehis, et Caroli fortunam.*

But always keep your eye above the polar-star, and so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life!" Can we wonder that the children of Samuel Wesley almost idolized his memory?

Samuel Wesley and the Fellow of Lincoln.

John Wesley was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, the 17th of March, 1725. This delighted his venerable father, and four days after he sent him a short epistle, directed to "*Dear Mr. Fellow Elect of Lincoln*,—I have done more than I could for you. On waiting on Dr. Morley with this he will pay you twelve pounds. You are inexpressibly obliged to that generous man."

Ten days after he writes, "What will be my own fate God knows before this summer be over. Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln!"

Samuel Wesley on Ridicule.

There were those in the University who ridiculed John Wesley. He wrote to his father concerning it. He replied in these brave words: "As to the

* "Thou carriest *Charles* and Charles's fortune."

gentlemen candidates you write of, does any body think the devil is dead, or so much as asleep, or that he has no agents left? Surely virtue can afford to be laughed at. The Captain and Master endured something more for us before he entered into glory, and unless we track his steps in vain do we hope to share that glory with him."

Samuel Wesley and fine Sermons.

Samuel Wesley wrote an admirable letter to his Curate, which is a very able production, abounding in wise hints and suggestions. It was of great service to his son John in after years, and to the celebrated Whitefield. In the letter he says, "I sincerely hate what some people call a fine sermon, with just nothing in it. I cannot help thinking that it is very like our fashionable poetry, a polite nothing."

Samuel Wesley's Great Loss.

There is a greater loss than a house, than books; the loss of the right hand. What an era it is in any man's history when his right hand forgets its cunning, and falls useless at his side.

Mr. Wesley, struggling with poverty, bending under the weight of seventy years, was endeavouring to bring out his most elaborate work, namely, "Dissertations on the Book of Job," when his right hand was stricken with paralysis, and he

could no longer hold a pen. But he never despaired in the darkest hour; he hoped on and hoped ever. His language is perfectly characteristic of the man, and we wonder and still admire him as he says, "I have already lost one hand in the service, yet I thank God, *non deficit altera*,* and I begin to put the other hand to school this day to learn to write in order to help its lame brother."

Samuel Wesley, his Sons and the Prisoners.

Mr. Morgan urged John and Charles Wesley when they were at Oxford to join him in visiting the prisoners and the poor. They wrote to their father for advice. His answer was worthy of the noble father of the Wesleys: "As to your designs and employments, what can I say less of them than *valde probo*,† and that I have the highest reason to bless God that he has given me two sons together at Oxford to whom he has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil. Go, then, in God's name in the path in which your Saviour has directed you, and the path in which your father has walked before you, for when I was an under graduate at Oxford I visited those in the castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day." Samuel Wesley thus encouraged this first Methodist movement, and his noble sons following his advice, partook of his spirit, and walking in his steps, were through a long life

* The other does not fail me. † I approve.

the prisoner's friends. To them of a truth could be said, "I was sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ye came unto me."

Samuel Wesley's Dissertations on the Book of Job.

This was his life-time work. He was employed upon it for a quarter of a century, and died before it was finished. It was completed by his son Samuel. It was written in Latin, abounded with Hebrew and Greek quotations, and contained maps and other illustrations. It was published by subscription, and some of the most distinguished men in Great Britain were among the subscribers. The work is a literary curiosity. Samuel Badcock (no great friend of the Wesleys) says: "Mr. Wesley's Dissertations were never held in any estimation by the learned." John Wesley briefly replied, "I doubt that. The book certainly contains immense learning, but of a kind I do not admire."

Bishop Warburton aims a sarcastic blow at it. He says, "Poor Job! It was his eternal fate to be persecuted by his friends. His three comforters passed sentence of condemnation upon him, and he has been executing in *effigy* ever since. He was first bound to the stake by a long *catena* of Greek fathers, then tortured by Pineda, then strangled by Caryll, and afterward cut up by Wesley, and anatomized by Garnet. He was ordained, I think, by a fate like that of Prometheus, to lie still upon

his dunghill and have his brains sucked out by owls."*

Dr. Adam Clarke says, "It is one of the most complete things of the kind I have ever met with, and must be invaluable to any man who may wish to read the Book of Job critically."

Alexander Pope was a great admirer of Samuel Wesley and his work, and he thus wrote to Dean Swift:

"This is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you a pious and good work, and for a good and honest man; moreover, he is about seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word 'honest.' I shall think it a kindness done to myself if you can propagate Mr. Wesley's subscription for his Commentary on the Book of Job among your divines, (Bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope,) and among such as are believers or readers of Scripture. Even the curious may find something to please them if they scorn to be edified.

"It has been the labor of eight years† of this learned man's life. I call him what he is — a learned man — and I will engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old tory and a sufferer for the Church of England, though you are a whig, as I am.*"

Some one wrote to Samuel Wesley on the great delay of the work, and the uneasiness of some of

* Nicholl's Literary Anecdotes. † Many years longer.

the subscribers. His reply was characteristic. He says, "He does not wonder they think the Book of Job was long coming out, though it is common in books of this nature, especially when the author is absent from the press, and there are so many cuts and maps in it as must be in mine. Now if Job's friends have need of patience at seeing him lie so long on the dunghill, or, what is much the same, the printing house, how much more has Job himself need of it, who is sensible his reputation suffers more and more by the delay of it, though if he himself had died, as he was lately in a fair way to it, having been as good as given over by three physicians, there would have been no doubt to any one who knows the character of my son at Westminster that every subscriber would have had his book."

Samuel Wesley's Dying Predictions.

The time came when the old Rector of Epworth must die. As he was expiring he laid his hand upon the head of Charles, and said, "Be steady, the Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you will see it, though I shall not." To another of his children he said, "Do not be concerned at my death, God will then begin to manifest himself to my family." How patriarchal the scene! We are reminded of the words of the dying Jacob, "Behold, I die, but God will be with you." How prophetic the language! How fulfilled to the

very letter both in regard to his family and the nation! To his widow, to his sons John and Charles, they were not only flames of love, but flames of fire; such manifestations as had not been seen since the days of Pentecost!

Seven years pass away, and his son John, excluded the church edifice, stands upon his father's tombstone for eight successive nights and preaches to crowds at Epworth the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. A glorious revival followed. Reviewing the mighty work John Wesley exclaimed, "O let none think his labour of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear. Near forty years did my father labour here, but he saw little fruit of his labor. I took some pains among this people too, and my strength also seemed spent in vain; but now the fruit appeared. There was scarcely any in the town, on whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly, but the seed sown so long since now sprang up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins."*

As further proof we quote from a sermon John Wesley preached at the laying of the corner-stone of City Road Chapel in 1777, from "What hath God wrought?" In it he inquires, "But has there, indeed, been any extraordinary work of God wrought in England during this century?" After describing its origin he says, "This revival has spread to such a degree as neither we nor our fathers had known. How *extensive* has it been! There is scarcely a considerable town in the king-

* Wesley's Journal, vol. i, p. 257.

dom where some have not been witnesses of it. It has spread to every age and sex, to most orders and degrees of men." Then he dwells upon its *swiftness*, as well as its *extent*, its *depth*, its *purity*. He concludes thus: "Such a work cannot easily be paralleled, in all these concurrent circumstances, by any thing that is found in the English annals since Christianity was first planted on this island." *

Charles Wesley heard his father say, God had shown him he should have all his nineteen children about him in heaven. Can we doubt that long ago the hopes of the father were realized?

> "The ocean crossed, no wanderer lost
> A family in heaven."

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* Wesley's Sermons, vol. i, p. 495.

BOOK II.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

BOOK II.

SKETCH OF SUSANNA WESLEY.

"So woman, born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,
With softness polish, and with virtue warm:
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own;
Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart
The censures of a self-condemning heart."

Susanna Wesley's name is a household word in the great Methodist family in both hemispheres. This illustrious woman occupies a prominent place among the mothers of the wise and good. She was the youngest daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a dissenting minister of distinction; was born in London; married when she was nineteen; and was six years younger than her husband, Samuel Wesley; and in twenty-one years had nineteen children. Mrs. Wesley was distinguished for uncommon beauty, elegance of manners, strength of understanding, untiring industry, indomitable will, and a patience above all praise in training her children for God, and in educating them for immortality.

"Order is heaven's first law," and it was the first law of her dwelling. Every thing was done at the time. There were hours for study, hours for play, hours for eating, hours for sleeping, and they were all carefully observed. No jeweller ever took more pains to polish his jewels, no sculptor ever bestowed more labour in chiseling a block of marble into a life-like statue, no husbandman ever was more earnestly engaged in bringing to perfection the plants in his nursery, than Mrs. Wesley to polish her jewels, to perfect her living statuary, and to develop the plants that grew in her domestic inclosure. She could say with the distinguished Roman matron Cornelia, "These are my jewels." No wonder "her sons were as plants grown up in their youth, and her daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." She was a model daughter, wife, and mother. Her portrait is painted correctly by inspiration's pencil: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her own household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

After years of usefulness and suffering she died in London, in John Wesley's dwelling-house behind the Old Foundry, which was a kind of cathedral in Methodism until the City Road Chapel was built.

She died surrounded by her children, and her

last fond look was cast on those she loved. Just before she lost the power of speech she said, "Children, as soon as I am released sing a song of praise to God." They knelt down, and John commended her departing spirit to Him who is the resurrection and the life. No sooner was the silver cord loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the spirit released from its earthly prison-house, than her children complied with her last request and sung a song of praise.

"Hosanna to Jesus on high!
Another has entered her rest:
Another has 'scaped to the sky
And lodged in Immanuel's breast.
The soul of our mother is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasped in the arms of his love."

Her death was as peaceful as her life had been pure, and occurred July 23, 1742. She was buried on Sunday afternoon at Bunhill Fields, a vast multitude attending the funeral. The services were conducted by her son John in the most solemn and impressive manner. Multitudes wept when Mr. Wesley said, "I commit the body of my mother to the grave." He then preached from, "I saw a great white throne," etc. He said, "It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side of eternity."

She rests in classic ground, where John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, and Isaac Watts, the sweet hymnist, and others of the mighty dead are sleep-

ing till the heavens be no more. On a plain tomb stone were inscribed the following verses, written by her son Charles:

HERE LIES THE BODY

OF

MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY,

YOUNGEST AND LAST SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY.

In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.
True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.
The Father then revealed his Son;
Him in the broken bread made known.
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.
Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, "Arise, my love!"
"I come!" her dying looks replied,
And, lamb-like as her Lord, she died.

A new stone has of late years been set up, bearing a different inscription.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Susanna Wesley and her Sister.

Judith Annesley was endowed with rare personal charms. Sir Peter Lely, the painter of the "beauties" of his age, painted her portrait, and placed it in his Gallery of Beauties. Yet one who knew her sister, said, "Beautiful as Miss Annesley appears, she was far from being as beautiful as Mrs. Wesley." "Favour is deceitful and beauty vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shal. be praised.".

John Dunton, the famous book-publisher, her brother-in-law, thus sketched her character: "She is a virgin of eminent piety. Good books (above all, the Book of books) are her sweetest entertainment; and she finds more comfort there than others do in the wardrobe. In a word, she keeps a constant watch over the frame of her soul, and the course of her actions, by daily and strict examination of both."

A gentleman of splendid fortune paid his addresses to this rare beauty, and the attachment was mutual; but when she perceived that he was addicted to much wine she refused him her hand, and spent her life in single blessedness. She was as wise as beautiful. Would it not have been wise in many ladies to have followed the example of Mrs. Wesley's sister in this respect?

Susanna Wesley and Socinianism.

Susanna was a great reader, as well as a great thinker. In her own father's house she reasoned herself into the Socinian Creed. Samuel Wesley was the means of rescuing her from the fearful error. She acknowledges it "one of the greatest mercies of her life that she was married to a religious orthodox man, and by him was first drawn off from the Socinian heresy." Mrs. Wesley wrote an exposition of the Apostles' Creed, which she sent to her daughter Susanna. It is original and beautiful, showing decided ability in the discussion of the great theme.

Susanna Wesley and Crying Children.

Nothing is more disagreeable than crying children, and nothing more unnecessary. John Wesley said, "My mother had ten children, each of them had spirit enough, yet not one of them was ever heard to cry after it was a year old."

Susanna Wesley and Family Government.

Mrs. Wesley's first step was to conquer the *will* of the child early. This is the very point where many parents fail. She said, "This is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which, precept and example will be ineffectual. But where this is thoroughly done,

then the child is capable of being governed by the reason of its parents till its own understanding come to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind." A sapling is easily bent, but it is impossible to bend an old tree.

Susanna Wesley and her eldest Child.

Samuel Wesley was the first-born, and was named after his father. He did not attempt to speak until he was five years old, and it was feared he never would. To their surprise he began at once. He had a cat, of which he was very fond, and he would carry it about with him and play with it by the hour. One day "Sammy" was missing, and they searched every part of the house for him, but all in vain. Mrs. Wesley was greatly alarmed, and went through the house loudly calling him by name. At last she heard a voice from under the table, saying, "Here am I, mother." She looked under, and saw with surprise Sammy and his cat. From that time he spoke clearly and without hesitation.

Susanna Wesley, her Husband, and Sammy.

Mrs. Wesley was very thorough in every thing she undertook. One day she was teaching little Sammy a lesson, and he was very slow in learning it. So she drilled him over and over again until he perfectly understood it. While she was thus engaged Mr. Wesley said to her, "Why, my dear,

do you sit there teaching that dull child that lesson over for the twentieth time?" Mrs. Wesley calmly replied, "Because the nineteenth is not enough."

Samuel became a good scholar, a rare wit, a superior poet, a genuine saint, a most dutiful son. He was a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless children after the death of the Rector of Epworth. He was born in 1690, and died when he was forty-nine. Some of the finest poetry in our hymn book he composed. Among others the following:

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold."

And the hymn commencing,

"The Lord of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest."

Susanna Wesley and the Education of her Children.

Mrs. Wesley was the instructress of the children in their earlier years. They were not sent to school, for she had a very bad opinion of the common method of instructing children at the school at that time. They had their regular hours for school together, and she also taught them separately. She not only expanded their intellects, but aimed at improving their hearts. The old parsonage was, in fact, a theological seminary. She took each child by itself and gave instruction adapted

to its capacity, and these private lessons made indelible impressions upon the minds and hearts of the children. It was sowing good seed in promising soil, the fruit of which was seen in after years. "On Monday I talked with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emilia and Sukey together on Sunday."

Susanna Wesley and her Son John.

The training John received from his mother did much toward moulding his character and shaping his destiny. No painter ever took more pains on canvas to perfect a picture, than Mrs. Wesley did to develop the powers of her gifted son. While she was impartial, she took particular pains with John, and felt the deepest interest in him, because when six years old he had a singular and providential escape from being burned to death when the parsonage at Epworth was consumed by fire. In a private note she refers to this, and says she considers herself "under special obligation to be more particularly careful of the soul of a child whom God had so mercifully provided for." He was very young when she used to take him on Thursday, as we have seen, and talk to him on religious subjects. To her

> The sacred discipline was given
> To train and bring him up for heaven.

To show the influence of her Thursday interview with John, he writes to her, twenty years after he had left the old homestead, and was no more under her fostering care, thus: "In many things you have interceded for me, and prevailed. Who knows but in this, too, 'a complete renunciation of the world,' you may be successful. If you can spare me only that part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed on me in another manner I doubt not it would be as useful now for correcting my heart as it was in forming my judgment." The Church and the world know well the results of such training.

Susanna Wesley and her Daughter Emilia.

Emilia Wesley was the eldest of the seven daughters who survived their father. The strong desire her mother felt for the cultivation of her mind and the improvement of her heart is evident from Mrs. Wesley writing to her an epistle of sixty pages, abounding in cautions and wise suggestions and counsels for her future conduct. The manuscript is still preserved, a rich legacy of a mother's love. It bears this title: "A Religious Conference between M. and E." It has this motto: "I write unto you, 'Little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.' Gal. iv, 19. May what is sown in weakness be raised in power Written for the use of my children, 1711, 1712" It is endorsed thus by John Wesley: "My mother's conference with her daughter."

Susanna Wesley and her Daughter Martha.

Mrs. Wesley one day went into the nursery during the hours of play, and finding the children full of mirth, hilarity, and glee, said to them with much pleasantry, "Children, you will all be more serious one day." Martha, familiarly called "Patty," who was constitutionally grave, from her quiet corner inquired, with innocent and childlike simplicity and deep solemnity, "Shall I be more serious, mother?" Her candid appeal was answered in the negative.

Martha and her Brothers.

There was a striking resemblance between Martha and her brother John in looks, in disposition, and in their handwriting. She used to say she was "the only one in the family without wit." Charles Wesley said, "Patty was always too wise to be witty." She was, like her brothers, unboundedly liberal. Charles used to say, "It is in vain to give Pat any thing, for she always gives it away to some people poorer than herself."

She criticised most severely Charles's hymn beginning,

> "Ah, lovely appearance of death,
> What sight upon earth is so fair?"

She did not believe at all in the lovely appearance of death, but thought it repulsive, and she never would look at a corpse, "because," she said, "it was beholding sin upon its throne."

Susanna Wesley and the Archbishop of York.

When Samuel Wesley was in prison for debt in Lincoln Castle the Archbishop of York said to her, "Tell me, Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread." "My lord," said she, "I will freely own to your Grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread; but then I had so much care to get it before it was eaten, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." His lordship seemed very thoughtful, and replied, "You are certainly right;" and the next morning he sent her a handsome present, which not only relieved her, but was a source of consolation to his Grace in after years.

Susanna Wesley and her Husband.

While the Wesley family were at Epworth, living on a small salary, struggling with poverty and debt, and suffering persecution—he patiently toiling and she quietly suffering—we cannot wonder that she thought the talents, education, and industry of her noble husband merited a larger place. "Did I not know that Almighty Wisdom hath views and ends in fixing the bounds of our habitation which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge

in relation to the Church of God should be confined to an obscure corner of the country, where his talents are buried, and he determined to a way of life for which he is not as well qualified as I could wish."

Martha and Samuel Johnson.

They were great friends, and had many arguments together. One day he was talking on the unhappiness of human life. She said, "Doctor, you have always lived, not among the saints, but among the wits, who are a race of people the most unlikely to seek true happiness or find the pearl of great price."

Susanna Wesley and the Unauthorized Meetings.

While her husband was absent in London in 1711, attending Convocation, Mrs. Wesley adopted the practice of reading in her family, and instructing them. One of the servants told his parents, and they wished to come. These told others, and they came, till the congregations amounted to forty, and increased till they were over two hundred, and the parsonage could not contain all that came. She read to them the best and most awakening sermons she could find in the library, and talked to the people freely and affectionately. These meetings were held "because she thought the end of the institution of the Sabbath was not

fully answered by attending Church unless the intermediate spaces of time were filled up by other acts of devotion." Inman, the Curate, was a very stupid and narrow man. He became jealous because her audience was larger than his, and he wrote to Mr. Wesley, complaining that his wife, in his absence, had turned the parsonage into a conventicle; that the Church was likely to be scandalized by such irregular proceedings; and that they ought to be tolerated no longer." Mr. Wesley wrote to his wife that she should get some one else to read the sermons. She replied that there was not a man there who could read a sermon without spoiling it. Inman, the Curate, still complained, and the Rector wrote to Mrs. Wesley that the meetings should be discontinued. Mrs. Wesley answered him by showing what good the meetings had done, and that none were opposed to them but Mr. Inman and one other. She then concludes with these wonderful sentences: "If after all this you think fit to dissolve this assembly do not tell me you *desire* me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send your *positive command* in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity for doing good when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Were not these the first Methodist meetings held by the Wesleys?

Can we wonder that Isaac Taylor says that

"the mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism;" and that in her characteristic letter, when she said, "'Do not advise me, but command me to desist,'" she was bringing to its place a corner-stone of the future of Methodism."

Who can tell the influence those meetings of their mother in the parsonage had upon John and Charles in future years, who were then little boys, and always present!

Susanna Wesley, her Husband and Brother.

There was at one time an unhappy difference between Mrs. Wesley's brother and her husband. They ceased to correspond, and after intercourse had been resumed, her brother severely censured Samuel Wesley.

In her reply she vindicates her husband, and says, "I am on the wrong side of fifty, infirm and weak; yet old as I am, since I have taken my husband for better, for worse, I'll keep my residence with him. Where he lives will I live, where he dies will I die, and there will I be buried. God do so unto me, and more also, if aught but death part him and me. Confinement is nothing to one that by sickness is compelled to spend a great part of her time in a chamber; and I sometimes think, if it was not on account of Mr. Wesley and the children, it would be perfectly indifferent to my soul whether she ascended to the supreme Origin

of being from a jail or a palace, for God is everywhere.

> "Nor walls, nor locks, nor bars, nor deepest shade,
> Nor closest solitude, excludes his presence;
> And in what place soever he vouchsafes
> To manifest his presence, there is heaven."

Was there ever a truer woman or a more faithful wife?

Susanna Wesley and her Bereaved Brother.

Mrs. Wesley had seen much affliction. Her husband had been in prison for debt, she had suffered from poverty and sickness, some of her children had died, and others married unhappily. She wrote thus to her brother in bereavement, "O, sir, happy, thrice happy are you; happy is my sister that buried your children in infancy! Secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame or loss of friends, they are safe beyond the reach of pain or sense of misery. Being gone hence, nothing can touch them further. Believe me, sir, *it is better to mourn ten children dead than one living, and I have buried many.*"

Susanna Wesley and Amusements.

Much has been said and written lately on religious amusements. In very early life Mrs. Wesley adopted this sensible rule in regard to amusements: Never to spend any more time in any matter of

mere recreation in one day than she spent in private religious duties."

In after years, in writing to her son John, she says: "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, of the innocence or malignity of actions? Take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." What a world of wisdom there is in this rule! Whoever follows it will not err in regard to amusements.

Susanna Wesley, Charles, and Samuel.

Mrs. Wesley was left in the loneliness of widowhood and in poverty. On the death of her husband Charles wrote to his brother Samuel, giving him the particulars. Samuel was a noble, loving son, all kindness to his mother and to the younger members of the family. Charles said, "If you take London on your way, my mother desires you to remember she is a clergyman's widow. Let the society give her what they please, she must in some degree be burdensome to you, as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burden, and wish I could share it! You must put me in some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in this shipwreck of the family, though it be no

more than furnishing a plank." Happy, indeed, was the mother who had two such noble sons to whom she could look in her solitude and dependence!

Susanna Wesley and her Grandchildren.

John Wesley never spoiled a story for the sake of relatives. In his sermon on Training Children he says, "In fourscore years I have never met with one woman who knew how to manage grandchildren. My own mother, who governed her children so well, could never govern one grandchild."

Susanna Wesley, John, and Charles.

Mrs. Wesley has been represented as opposed to the great work of reformation in which her sons were engaged. The Rev. Mr. Badcock so published in the New Review of 1784. He said, "Mrs. Wesley lived long enough to deplore the extravagance of her two sons, John and Charles, considering them 'under strong delusions to believe a lie.'" John Wesley answered thus: "By vile representations she was deceived for a time. But she no sooner heard them speak for themselves than she was thoroughly convinced they were in no delusion, 'but spoke the words of truth and soberness.' She afterward lived with me several years, and died rejoicing and praising God."*

* Wesley's Works, vol. vii, p. 415.

Susanna Wesley, John, and his Mission.

John Wesley was urged to go out as a missionary to the American Indians in 1735, the year in which his father died, and his widowed mother was not only left alone, but poor, and dependent upon her children for support. If ever she needed them near her that was the time. John was a most dutiful son, and loved his mother as he did his life. Her word was law and gospel to him. His reply to the invitation did honour to his head and heart. He said, "I can be the staff of her age, her chief support and comfort, and I will leave it with her to decide, and that shall settle the question." Her answer was just what might have been expected from such a woman as Susanna Wesley. It was perfectly characteristic. She not only consented to John and Charles going to America as missionaries to the Indians, but said, "*If I had twenty sons I should rejoice that they were all so employed though I never should see them again.*"

Susanna Wesley, John, and Thomas Maxfield.

Mrs. Wesley was the counsellor of her son in youth, and in manhood he relied upon her judgment. While she resided with him in London, Thomas Maxfield, a young man of great promise, was converted. John Wesley was absent to visit other societies, and he left one in London in care of young Maxfield. The young man at first

read the Scriptures, but soon began to expound, and from that he preached. The transition was easy and natural. He soon preached with such eloquence and power as astonished his hearers. Lady Huntingdon heard him with profound admiration, and expressed her astonishment at his superior talents, and doubted not but he was an instrument chosen of God for the work of the ministry. His preaching, however, was soon represented to Mr. Wesley as an act of unprecedented irregularity, and that his presence was required to put a stop to it; therefore he hastened back to London for that purpose. When he returned home his mother perceived marks of displeasure in his countenance, and she inquired the cause. He replied, "I find Thomas Maxfield has turned preacher." His mother looked at him seriously, and said, "John, you know what my sentiments have been; you cannot suspect me favouring readily anything of this kind; but take care what you do with respect to that young man; he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him yourself." Mr. Wesley followed the advice of his mother, went and heard Thomas Maxfield preach, and expressed at once his entire satisfaction and sanction by saying, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good." Thomas Maxfield was John Wesley's *first* lay preacher.

BOOK III.

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

"The world is my parish."

BOOK III.

Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

> 'We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,
> In feelings, not as figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The fame of John Wesley is world-wide, and each succeeding age adds to its brilliancy. In our brief space we cannot paint his portrait; we can only sketch the outlines. John Wesley, second son of Samuel and Susanna Wesley, was born in the old parsonage at Epworth the 17th of June, 1703. After the home-training he went to the Charter-house School in London, and then to the University at Oxford. He was small in stature, like his brother Charles and Dr. Coke. These three "little men" made a great change in the moral world: John Wesley, the founder of one of the largest Churches in Christendom; Charles Wesley, the world-renowned Christian poet; and Thomas Coke, the great founder of modern missions. John had a powerful but practical intellect. He was no visionary, to build castles in the air. As a scholar, he was familiar with the whole field of literature; as a writer, his style was pure, clear, and transparent to a rare degree. His sermons were plain, practical,

powerful, scripturally rich, for, like Apollos, he was "mighty in the Scriptures." He shows keen exegetical talent in his Notes on the New Testament. In dialectics he had rare skill; his controversial writings abound in illustrations of this faculty. He was born a legislator. "The Deed of Declaration," by which he secured the chapels to the Connection, and an itinerant ministry to the Churches to the end of time, show his great legislative talent, and that he was far in the advance of the age in which he lived. He was in "labours more abundant." No man since the days of Paul ever accomplished more evangelical labours. His travels were very extensive. He was like the angel John saw flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel. His piety was of the cheerful kind; he lived in the sunshine, and walked in the light. There was nothing in him of sour godliness. Mr. Wesley was the best of company, having a rich fund of anecdote; when he would unbend he was as playful as a child." He was dignified, yet he did "not mind high things," but condescended "to men of low estate." He was alike at home in the palace or the cottage, company for princes or peasants, for adults or children. While for some of his best traits he was indebted to his mother, his sparkling wit and poetic talent he inherited from his father. Mr. Wesley was distinguished for boundless benevolence, untiring industry, indomitable firmness, unfaltering courage, unwearied patience, perpetual cheerfulness, seraphic devotion, and heavenly enthusiasm. In him was blended the courage of

Luther with the prudence of Melancthon, the zeal of Peter with the affection of John.

His character will more fully appear in the anecdotes in this volume, which show him not only in public but in private; not only in the parlour, surrounded by elegance and beauty, but in his every day dress "with the common people, who heard him gladly."

One who knew him very intimately thus describes him: "His countenance as well as his conversation expressed an habitual gaiety of heart, which nothing but conscious innocence and virtue could have bestowed. He was in truth the most perfect specimen of moral happiness I ever saw, and my acquaintance with him has done more to teach me what a heaven upon earth is implied in the maturity of Christian piety than all I have elsewhere seen or heard or read, except in the sacred volume." *

Another says, concerning Wesley, "I consider him the most influential mind of the last century; the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men should continue so long.† After a life of unparalleled usefulness he died in holy triumph the 2nd of March, 1791."

The death of Mr. Wesley was almost a translation, and has furnished a theme for the painter. It was a sublime conclusion of an eventful life. His sun went down full-orbed, to rise in fairer

* Alexander Knox.

† Southey—Correspondence with Wilberforce.

heavens, leaving lingering rays of light and beauty behind, showing not only the glorious termination of the day, but the brilliant immortality that followed.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

John Wesley and the Fire.

On the 9th of February, 1709, the parsonage at Epworth was discovered to be on fire at midnight, and in midwinter. The father of the Wesleys was awakened out of sleep by a cry of "fire, fire," from the street. He opened his bedroom door, and, to his astonishment, found the house full of smoke, and the roof so burned that it was ready to fall in. He directed his wife and two girls to arise and flee for their lives, she bursting open the door of the nursery where the maid was sleeping with five children. She took up the youngest, and bade the others to follow her. The three eldest did so; but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened, and in the alarm and confusion was forgotten. The rest of the family escaped, some through the windows, and others by the garden door, and Mrs. Wesley, to use her own expression, "waded through the fire." At this time John, who had been forgotten until that moment, was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight, and being utterly

in despair, he fell upon his knees in the hall, and in agony commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light and noise, and finding it impossible to escape by the door, climbed upon a chest that stood near the window, and he was then seen from the door-yard. It was a critical moment. There was no time for procuring a ladder; but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another, and thus he was rescued from the flames. A moment more and it would have been too late, for the roof fell in with a tremendous crash.

When the father saw that John was safe, with a heart overflowing with gratitude he exclaimed, "Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children. Let the house go, I am rich enough."

The next day Samuel Wesley, as he was walking in his garden surveying the ruins of his house, found a part of a leaf of his Polyglot Bible on which these were the only legible words: "Go sell all that thou hast, and take up thy cross and follow me." Mr. Wesley bore his loss like a Christian philosopher. He said, as all his furniture was burned up, "We have now little more than Adam and Eve had when they went to housekeeping."

John Wesley, through a long life, remembered with gratitude his wonderful rescue from the devouring flames.

Under one of his portraits, published during his life-time, is a representation of a house on fire, with

this inquiry: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

There is also an engraving on a large scale of the house on fire, and the escape of little John. It is called "THE BRAND."

John Wesley at the Charter-house School.

After his home training John Wesley, as has been said, was sent to the Charter-house in London. This was in 1714. The Charter-house is in the heart of London. It was originally built for a monastery. In 1611 it was sold at auction for thirteen thousand pounds to Thomas Sutton, Esq., one of the richest merchants of the day, who established the present institution, for which he obtained a charter from King James I. Its object was twofold—education for the young, and support for the aged. In this school forty-four boys are gratuitously fed, clothed, and instructed in the classics. They must be between the ages of ten and fifteen years, and can remain only eight years. Here men who rose high in the world went to school. Here those polished essayists, Addison and Steele, and the great legal commentator, Sir William Blackstone, and the distinguished theologians, Isaac Barrow and John Wesley were educated. John Wesley was a great favourite with Dr. Walker, the head master, on account of his diligence in study as well as his sobriety, and he received many acts of kindness from him. He

ever remembered him with gratitude. The older boys ate up his meat, and for some time he lived on bread. What contributed to his health was taking the advice of his father—running round the Charter-house garden every morning three times. Here he made great proficiency in his studies. He ever after had a remarkable love for the place, and during his annual visits to London he was accustomed to walk through the Charter-house, recalling with intense delight the scenes of his youth.

John Wesley and Dr. Henry Sacheverell.

Henry Sacheverell was ten years younger than Samuel Wesley, senr. He had fine talents, but was one of the highest of High Churchmen, and a perfect firebrand of a preacher. He published two bitter sermons, and the most intense excitement followed. The House of Commons passed a resolution that they "were malicious, scandalous, and seditious libels, highly reflecting upon her Majesty and her government, the late happy Revolution, and the Protestant succession as by law established," and ordered that he should attend at the bar of the House. He was tried, and found guilty on February, 1710. The defence which he delivered on the occasion was written by Samuel Wesley. Some years after the trial, as John Wesley was about to be entered at Oxford as a student, his father, in view of the service he had rendered Dr. Sacheverell, and knowing he had strong influ-

ence at the college, directed his son to call upon the doctor and get letters of recommendation. John Wesley called on him, and relates the interview in his own peculiar style. He says: "I was a very little fellow when I was introduced to him. I found him alone, as tall as a May-pole, and as fine as an Archbishop. After I made known to him the object of my visit, he said, 'You are too young to go to the University. You cannot know Greek and Latin yet. Go back to school.'" Certainly this was very cool treatment from a man whom his father had so greatly befriended. Instead of discouraging him, however, it stirred up the righteous soul of the young aspirant for knowledge. John Wesley says, "I looked at him as Goliath looked at David, and despised him in my heart. I thought, If I do not know Greek and Latin better than you I ought to go back to school indeed. I left him, and neither entreaties nor commands could have again brought me back to him."

John Wesley and his Brother Samuel.

John had studied with his brother Samuel, who wrote to his father, "Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can." While John was at Oxford, Samuel had the misfortune to break his leg. He wrote a letter to John in a vein of pleasantry informing him of it. John was just twenty-one years old. His reply is characteristic: "I believe," said he, "I need not use many arguments to show I am sorry for your misfortune

though at the same time I am glad you are in a fair way of recovery. If I had heard of it from any one else, I might probably have pleased you with some impertinent consolations; but your way of relating it is a sufficient proof that they are what you don't stand in need of. And, indeed, if I understand you rightly, you have more reason to thank God that you did not break both legs, than to repine because you have broke one leg. You have undoubtedly heard the story of the Dutch seaman who, having broken one of his legs by a fall from the main-mast, instead of condoling with himself, thanked God he had not broke his neck."

Samuel's Poetical Epistle.

Samuel visited Oxford while his brothers were there, and on his return home he wrote a poetic epistle to Charles, in which he thus inquires concerning his brother John:

"One or two questions more before I end
That much concern a brother and a friend.
Does John seem bent beyond his strength to go,
To his frail carcass literally foe?
Lavish of health, as if in haste to die,
And shorten time, to insure eternity?"

John Wesley and the poor Maid.

The following anecdote is given in Wesley's own words: "Many years ago, when I was at Oxford, on a cold winter's day, a young maid (one of

those we kept in school) called upon me. I said, 'You seem half starved. Have you nothing to cover you but that thin linen gown?' She said, 'Sir, this is all I have.' I put my hand into my pocket, but found I had scarce any money left, having just paid away what I had. It immediately struck me, Will thy Master say, 'Well done, good and faithful steward! Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold!' O justice! O mercy! are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid? See thy expensive apparel in the same light! thy gown, hat, head-dress! Every thing about thee that cost more than Christian duty required thee to lay out is the blood of the poor! O be wise for time to come! Be merciful; more faithful to God and man; more abundantly *adorned* with good works." *

John Wesley and the Serious Man.

John Wesley, influenced by the writings of Thomas à Kempis and Mr. Law, was disposed to exclude himself from society and enjoy a solitary religion. He travelled a number of miles to see a "serious man," and to have some conversation with him. "Sir," said the man, "you wish to serve God and go to heaven; remember, you cannot serve him alone; you must therefore *find* companions or *make* them. The Bible knows nothing

* Sermon on Dress, vol. ii, p. 262.

of solitary religion." These words made a deep impression upon the heart of Mr. Wesley; they gave a turn to his whole life, and had an influence upon his future destiny and the destiny of millions. This was good advice, given at the right time. How true, that "words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." In after years Mr. Wesley was ever ready to exclaim, in the language of his brother Charles,

"Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus' love to live,
The servants of mankind."

John Wesley and the Holy Club.

In 1729 several young men at Oxford united together to study the Holy Scriptures in the original, and to aid each other in a life of godliness. At first there were four, John and Charles Wesley, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Kirkham. Twice a week they fasted, and every week partook of the Lord's Supper. They practiced the most rigid self-denial, and were almost monastic in their habits. Others joined them: Ingham, Clayton, Hervey, author of "The Meditations," and Whitefield, the unequalled pulpit orator. They were called by ridicule "The Holy Club." John Wesley was born to command, and he was their acknowledged leader. His father, Samuel Wesley, wrote thus: "I hear

my John has the honour of being styled 'The Father of the Holy Club.' If it be so, I am sure I am the grandfather of it; and I need not say that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished than to have the title of 'His Holiness.'" Noble father of noble sons!

John Wesley on Reason.

Samuel Wesley, when John was young, said to him, "Child, you think to carry every thing by dint of argument, but you will find by and by how little is ever done in the world by clear reason." "Very little indeed!" said John Wesley when grown up to manhood. "It is true of almost all men, except so far as we are taught of God,

> 'Against experience we believe;
> We argue against demonstration;
> Pleased while our reason we deceive,
> And set our judgment by our passion.'

Passion and prejudice govern the world, only under the name of reason. It is our part, by religion and reason joined, to counteract them all we can."

His father used to say, "As for Jack, he will have a reason for every thing he is to do. I suppose he would not do any thing unless he had a reason for it." In 1725, while John Wesley was at Oxford, he wrote to his father. His father, replying, he said, "I like your way of thinking and arguing, and yet must say I am a little afraid of it.

He that believes and yet argues against reason is half a papist, or enthusiast. He that makes revelation bend to his own shallow reason is either half a Deist or a heretic. O, my dear, steer clear between Scylla and Charybdis!" This was true concerning him all along through life. When he was spoken to of the probable utility of any proposed measure he would say, in his usual kind manner, "*Hoc age.*" "Mind the point in hand. Give me a *reason.*"

John Wesley and William Law.

John Wesley, when quite a young man, read William Law's "Perfection" and his "Serious Call to a Holy Life," and greatly admired them. He made Mr. Law several visits in London, and they corresponded for several years. On one of those interviews Mr. Law said to Mr. Wesley, "You have a philosophical religion; but there is no such thing. Religion is the most simple thing in the world. It is only 'We love Him because he first loved us.'" Mr. Law became a *mystic*, and thirty years after he made this remark Mr. Wesley wrote him a letter of twenty-six printed pages, in which he reviewed his late writings, and he begins thus: "In matters of religion I regard no writings but the inspired. Tauler, Behmen, and a whole army of mystic authors are with me nothing to St. Paul. In every point I appeal to the law and the testimony, and value no authority but this. At a time when I was in great danger of

not valuing this authority enough you made tha important observation: 'I see where your mistake lies. You would have a philosophical religion; but there can be no such thing. Religion is the most plain and simple thing in the world. It is only, We love Him because he first loved us. So far as you add philosophy to religion just so far you spoil it.' This remark I have never forgotten since, and I trust in God I never shall. But have not you? Permit me, sir, to speak plainly. Have you ever thought of it since? Is there a writer in England who so continually blends philosophy with religion?" He concludes thus: "O that your latter works may be more and greater than your first! Surely they would if you could ever be persuaded to study, instead of the writings of Tauler and Behmen, those of St. Paul, James, Peter, and John; to spew out of your mouth and heart that *vain philosophy* and *speak* neither higher nor lower things, neither more nor less than the *oracles of God;* to renounce, despise, abhor all the high-flown bombast, all the unintelligible jargon of the mystics, and come back to the plain religion of the Bible: 'We love Him because he first loved us.'"

John Wesley and Apostolical Nostrums.

John Wesley had learned from Mr. Law and other mystic writers sentiments he endeavoured to inculcate on his visits to his father's house. This innovation turned the house upside down.

"Never," said he, "did I see my mother so moved. On one occasion she said, with more appearance of anger than ever I saw in her before, 'Shall I be taught by a boy?'" But his father showed a more sturdy resistance, and when John Wesley, from the height of his mystic elevation, would enforce the purity he had learned from his contemplative friend, the old man desired him "to get out of his house with his apostolical nostrums." Well does Henry Moore, who relates this anecdote, say "they were not indeed apostolical, for they had not the evangelical root." And yet Mr. Law did John and his brother good. Charles Wesley used to say, "Mr. Law was our John the Baptist."

John Wesley and his Fellow Tutors.

John Wesley animadverts with sarcastic severity upon some of his contemporary tutors in the University at Oxford "who do not," says he, "understand the very elements of the sciences they are to teach; who know no more of logic or metaphysics than of Arabic, or even that odd thing, religion. Are not these precious instructors of youth?"

John Wesley and Plain People.

Mr. Wesley recommends the constant use of the most plain and easy words which our language affords. He writes to one whose style was very fine, "When I had been a member of the Univer-

sity about ten years I wrote and talked much as you do now; but when I talked to plain people in the Castle or the town I observed they gaped and stared. This quickly obliged me to alter my style, and adopt the language of those I spoke to. And yet there is a dignity in this simplicity which is not disagreeable to those of the highest rank."

John Wesley and Queen Caroline.

John Wesley's father, as has been seen, dedicated three of his volumes to British Queens: the "Life of Christ" to Queen Mary, the "History of the Old and New Testaments" to Queen Anne, and the "Dissertations on the Book of Job" to Queen Caroline. The latter work cost him ten times more labour than the others, and was dedicated to the Queen by permission. He made this dedication not so much to obtain royal patronage, but because he admired the Queen as an "encourager of learning." John was requested by his father a little before his death to present it to her Majesty in the name of his deceased father. John made the presentation on Sunday, October 12, 1735, a few days before he sailed for Georgia. Mr. Wesley says he had many good words and smiles; that when he was introduced into the royal presence the Queen was romping with her maids of honour; but she suspended her play, received and heard him graciously, took the book from his hand, which he presented to her kneeling

on one knee, looked at the outside, and said, "It is prettily bound," and then laid it down in a window without opening a leaf. He rose up, bowed, walked backward, and withdrew. The Queen bowed and smiled and spoke several kind words, and immediately resumed her sport.

This Sunday transaction was not very creditable to the memory either of the Queen or of Mr. Wesley.

John Wesley and the Storm at Sea.

On board the ship in which Mr. Wesley sailed for Georgia there were a number of German Moravians. During the voyage a tremendous storm arose, and Wesley was greatly alarmed, feeling unprepared to die. The lively faith of the Moravians he admired, which in the midst of danger kept their minds in a state of tranquillity to which he and the English on board were strangers. At the beginning of their service, while the Moravians were singing, the sea broke over the ship, split the mainsail in pieces, the water pouring in between the decks as if the great deep would swallow them up. The English were greatly terrified and screamed from fear, while the Moravians were unmoved and calmly sung on.

Mr. Wesley asked one of them afterward if he were not afraid? He answered: "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" He replied mildly, "No; our women and children are not afraid to die."

This convinced Mr. Wesley that the Moravians possessed something of which he was destitute, and he rested not until he obtained that faith that could smile in the midst of an ocean storm—that hope which is like an anchor to the soul—that love that casteth out fear.

John Wesley and Religious Quixotism.

Mr. Wesley was about to leave his native country to embark for America as a missionary to the Indians. A gentleman, who thought it foolish for him to go, said to him, "What is this, sir? Are *you* one of the knights-errant? How, I pray, got Quixotism in your head? You want nothing. You have a good provision for life, and are in the way to preferment; and must you leave all to fight windmills, to convert savages in America?" Mr. Wesley answered feelingly and calmly, "Sir, if the Bible be not true, I am as very a fool and madman as you can conceive; but if it be of God, I am sober-minded, for he hath declared, 'There is no man that hath left house, or parents or brethren for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.'"

John Wesley and General Oglethorpe.

General James Oglethorpe was the intimate friend of the father of the Wesleys. He was

Governor of Georgia, and it was through his influence John and Charles Wesley were secured as missionaries to Georgia.

On their voyage to America John Wesley heard a great noise in the cabin of Governor Oglethorpe, and went in to ascertain the cause. As he entered he found the Governor in a great rage. Said he: "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for any man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine. I, therefore, provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain, Grimaldi, [his foreign servant, who was almost dead with fear,] has drunk up the whole of it! But I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "I hope you never sin." The General was quite confounded at the reproof, and putting his hands into his pocket took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, and said, "There, villain, take my keys and behave better for the future."

The Wesleys, Oglethorpe, and the Officers.

During the voyage the Wesleys visited General Oglethorpe in his cabin daily. Upon one of these visits some officers and certain gentlemen, who were invited guests, not liking the gravity of the

ministers, took some very improper liberties with them, and were disposed to have some fun at the clergymen's expense.

The General was very indignant at such conduct, and in a manner not to be misunderstood exclaimed, "What do you mean, sirs? Do you take these gentlemen for Tithe-pig-parsons? These are gentlemen of learning and reputation. They are my friends, and whoever offers any affront to them insults me." From that time they were treated with profound respect, both by the officers and passengers, until their voyage ended.

General Oglethorpe and the French Prince.

To show further the character of the General, with whom the history of the Wesleys was so interwoven for a time, we insert the following anecdote:

General Oglethorpe is said to have been a brave officer. When he was a young man he entered the Austrian service, and was dining one day in company with a number of his brother officers, among whom was a French prince of the blood royal.

The Frenchman, who sat opposite to him at the table, looked with an air of contempt upon the British youth, and taking up his glass drank his health, throwing at the same time, with the dash of his finger, some drops of wine in his face.

Young Oglethorpe coolly replied, "That is a fine joke, Prince; but we play it off better in my country," and instantly threw his glass of wine in the face of his insulter in return. The Gallic Prince instantly arose and began to prepare for deeds of honour, when the company insisted upon his sitting down because he had offered the first insult.

John Wesley and Spangenberg.

Augustus G. Spangenberg was one of the Moravian Pastors in Georgia. He was great in learning and piety. He afterward became Bishop, was the author of the Life of Count Zinzendorf and some excellent hymns. The Moravians, and among others Spangenberg, were hospitable to John Wesley on his arrival.

He inquired of Mr. Wesley, "Does the spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God?" Wesley was surprised at the inquiry, and knew not how to answer it. Spangenberg then asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" "I know him to be the Saviour of the world," responded Wesley. "True," said the Moravian; "but do you know he has saved you?" "I hope he has died for me," rejoined Wesley. Spangenberg only added, "Do you know yourself?" "I do," answered Wesley; but he adds, "I fear they were mere words."

But the period came when they were something

more than mere words; when he could not only exclaim, in the language of his brother Charles,

> "The Spirit answers to the blood,
> And tells me I am born of God,"

but sing with him,

> "How can a sinner know
> His sins on earth forgiven?
> How can my gracious Saviour show
> My name inscribed in heaven?
>
> "What we have felt and seen
> With confidence we tell;
> And publish to the sons of men
> The signs infallible."

John Wesley and the Indian Chief.

Tomo Chachi was an eloquent chief belonging to the Creeks. Governor Oglethorpe took him to England, where he was fed, feasted, and honoured. When the chief returned he was introduced to Mr. Wesley. He said, through a female interpreter, to Mr. Wesley, "I am glad you are come. When I was in England I desired some one to speak the great word to me, and my nation then desired to hear it. But now we are all in confusion, and yet I am glad you are come. I will go and speak to the wise men of our nation, and hope they will hear. But we would not be made Christians as the Spaniards make Christians: we would be taught before we are baptized." Wesley replied, "There is but one, He that sitteth in heaven, who is able to teach man wisdom. Though we have come so far, we know

not whether he will be pleased to teach you by us or no. If he teaches you, you will learn wisdom; but we can do nothing."

When Tomo Chachi was urged to listen to the doctrines of Christianity he keenly replied, "Why, there are Christians in Savannah; there are Christians at Frederica." Nor was it without good apparent reason that the poor savage exclaimed, "Christian much drunk! Christian beat men! Christian tell lies! Devil Christian! We no Christian!"

John Wesley's early Promise and Sir Edward Seaward.

The following shows the purity of Wesley's character in early life, as well as the various opinions entertained concerning him.

The Rev. Mr. Rowley was Sir Edward Seaward's chaplain. In conversation with him Sir Edward said, "I have heard a good deal in London from a Mr. Powis (who was connected with the minister Sir Robert Walpole) about a Rev. gentleman recently set out for Georgia. I think his name is Wesley. In speaking of him Mr. Powis called him a crack-brained enthusiast, relating a number of strange things he had done, and said, that to complete all he had gone to Georgia to convert the Indians. Mr. Powis also hinted that Mr. Wesley had secret expectations of being ultimately Bishop of the Province. Do you know any thing about him?" Mr. Rowley replied: "I remember to have

heard Mr. John Wesley when at Oxford about seven years ago. His conduct and opinions there certainly excited some conversation and discussion, but I knew but little of him personally. I think, however, that he will be highly useful in Georgia; for whatever his peculiar views and doctrines may be, his piety is unimpeachable. I never can forget," continued he, "an expression of Mr. Gerard, the Bishop's chaplain, concerning him. When George Lascelles was launching out against the Curator of the Holy Club,* the chaplain said, 'Whatever eccentricities John Wesley may have, I mistake much if he be not one day a standard-bearer of the Cross, whether in his own country or beyond the seas.' Now, Sir Edward," continued Mr. Rowley, "I take Mr. Gerard to have had as good a sight in this matter as the Jesuit Le Jay when he said to his pupil Voltaire, 'Young man, the day will arrive when you shall be the standard-bearer of Infidelity.' The prophecy of Le Jay is fulfilled, and I firmly believe so will be that of Gerard. Le Jay saw in his pupil Voltaire the most unrestrained scepticism and impiety; Gerard observed in Wesley a holy zeal burning within him, then restrained, but ready to burst into a flame." †

John Wesley and the result of his Mission.

John Wesley, on reviewing the results of his mission, says, "I went to America to convert the

* A nickname for John Wesley.

† Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative.

Indians; but O! who shall convert me? Who, what is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief? I have a fair summer religion. I can talk well; nay, and believe myself, while no danger is near; but let death look me in the face and my spirit is troubled. Nor can I say, 'To die is gain.'"

> "I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
> My last thread, I shall perish on the shore."

Again: "It is upward of two years since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why, (what I least of all suspected,) that I, who went to America to convert others, was never converted myself."

If his mission to the New World benefited no one else, he reaped a rich harvest from it.

John Wesley and Peter Boehler.

Peter Boehler is a name revered by Methodists throughout the world. His honoured name is inseparably blended with the early history of John Wesley and his brother Charles.

Soon after John Wesley's return from America he became acquainted with this distinguished Moravian minister, from whom he learned the way of God more perfectly. Their acquaintance formed a new era in his spiritual history. Mr. Wesley was blending philosophy with the simple doctrines of the Gospel. Boehler said to him, "My brother,

my brother, that philosophy of yours must be purged away."

The 17th of February, 1737, Mr. Boehler accompanied John and Charles Wesley to Oxford, where their character and engagements soon provoked the mirth of the godless students. The reproach the young Wesleys had formerly endured was now revived, and even when they walked through the squares of the college they were mocked and laughed at. Upon one of these occasions Mr. Boehler, perceiving John Wesley was troubled at it chiefly for his sake, said with a smile, "My brother, it does not even stick to our clothes."

John Wesley at one time thought of desisting from preaching because he who had not faith himself could not preach to others, and he consulted Boehler. He told him not to relinquish his work. "But what can I preach?" said Mr. Wesley. The reply was, "Preach faith till you have it, and then, because you have it, you will preach faith."

Peter Boehler thus describes the brothers: "I travelled with John and Charles Wesley from London to Oxford. The elder brother, John, is a good-natured man. He knew he did not believe on the Saviour, and was willing to be taught. His brother is much distressed in his mind, but does not know how he shall begin to be acquainted with the Saviour. Our mode of believing is so easy to Englishmen they cannot reconcile themselves to it. If it was a little more artful they would much

sooner find their way into it. . . . Of faith in Jesus they have no other idea than the generality of people have. They justify themselves; therefore they always take it for granted that they believe already, and would prove their faith by their works, and thus plague and torment themselves, so that they are at heart very miserable."

Boehler had a number relate their experience in the presence of John Wesley, and he was thunderstruck at these narrations. After listening to the testimonies, Wesley had a private interview with Boehler, and declared he was satisfied of what he had said of faith, and he would question no more about it; he was clearly convinced of the want of it. He inquired, "How can I help myself, and obtain such faith. I am a man who have not sinned so grossly as other people." Boehler replied that it was sin enough that he did not believe on the Saviour. Boehler prayed for him, and called upon the bleeding name of the Saviour to have compassion on this sinner. While he explained to him the way of faith Wesley wept "bitterly and heartily." His intercourse with Boehler was eminently instructive and encouraging, and by this means, to use his own language, on March 5, "I was clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved."

John Wesley's Conversion.

"If any day is worthy of being regarded as a red-letter day' in the Wesleyan calendar, or de-

serving of grateful and sacred commemoration, it must be the one on which the founder of Methodism obtained those clear and scriptural views of the way of salvation which are expounded and enforced in the doctrinal standards and psalmody of the Church that bears his name."

John Wesley, after groping in darkness for years, was translated from darkness to light, and he describes the change in language the most simple, and yet full of confidence. His brother Charles had experienced the forgiveness of sins three days before, and John felt greatly encouraged. John's conversion took place at Aldersgate-street on Wednesday evening, May 24, 1738, while listening to one reading from "Luther's Preface to his Epistle to the Romans." He thus describes it: "About a quarter before nine, while one was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ—Christ alone—for salvation. An assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. I then testified openly what I now first felt in my heart." Memorable day in history and that of the Christian Church! It had an influence on the future destiny of millions.

John Wesley and his Host.

Mr. Wesley's life had been so spotless and his example so pure before he was justified by faith,

that those who knew him believed him to be a genuine saint. When he was converted he resided with James Hutton, and was a greatfavourite with the family. Mr. Hutton read a sermon in the family one Sunday evening after John professed conversion. John Wesley suddenly rose and astonished the household by announcing that he had never been a Christian till within the last few days. Mr. Hutton, confounded at such a declaration, called out with the alarm of a respectable Churchman, "Have a care, Mr. Wesley, how you despise the benefits received by the two sacraments!" Mrs. Hutton, more ready witted, answered with epigramatic sharpness, "If you were not a Christian ever since I knew you you were a great hypocrite, for you made us all believe you were one."

Mrs. Hutton, sincerely alarmed, wrote a letter to his elder brother, Samuel Wesley, at Tiverton, narrating the proofs of religious madness given by his younger brother, and imploring him to help. "Your brother John," she wrote, "seems to have turned a wild enthusiast or fanatic, and, to our great affliction, is drawing our two children into these wild notions by their great opinion of John's sanctity and judgment. It would be a great charity to many other honest and well-meaning souls, as well as to my children, if you could either confine or convert Mr. John, when he is with you." Samuel answered in a sorrowful vein, lamenting the folly of John and Charles, saying, "If once turned that way his brothers would do a world of mis-

chief; much more than otherwise they could have done good, since men are much easier led into evil than from it." But the scene changed. The hostility of Mrs. Hutton gave way, and she soon regained her confidence in the "enthusiast;" and since then four or five generations have risen up to bless God for the "mischief" that was quickly done by this most salutary enthusiasm, and that spreads from the equator to the poles.

John Wesley and the Bigot.

Wherever bigotry dwelt it found no place in the bosom of John Wesley. A more catholic spirit never dwelt in the bosom of man. There was a man by the name of Acourt in the London Societies, who was not only a bigot, but a troubler of Israel, and who would argue in favour of his peculiar tenets at the devotional meetings. Charles Wesley heard of his conduct, and denied him admission. The next meeting, when John was present, Acourt came and inquired of him if he had been excluded for his opinions. Mr. Wesley asked, "Which opinions?" He replied, "That of election. I hold that a certain number are elected from eternity, and they must and shall be saved, and the rest of mankind must and shall be damned." He stated, "There are others in the Society of the same faith." Mr. Wesley replied that he never questioned their opinions. All he demanded was, that they should not trouble others

by disputing about them. He said, "Nay, but I will dispute about them. You are all wrong, and I am determined to set you right." Mr. Wesley answered, "I fear your coming with this view will neither profit you nor us." Acourt said, "I will go, then, and tell all the world that you and your brother are false prophets, and I tell you that in a fortnight you will all be in confusion."* He left, but his prediction proved false.

John Wesley and the Bishop of Londonderry.

Dr. Barnard, the Bishop of Londonderry, was a very catholic man, a great friend of John Wesley, and one who favoured his labours in Ireland. Mr. Wesley requested him to ordain Thomas Maxfield. The Bishop did so, and as he laid his hands on the head of young Maxfield to consecrate him to the ministry he said, "Sir, I ordain you to assist that good man, John Wesley, that he may not work himself to death."

John Wesley and the Ungrateful Young Man.

Maxfield, as has been seen, was John Wesley's first lay preacher. He had called him out of obscurity into notice, and had treated him like a son in the Gospel, and yet at the time of the defection of the fanatical George Bell, Maxfield left also. There was quite a division in the Society in Lon-

* Wesley's Journal.

don, and some left, saying, "Blind John is incapable of teaching us; we will keep to Mr. Maxfield."

When Mr. Wesley found that Maxfield was determined to go he went into the Foundry, and, with serious countenance and tremulous voice, preached a mournful sermon from these words: "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

Mr. Maxfield took with him the disaffected members and formed an independent Church at Moorfields, where he preached for twenty years. Notwithstanding the ingratitude of Mr. Maxfield, Mr. Wesley, near the close of life, called to see him, and found him sinking under a paralysis, and Mr. Wesley knelt down and prayed that the blessing of God might rest upon him in his last days, and then he preached in his chapel.

John Wesley and Thomas Westell.

Mr. Westell was Mr. Wesley's third lay preacher, Thomas Richards being the second. Thomas Westell was a simple, upright man, whose word the Lord had blessed. Mr. Wesley thought, as in the case of Thomas Maxfield, to silence him. A pious old lady by the name of Canning, of Evesham, heard of it, and said to Mr. Wesley in a tone of authority, "Stop him at your peril! He preaches the truth, and the Lord owns him as truly as he does you or your brother." Mr. Wesley suffered him to preach. In this case he was influenced by a woman, as he was in reference to Thomas

Maxfield when his mother pleaded so eloquently for him. The woman was right, as the subsequent conduct of Thomas Westell proves. He suffered much persecution, was mobbed, and imprisoned; but kept on preaching the Gospel through evil as well as good report. He was very useful, a faithful preacher of the Gospel forty years, and died in holy triumph at the age of seventy-four. Most honourable mention his brethren make of him in four lines in the Minutes of 1794. "Thomas Westell, one of the first Methodist preachers. He preached the Gospel faithfully for forty years. He was a pattern of Christian simplicity and humble love. After suffering much, his triumphant spirit returned to God in the seventy-fifth year of his age." He was buried under Portland Chapel, Bristol, where Captain Thomas Webb was, and has a monument on the outside of the Church.

John Wesley and Robert Ainsworth.

Mr. Ainsworth was the author of the well-known Latin and English Dictionary, and his name is almost as familiar to school-boys as Johnson, Walker, Webster, and Worcester. He was a man of extraordinary learning, as his work shows. Familiar as his name is, but few know that he was one of the early Methodists.

As early as April, 1738, John Wesley had an interview with him, and says, "He was much affected at the sight of the old man, then nearly

eighty years of age. Like old Simeon, he was waiting to see the Lord's salvation, that he might die in peace. His tears, his vehemency, and child-like simplicity, showed him upon the entrance of the kingdom of heaven." Mr. Wesley mentions him again with great admiration for his simplicity and childlike disposition. Mr. Ainsworth received great spiritual benefit from Charles Wesley. Charles, in his journal of May, 1737, says, "I was much pleased to-day at the sight of Mr. Ainsworth, a little child, full of grief and fear and love. On our repeating a line of the hymn, 'He now descends and shakes the earth,' he fell prostrate." This splendid scholar and simple-hearted Christian died in holy triumph in 1743.

John Wesley's First Extemporaneous Sermon.

Mr. Wesley was at first a reader of sermons, and thought he could preach in no other way. An extemporaneous preacher will always have the advantage over the reader of sermons. Could Whitefield or John Wesley have preached with such power or pathos as mere readers? Mr. Wesley related the following anecdote to Mr Thomas Letts, of Allhallows Church, London. While he was putting on his gown in the vestry he said to him, "It is fifty years, sir, since I first preached in this church. I remember it from a peculiar circumstance that occurred at that time. I came without a sermon, and going up the pulpit

stairs I hesitated, and returned into the vestry under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who was there noticed that I was deeply agitated, and she inquired, 'Pray, sir, what is the matter with you?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand upon my shoulder, she said, 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' That question had such an effect upon me that I ascended the pulpit and preached extempore, with great freedom to myself and acceptance to the people, and I have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit."*

Would it not be well for some of the pulpit readers of the day if some mother in Israel should inquire of them, "Cannot you trust God for a sermon?" We are glad to say that the sons of Wesley follow his example in this respect.

John Wesley and the Prince Royal.

John Wesley went to Germany to visit the Moravians, and on his way to Hernnhut he and his company were stopped a considerable time at the city of Weimar. At last they were brought before Frederick, Prince Royal, afterward King of Prussia. The Prince made many inquiries of Mr. Wesley, and among others asked him, "What are you going to Hernnhut for?" Mr. Wesley answered, "To see the place where the Christians live."

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1825, page 106 — Journal of Mr. Wesley.

The Prince looked at him and his companions for some time, and then told them to proceed on their journey.

John Wesley and Extempore Prayer.

Mr. Wesley not only preached, but also prayed extemporaneously. A gentleman who was horror-struck at the idea of praying without a book made him a visit, and exhorted him not to use extempore prayer, "which," said he, "is no prayer at all, and this I will prove to a demonstration, for you cannot do two things at once—thinking how to pray and praying being two things; *ergo*, you cannot think and pray at once." Mr. Wesley ingeniously turned the tables on him, and with the gentleman's own method of reasoning showed that it was impossible to pray with a book. He replied, "May it not be proved by the self-same demonstration that praying by a form is no prayer at all; for example, you cannot do two things at once, reading and praying being two things; *ergo*, you cannot both read and pray at once."*

The Origin of Class-meetings.

The first Methodist chapel erected by Mr. Wesley was at Bristol, England. When Methodism was in its infancy Mr. Wesley met the Society in Bristol, and inquired, "How shall we pay the debt upon the preaching-house?" Captain Foy arose

* Journal, vol. i, p. 292.

and said, "Let every one of the Society give a penny a week and it will be easily done." "But many of them," said one, "have not a penny to give." "True," said the Captain; "then put ten or twelve of them to me. Let each of them give what they can weekly, and I will supply what is wanting." Many others made the same offer. So Mr. Wesley divided the Society among them, assigning a class of about twelve persons to each of these who were termed Leaders. Not long after the Leaders, in visiting the members, found one and another walking disorderly, and reported the state of things to Mr. Wesley. His practical mind said immediately, "This is the very thing we want. The Leaders are the persons who may not only receive the contributions, but also watch over the souls of their brethren." Such was the origin of class-meetings, a means of grace that has been greatly honoured of God, and for which millions will bless him in eternity

John Wesley and Charles Simeon.

Mr. Simeon gives an account of an interview he had with the venerable founder of Methodism a short time after Mr. Simeon was ordained. After having been introduced to him, Mr. Simeon said to Mr. Wesley: "Sir, I understand that you are called an Arminian, and I have sometimes been called a Calvinist, and, therefore, I suppose we are to draw daggers. But before we begin the combat, with your permission I should like to ask you a few questions, not for impertinent curiosity, but for

instruction." Permission was readily and kindly granted by Mr. Wesley, and Mr. Simeon proceeded to ask: "Pray, sir, do you feel yourself a depraved creature, so dependent you would never have thought of turning to God if God had not put it into your heart?" "Yes," says Mr. Wesley; "I do indeed." "And do you utterly despair of recommending yourself to God by any thing you can do, and look for salvation solely through the blood and righteousness of Christ?" "Yes; solely through Christ." "But, sir, suppose you were first saved by Christ, are you not somehow or other to save yourself afterward by your own works?" "No," said Mr. Wesley; "I must be saved from first to last by Christ." "Allow, then, you were first turned by the grace of God, are you not in some way to keep yourself by your own power?" "No." "What then? are you to be upheld every hour and every moment by God, as an infant in its mother's arms?" "Yes, altogether." "And is all your hope in the grace and mercy of God to preserve you unto his eternal kingdom?" "Yes, I have no hope but in him." "Then, sir, with your leave, I will put up my dagger again, for this is all my Calvinism; this is my election, my justification by faith, my final perseverance. It is in substance all that I hold and as I hold it, and, therefore, if you please, instead of searching out terms and phrases to be a ground of contention between us, we will cordially unite in those things wherein we agree.*

* Dr. Dealtry's Sermon on the Death of Dr. C. Simeon.

John Wesley and Martin Madan.

One evening a young man, educated for the bar, was in company in London with some gay companions at a Coffee-house. He was a great mimic. His young friends requested him to go and hear Rev. John Wesley preach, and then return and exhibit his manner and discourse for their entertainment. Just as he entered the place of worship Mr. Wesley named as his text, "Prepare to meet thy God," with a solemnity of accent that struck him, and inspired a seriousness that increased as the faithful preacher proceeded. On his return he was asked if he had taken off the old Methodist? He replied, "*No, gentlemen; but he has taken me off.*" From that time he withdrew from their company, and began to walk with the wise. He soon became a useful and popular minister. His name was Martin Madan. He possessed an independent fortune, and therefore did not enter the ministry from any mercenary views. In the Church he never accepted any benefice or emolument. The lawyer turning divine excited curiosity. He cast in his lot among the Methodists and itinerated to different parts of the kingdom.

Mr. Madan was cousin to the poet Cowper. He was passionately fond of music, and a respectable composer. The music of

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"
"From all that dwell below the skies,"
"Salvation! O the joyful sound!"
"To God, the only wise,"

and many others which were composed by him, are well known and deservedly popular. Lady Huntingdon became his patron, and threw her mantle over him. He was a dignified young man; of a tall, noble form, majestic countenance, with a voice of unusual sweetness and power, and crowds flocked at once to hear him. Youth, beauty, wealth, and eloquence all had a charm for the people. His first sermon was preached to an overflowing congregation at Allhallows Church, London, the same in which Mr. Wesley preached his first extemporaneous sermon.

John Wesley and John Nelson.

John Nelson is one of the early heroes of Methodism. When he was awakened his distress of mind was such that he wished he "never had been born." He heard Mr. Whitefield at Moorfields, and says, "He was to me as a man that could play well on an instrument, for his preaching was pleasant to me, and I loved the man so that if any offered to disturb him I was ready to fight for him; but I did not understand him; yet I got some hope of mercy, so I was encouraged to pray on and spend my leisure hours in reading the Scriptures." In this frame of mind he continued till Mr. Wesley preached for the first time in Moorfields. "O," says he, "that was a blessed morning for my soul! As soon as he got upon the stand he stroked back his hair and turned his face toward where I stood,

and I thought he fixed his eyes on me. His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me." As soon as Mr. Wesley had finished his sermon Nelson said within himself, "This man can tell the secrets of my heart. He hath not left me there, for he hath shown me the remedy, even the blood of Jesus." He was converted and became one of Mr. Wesley's lay preachers. His autobiography reads like a tale of chivalry.

John Wesley and Nelson's hard Bed.

John Wesley did not always sleep on a bed of down. Sometimes his bed was very hard and uncomfortable, particularly during the early part of his ministry. Wesley and Nelson visited Cornwall before Methodism was established there. Nelson, in his own laconic style, gives an account of their lodging. "All this time," he says, "Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor; he had my great-coat for a pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here nearly three weeks, one morning about three o'clock Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake clapped me on the side, saying, "Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer. I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side."

As they were returning Mr. Wesley stopped his

horse to pick blackberries, and said, "Brother Nelson, we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw to get an appetite, and the worst place to provide means to satisfy it."

John Wesley and William Bramwell.

William Bramwell is a name that will ever have a conspicuous place in the annals of Wesleyan Methodism. Mr. Wesley passed through Preston and saw young Bramwell, and inquired, as he took hold of his hand, "Dear brother, can you praise God?" "No, sir," was the answer. "Well, perhaps you can to-night," said Mr. Wesley, lifting up his hand and smiling upon the young man, who was a stranger to the joy of reconciliation. That night, while the service was proceeding, he was able to rejoice in God, by whom he received the atonement. He never after lost the joy, but was able to walk in the light till glory perfected what grace had begun.

John Wesley and his Traveling Companion.

"Michael Fenwick," Wesley says, "was often hindered from settling in business because God had other work for him to do. He is just made to travel with me, being an excellent groom, *valet-de-chambre* nurse, and upon occasion a tolerable

preacher." All men desire immortality. Mr. Fenwick one day complained to Mr. Wesley that, though constantly travelling with him, his own name was never inserted in Wesley's published journals. In the next number of the Journal was the following: "I left Epworth," wrote Mr. Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick." *

John Wesley and the Young Quaker.

In 1740 Mr. Wesley had an interview with a young Quaker named Joseph Chandler, who had frequently spoken in the meetings. Mr. Wesley had never seen him, and did not know there was such a person. Some one had carried a formal challenge to him from Mr. Wesley to dispute with him, and afterward told Mr. Chandler that he heard Mr. Wesley declare in open society, "I challenged Joseph Chandler to dispute, and he promised to come, but broke his word." Joseph immediately sent to Mr. Wesley to know from his own mouth if these things were so. Mr. Wesley adds: "If those who count themselves better Christians had but done like this honest Quaker, how many idle tales which they now believe would, like this, have vanished into air!"

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1843, p. 418.

John Wesley and John King.

John King was one of the early English Methodist preachers in America. He accomplished a vast amount of good. As a pioneer of Methodism in America his name should be held in grateful remembrance. He was imprudent in the use of his voice, and did not appear to know that it is not the thunder that does execution, but the lightning, and that "bodily exercise profiteth little."

Mr. Wesley, knowing his habits, wrote to him thus: "Scream no more at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me, whom he hath set over you. Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice. It was said of our Lord, 'He shall not cry.' The word means, *he shall not scream.* Herein be a follower of me as I am of Christ. I speak loud, often vehement, but I never scream; I never strain myself. I dare not. I know it would be a sin against God and my own soul. Perhaps one reason why that good man, Thomas Walsh, yea, and John Manners too, were in such grievous darkness before they died was, because they shortened their own lives."

Wesley, Boardman, and Pilmoor.

Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor were Mr. Wesley's first regular missionaries to America. At the Conference held at Leeds, August 1, 1769, Mr. Wesley says, "I mentioned the case of our

brethren in New York, who had built the first Methodist preaching-house in America, and were in great want of money, but much more of preachers. Two of our brethren, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, willingly offered themselves for the service, by whom we determined to send them fifty pounds, as a token of brotherly love." *

Such is the simple account which Mr. Wesley gives of the transaction. But an anecdote has lately been circulated from tradition, now interwoven into grave history, that is full of romance. "It is usually supposed that when Mr. Wesley's appeal was made the response was immediate; but it was otherwise. The Conference sat in silence, no man answering. The next morning Wesley, as was his custom, preached before the assembly at five o'clock on the text, 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.' At the reassembling of the Conference, after the sermon, the appeal was repeated, and the responses deliberately and resolutely made." † Rev. Charles Prest makes the statement on the authority of Rev. J. Edmondson, who obtained it by tradition.

Washington and Wesley.

Martin Rodda was an English preacher in America during the war, and by incautiously

* Journal, vol. iv, p. 416.

† Stevens's History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, vol. i, p. 95.

meddling with politics exposed himself to the dis pleasure of those in power. At a certain time he was brought before General Washingon, who asked who he was. Rodda told him he was one of John Wesley's preachers. "Mr. Wesley," rejoined his excellency, "I respect; but Mr Wesley, I presume, never sent you to America to interfere with political matters, but to preach the Gospel to the people. Now go and mind your own proper work, and leave politics alone."

John Wesley and the Polite Audience.

John Wesley always preferred the middling and lower classes to the wealthy. He said, "If I might choose I should still, as I have done hitherto, *preach the Gospel to the poor.*" Preaching in Monktown Church, a large, old, ruinous building, he says, "I suppose it has scarce had such a congregation during this century. Many of them were gay, genteel people, so I spoke on the first elements of the Gospel; but I was still out of their depth." O how hard it is to be *shallow* enough for a polite audience!"

John Wesley and his Sister Emilia.

Emilia was John's oldest sister, and some years his senior. She was well educated, and was distinguished for personal beauty and mental and moral excellence. Her wit was of the keenest order.

She loved her brother John with peculiar affection. He declared she was the best reader of Milton he had ever heard. Such was their intimacy that she took great liberty in approving or disapproving of his acts. In the early days of Methodism she became much prejudiced against them, and she wrote to him in a very unpleasant tone, abusing the Methodists. She told him she understood he could work miracles, cast out devils, etc.; that she had the devil of poverty in her pocket, and would be much obliged to him if he would cast it out. Mr. Wesley kept on with his heaven-approved work, unmoved by the abuse of friends or the opposition of enemies.

The reader can see the change there was in her mind, and the high regard she had for John, by reading the following lines, which she wrote under a portrait of John Wesley:

> "His eyes diffuse a venerable grace,
> And charity itself is in his face.
> Humble and meek, learned, pious, prudent, just,
> Of good report, and faithful to his trust;
> Vigilant, sober, watchful of his charge,
> Who feeds his sheep, and doth their folds enlarge."

John Wesley, John Hampson, and the Mob.

In Norwich, in the early days of Methodism, the preachers scarcely ever got through the service of a Sabbath evening without having more or less disturbance or a mob at the chapel doors.

Mr. Wesley visited Norwich in company with John Hampson, a preacher of gigantic make and muscular powers, but not wanting in strength or grandeur of mind. When Mr. Wesley had finished his sermon, and was leaving the chapel, he found the street crowded with a mob, who were waiting to do him some violence. As they closed in upon him Mr. Hampson stepped forward and fronted them in the attitude of threatening. Mr. Wesley, fearing that he would really attack them, called out to him to refrain, upon which Mr. Hampson replied in a thundering voice, "Let me alone, sir; if God has not given you an arm to quell this mob he has given me one, and the first man who molests you here I will lay him dead."

The boldness of his manner and the loud tones of his voice paralyzed the mob. Not the least violence was offered, and Mr. Wesley and his courageous friend passed on unmolested.

John Wesley and the Young Preacher.

Mr. Wesley was very regular in his hours of sleep. Rev. W. M. Punshon related to me the following: "Mr. Wesley was in a place where many of the ministers were gathered, and there were not beds enough for all unless two slept together, so a young preacher was designated to sleep with Mr. Wesley. He was full of joy, thinking what a fine opportunity he would have to get light on several

theological subjects. After they had retired he asked Mr. Wesley several questions. To his surprise and mortification Mr. Wesley, instead of answering them, said, 'Brother, I came to bed to sleep.'"

John Wesley and the Renowned Pugilist.

Nearly a century has passed away since John Wesley preached for the first time upon Cole-Orton-Moor. He had been invited there by some who were the first-fruits of Walter Sellon's ministry. The intended visit of Mr. Wesley was noised abroad, and a neighbouring squire, whose influence over the colliers was great, resolved, if possible, to hinder the preaching. He gave the men a treat, with a liberal allowance of liquor, and, armed with formidable truncheons, these guardians of orthodoxy repaired to the spot where the open-air service was to be held. The appointment of commander-in-chief fell upon John Massey, an athletic fellow, of stalwart frame, and great muscular power. He was, in fact, the terror of the whole neighborhood, a renowned pugilist, and a disturber of every wake and fair in that section. Another man, like-minded, was second in command. The squire's forces were mustered according to a plan previously arranged: one leader, with his band, to be on the right, the other on the left of Mr. Wesley. The preacher was punctual in fulfilling his engagement, and a large congrega-

tion was present. He opened with the customary devotions, and as he was about to commence the sermon Massey looked upon him savagely and menacingly, but thought he would just hear a little of what he had to say. As John Nelson says, speaking of the first time he heard Mr. Wesley preach in the open air at Moorfields, "When he did speak I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me," so it was with John Massey. The persecutor's heart began to beat violently, and an arrow of conviction shot from the bow of truth, and guided in its flight by the Spirit of God, found lodgment there. Tears of penitence rolled down his cheeks in rapid succession. During this interim the colliers became impatient, and one man cried out, "John, why dunna ye gi' the word o' command?" When he firmly replied in like dialect, "If ony mon touches the preacher I'll recon wi' him to-morro' marnin' up oth pit-bonk." After this the service closed in peace. The mouths of the lions were closed. Massey went home a true penitent, and from that day the devil lost in him an active champion. He sought the Lord with his whole heart, and soon obtained a sense of the divine favour, and became in the most emphatic sense *another man*, and was for many years a very useful Local Preacher. After years of usefulness he died in holy triumph, and was buried in a graveyard near the spot where he first trembled under the awakening power of truth as preached by the founder of Methodism.*

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1856, vol. i, p. 140.

Rev. John Fletcher used to visit the place and preach for Walter Sellon. During one of his visits it was announced he would give an evening lecture at Mr. Hall's, a distinguished Methodist; but by some unforeseen circumstances he was detained elsewhere beyond the time appointed. The house was thronged, and there was quite a disappointment at the non-arrival of Mr. Fletcher. Under these circumstances John Massey was requested to occupy the place of the seraphic Fletcher. Great as was the cross, John Massey took it up, and delivered an appropriate and powerful discourse. Soon Mr. Fletcher came in unperceived by John, and sat down quietly behind a piece of furniture, and listened with great attention to his plain and faithful message. At the close of the service Mr. Fletcher warmly shook John by the hand, and thanked him for his "excellent exhortation."

The Profane Officer.

John Wesley was travelling in a stage-coach with a young officer who was exceedingly profane, and who swore curses upon himself in almost every sentence. Mr. Wesley asked him if he had read the Common Prayer Book; for if he had he might remember the Collect beginning, "O God, who art more ready to hear than we are to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve." The young man, who had contracted a

very common, but vulgar habit of profanity, had the good sense to make the application and swear no more during the journey.

Ingenious Reproof.

On one occasion when John Wesley was travelling he had for a fellow-passenger in the coach an officer who was intelligent, and very agreeable in conversation; but there was one very serious drawback—his profanity. When they changed coaches Mr. Wesley took the officer aside, and after expressing the pleasure he had enjoyed in his company, said he had a great favour to ask of him. The young officer said, "I will take great pleasure in obliging you, for I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request." "Then," said Mr. Wesley, "as we have to travel together some distance, I beg, if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will kindly reprove me." The officer immediately saw the motive and felt the force of the request, and smiling, said, "None but Mr. Wesley could have conceived a reproof in such a manner." The reproof acted like a charm.

John Wesley and the Old Servant.

Mr. Wesley, in June, 1743, visited Epworth, his native place, where his father had been Rector for many years. He thought his former acquaintance would be ashamed to acknowledge him, so he put

up at an inn in the centre of the town. But an old servant of his father, with two or three poor women, heard that he was in town and called on him. Mr. Wesley inquired of the old servant of the family if she knew of any in Epworth who were in earnest to be saved. She answered, "I am, by the grace of God, and I know I am saved through faith." He then inquired, "Have you, then, the peace of God? Do you know that he has forgiven your sins?" She replied, "I thank God I know it well, and many here can say the same thing." This was a matter of rejoicing to Mr. Wesley to find an old servant of his father a servant of God, and in possession of the knowledge of sins forgiven.

John Wesley and the Curate Romley.

John Romley studied divinity under Samuel Wesley, senior, graduated at Lincoln College, Oxford, and became his Curate. He owed all he was to the father of John Wesley, even his very position as Curate at Epworth. But he forgot his obligation to the family. On a Sunday in June, 1742, a little before the service began, John Wesley went to Mr. Romley and offered to assist him, either by preaching or reading prayers. But he declined to accept the offer, and preferred doing his own work.

It had been noised abroad that Mr. Wesley would preach in the afternoon, and the house was full. Mr. Romley did not ask Mr. Wesley to assist,

but preached from "Quench not the Spirit." He said one of the most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit was by *enthusiasm*, and enlarged with great zeal and energy on the character of an enthusiast. The audience all knew he meant John Wesley and the Methodists.

As the people were retiring from church, John Taylor, an excellent man, who then accompanied Mr. Wesley, stood in the church-yard, and gave notice as they were coming out, "Mr. Wesley not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock." At six Mr. Wesley stood near the east end of the church upon his father's tomb-stone, and preached to such an audience as Epworth never saw before from "the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Never was there a more impressive scene. There, among the tombs, standing over the ashes of his sainted father, he preached to them of life and death, heaven and hell. The effect was overwhelming.

In January, 1743, Mr. Wesley revisited Epworth, and again preached standing on his father's tomb. It was sacrament Sunday. Mr. Romley said to one, "Pray tell Mr. Wesley I shall not give *him* the sacrament, for he is not fit." Mr. Wesley says, "There could not have been so fit a place under heaven where this should befall me first as my father's house, the place of my nativity, and the very place where, *according to the strictest sect of our religion*, I had so long lived a Pharisee. It

was also fit in the highest degree that he who repelled me from that very table where I had so often distributed the bread of life should be one who owed his all in this world to the tender love my father bore to his as well as personally to himself."

Mr. Romley a few years after lost his voice, became a drunkard, then a lunatic, and in this sad state he died.

The Tomb-Stone Sermon.

No wonder Mr. Wesley had fruit from the first sermon he preached on his father's tomb-stone. One of his hearers on that occasion was a gentleman who boasted that he had not been to church for thirty years. The church-yard scene—a man preaching in the midst of graves, and over the dust of his father—led him to attend and hear Mr. Wesley. The word was a hammer to break his flinty heart in pieces; and when the sermon was ended the gentleman stood as if he was transfixed, looking up to heaven. Mr. Wesley inquired of him, "Are you a sinner?" With a tearful eye, quivering lip, and faltering voice he answered, "Sinner enough!" and he remained looking up till his friends thrust him into his carriage and hurried him home. Ten years after Mr. Wesley saw him, and was agreeably surprised to find him strong in faith, giving glory to God, and though feeble in body, patiently waiting the hour of his departure

John Wesley and Dr. Priestley.

John Wesley's father wished him to be his successor at Epworth, but he declined to apply for the living, believing he could be far more useful as he was. Dr. Joseph Priestley said in regard to it: "Mr. Wesley wanted only *rational principles of religion* to be one of the first of human characters." Henry Moore well says, "Had Mr. Wesley only what Dr. Priestley calls *rational principles* of religion he might have gone the usual rounds of parochial duty at Epworth, and, it may be, succeeded to what is termed a *better living.* But however he might in that case have been admired as a scholar and a man, he certainly never would have ranked with reformers or apostles; nor would the present, not to say future, generations rise up and call him blessed."

John Wesley and Bishop Lavington.

Bishop Lavington wrote a scurrilous book entitled "Enthusiasm of the Methodists and Papists Compared." His pamphlet was anonymous. It was stabbing in the dark. He acted on this principle, "Strike, but conceal the hand." Mr. Wesley discovered the author and replied to him. In so doing he showed himself a master workman, and that he was set for the defence of the Gospel. His lively wit and keen logic is admirably used against his episcopal opponent. Lavington replied, saying, "Wit, not truth, is your object." Mr. Wesley

knew not only how to write to his enemies in love but to "answer a fool according to his folly." In his Journal of November 19, 1751, Mr. Wesley says, "I began to write a letter to the 'Comparer of Papists and Methodists'—heavy work—such as I never choose, but sometimes it must be done. Well might the ancients say, 'God made practical divinity necessary; the devil controversial.'"

John Wesley and Bishop Warburton.

Bishop Warburton made an attack upon John Wesley, in which he forgot he was writing to a scholar, a gentleman, a Christian, and a Christian minister. He forgets his dignity and descends to personal abuse. He calls Mr. Wesley hard names Comparing him with the early preachers, he calls him "this paltry mimic." Mr. Wesley, true to his principles, did not forget that he was writing to a dignitary of the Church, and in his reply said, "Surely a writer should *reverence* himself, how much soever he may despise his opponent." Mr. Wesley had a forgiving spirit. He afterward communed with Bishop Warburton, and said "he expected to meet him in heaven."

John Wesley and Beau Nash.

At Bath a notable man named Beau Nash, then "lord of the ascendant" in that city, encountered Mr. Wesley in order to amuse the people, con

found the preacher, and render Methodism ridiculous. The public were informed what was to be done and great expectations were raised, so the audience was greatly increased, and among them many of the rich and fashionable. Mr. Wesley addressed himself to all classes, from the highest to the lowest. While he was preaching Beau Nash entered the room, came close to the preacher, and demanded of him by what authority he was acting. Wesley replied, "By that of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the present Archbishop of Canterbury when he laid his hands upon me and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.'" Nash then affirmed he was acting contrary to the laws. "Besides," said he, "your preaching frightens people out of their wits." "Sir," replied Mr. Wesley, "did you ever hear me preach?" "No," said the master of ceremonies. "How, then," said Mr. Wesley, "can you judge of what you never heard?" Nash made answer, "By common report." "Sir," said Mr. Wesley, "is not your name Nash? I dare not judge *you* by common report. I think it not enough to judge by."

Nash quailed under Mr. Wesley's ironical reply. Soon, however, he recovered, and said, "I desire to know what these people come here for?" "Sir, leave him to me," said one; "let an old woman answer him. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls, and for the food of our souls have we come here." Mr. Nash could endure it no longer and he beat a hasty retreat, no doubt acting on the principle that,

"He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never live to fight again."*

John Wesley and the Ladies of Bath.

Curiosity is a strong passion. As Mr. Wesley was returning from preaching at Bath immediately after his interview with Beau Nash, the streets were full of people hurrying to and fro, full of curiosity to see the man who was causing such excitement. Whenever they inquired, "Which is he?" Mr. Wesley would reply, "I am he," and silence followed. Several ladies followed him into Mr. Merchant's house, where he was entertained. Mr. Wesley retired into his room, when the servant said to him, "Mr. Wesley, there are several ladies in the other room who wish to speak with you." He immediately went out into the room where they were, and the ladies gazed upon him as if he was a supernatural being. He saw at once that curiosity had brought them there, and he said, "Ladies, I believe the maid was mistaken; she said you desired to speak with me, *but you only wanted to look at me.*"

Sharp Comment.

Mr. Wesley was sent for several times in 1750 to see a young woman in Bedlam. He went, and

* Southey's Life of Wesley. vol. i, p. 366.

had not conversed with her long before one dressed in a little brief authority informed him abruptly that none of these preachers were to come there. A short time before he had been prohibited from talking with the prisoners in Newgate. He made the following comment: "So we are forbid to go to Newgate *for fear of making them wicked*, and to Bedlam *for fear of driving them mad.*"

John Wesley and the Subdued Mob.

John Wesley was never more calm and fearless than in the hour of danger. He was preaching at a certain time when the mob, maddened with fury, tore up the floor, while others on the outside pulled out the windows and doors of the house. Mr. Wesley walked out, looked them full in the face, and fixed his piercing eye upon them, when the mass of the people parted asunder, so that a broad way was made for him, and he passed through his enemies unharmed. Then he wrote the hymn commencing, "Ye simple souls that stray," in which is found the following stanza:

"Angels our servants are,
And keep us in our ways;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace."

John Wesley and Doctor Gibson.

In 1740 John Wesley had a conversation with Dr. Gibson, then Bishop of London, at Whitehall.

The Bishop inquired of Mr. Wesley what he meant by perfection. He told him without any disguise or reserve. When he had made the explanation it was so perfectly satisfactory to the Bishop he said, "Mr. Wesley, if this be all you mean publish it to all the world. If any can confute what you say he may have free leave." Mr. Wesley answered, "My lord, I will;" and accordingly wrote and published the sermon on Christian Perfection.

John Wesley and the Plain Man.

John Wesley once asked a plain man "Ought not he who feeds the flock to eat the milk of the flock?" He answered, "Friend, I have no objection to that. But what is that to him that does not feed the flock? He stands on the far side of the hedge and feeds himself; it is another who feeds the flock. And ought *he* to have the milk of the flock? What canst thou say for him? Truly nothing at all. And he will have nothing to say for himself when the great Shepherd shall pronounce that just sentence: 'Bind the unprofitable servant hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness.'"

John Wesley and Mr. Bailey.

The Rev. Mr. Bailey, of Cork, in 1750 wrote a severe letter to Mr. Wesley, which was printed and widely circulated. He brings many severe

charges against Mr. Wesley, among others love of profit and honour. Mr. Wesley replied in a masterly manner, showing his irony and sparkling wit to great advantage. He says: "But 'the honour I gain,' you think, 'is even greater than the profit.' Alas, sir, I have not generosity enough to relish it, and especially while there are so many drawbacks, so many dead flies in the pot of ointment. Sheer honour might taste tolerably well, but there is gall with the honey, and less of the honey than gall. Pray, sir, what think *you?* Have I more honour or dishonour? Do more people praise or blame me? How is it in Cork, among your own circle of acquaintance? Where you hear one commend do you not hear ten cry out, 'Away with such a fellow from the earth?' Above all, I do not love honour with dry blows. I do not find it will cure broken bones. But perhaps you may think I glory in these. O how should I have gloried, then, if your good friends at Dantsbridge had burned my person instead of my effigy? We are here to set religion out of the question. You do not suppose I have any thing to do with that? Why, if so, I would rather leave *you* the honour, and myself sleep in a whole skin."

John Wesley and the Mayor of Cork.

John Wesley preached in May, 1750, in the suburbs of Cork. In the afternoon two of the preachers went to the Mayor and asked if it

would be disagreeable to him if Mr. Wesley preached on the Marsh? He answered, "Sir, I will have no more mobs and riots." One of them replied, "Sir, Mr. Wesley has made none." The Mayor then said, "Sir, I will have no more preaching, and if Mr. Wesley attempts it I am prepared for him." Mr. Wesley did not preach on the Marsh, but in the Methodist house of worship. He says, "The good Mayor in the mean time was walking on the ''Change,' and gave orders to his sergeants and town-drummers, who immediately came down to the house with an innumerable mob attending him. When Mr. Wesley came out from the chapel the mob pressed very closely upon him. Mr. Wesley saw one of the King's sergeants standing near him, and he desired him to keep the King's peace. But he replied, "Sir, I have no orders to do that." Mr. Wesley then began to see there was real meaning in what a gentleman said, who, being told "King George tolerates Methodists," replied, "Sir, you shall find the Mayor is King of Cork."

John Wesley and the Irish Justice of the Peace.

John Wesley arrived in a certain town in Ireland, and a worthy Justice of the Peace was determined he should not preach there. He was slow in mustering his mob, and when he arrived Mr. Wesley had finished his sermon. The Justice came blustering up to him, and said in a tone of magisterial authority, "Sir, you shall not preach

in this town." Mr. Wesley said, "Sir, I do not intend to preach here again to-day. I have already preached, and am just leaving." On learning that the dignified Justice flew into a terrible passion, and could hardly contain himself. He was, however, too much of a coward to attack Mr. Wesley; but seeing his hat on the table, he wreaked his vengeance on that, kicking and cuffing it most valiantly.

John Wesley and the Rabble.

Mr. Wesley had just commenced preaching on a beautiful green near Pensford, when a mob of fellows hired for the purpose came upon the audience with fury, driving a bull among the people. The animal was wiser than his drivers, and continually ran to one side of the congregation or the other while they quietly sang praises to God, and prayed for about an hour. The poor wretches, finding themselves disappointed, at length seized upon the bull, weak and tired after having been so long torn by dogs and beaten by men, and by main strength partly dragged and partly thrust him in among the people. When they had forced their way to the little table on which Mr. Wesley stood they strove several times to throw it down by thrusting the helpless beast against it, who of himself stirred no more than a log of wood. Mr. Wesley turned aside the head of the bull with his hand that the blood might not drop upon his clothes, intending to go on with his discourse.

The table fell down, and some of his friends caught Mr. Wesley in their arms and carried him away on their shoulders, while the rabble wreaked their vengeance on the table by tearing it to pieces. Mr. Wesley went a little way off and finished his sermon without any noise or interruption, so these sons of Belial had all their trouble for nothing.

John Wesley, the Persecuted Methodists, and the King.

John Wesley and his coadjutors endured a great fight of affliction. The people roared like lions. The storm of persecution rose higher and higher till deliverance came in a way none expected. Mr. Wesley says: "God stirred up the heart of our late gracious sovereign to give such orders to his magistrates as, being put in execution, effectually quelled the madness of the people. It was about the same time that a great man applied personally to his Majesty, begging that he would please 'take a course to stop these run-about preachers.' His Majesty, looking sternly upon him, answered without ceremony, like a King, "I tell you while I sit on the throne no man shall be persecuted for conscience' sake."*

Whitefield's Mission to America.

John Wesley while in Georgia wrote several letters to George Whitefield, urging him to come

* Wesley's Sermons, vol. ii, p. 393.

to America. In one of them he inquired, "Do you ask what you shall have? Food to eat, raiment to wear, a house to lay your head in, such as your Lord had not, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Whitefield said, "His heart leaped within him, and echoed to the call." He did come to America, and wonders were produced by his preaching, and after having crossed the Atlantic many times, here he died and was buried. Had it not been for John Wesley's urgent call Whitefield might never have come to this new world.

Field Preaching.

Whitefield first set the example of field preaching. Soon after he began Mr. Wesley accompanied him to Blackheath to hear Whitefield preach to the masses. Fourteen thousand people had assembled. Whitefield urged Wesley to preach to them the word of life. At first he declined, at last reluctantly consented. From that day an effectual door was open for him to teach the multitudes. Whitefield rejoiced in his success, and wrote thus: "I went to bed rejoicing that another fresh inroad was made into Satan's territories by Mr. Wesley following me in field preaching in London as well as in Bristol."

Long after Wesley wrote, "Forty years ago I began preaching in the fields, and that for two reasons: first, I was not suffered to preach in the

churches; second, no parish church could contain the congregations."

The Surreptitious Letter.

John Wesley was the soul of honour, as the following will show:

George Whitefield, some time after his separation from Mr. Wesley, wrote him a letter on the subject of Calvinism. In it he assumed a superiority over Mr. Wesley that was no credit to him. Whitefield's friends in London having obtained a copy of this letter, had it printed without Whitefield or Wesley's permission, and distributed a number of copies at the door of the Foundry, and also in the meeting. Mr. Wesley took one of the letters in his hands into the pulpit, and having stated to the congregation the fact of its surreptitious publication, he said, "I will do just what I believe Mr. Whitefield would do if he were here himself;" and then he tore it to pieces. Every one in the house having a copy of the letter, followed Mr. Wesley's example, and the letters were in a moment torn into fragments. In reference to the person by whom the letter had been published Mr. Wesley says, "Ah, poor Ahithophel!"

Wesley, Pool, and Whitefield.

Adam Clarke and John Pool travelled the same circuit, and Mr. Pool, who was intimately ac-

quainted with Whitefield, related the following anecdote: "Whitefield one day met Pool, and accosted him thus: 'Well, John, are you still a Wesleyan?' 'Yes, sir, and I thank God that I have the privilege of being in connection with Mr. Wesley, and one of his preachers.' 'John, thou art in the right place; my Brother Wesley acted wisely. The souls that were awakened under his ministry he joined in class, and thus preserved the fruits of his labour. This I neglected, and my people are a rope of sand.'" How true to the letter, the work of one almost obliterated, that of the other extending with each succeeding age.

John Wesley and Whitefield's Will.

They became divided in sentiment, Wesley an Arminian, and Whitefield a Calvinist. Notwithstanding the theological difference between them, they were united as by hooks of steel, and loved one another as brethren.

In Mr. Whitefield's last will and testament, written with his own hand about six months before he died, he says: "I leave a mourning ring to my honoured and dear friends and disinterested fellow-labourers, the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them in heart and affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine."

Mr. Keen, one of the executors, inquired of Mr

Whitefield, "If you should die abroad, whom shall we get to preach your funeral sermon? Must it be your old friend John Wesley?" Mr. Whitefield replied, "He is the man." When the news of Mr. Whitefield's death reached London Mr. Keen waited on Mr. Wesley and engaged him to preach it. Mr. Wesley complied with the request, and in his sermon he bore ample testimony to the undissembled piety, the ardent zeal, and extensive usefulness of his much-loved and honoured friend.

Whitefield and the Uncharitable Minister.

The following anecdote will show the views of Mr. Whitefield concerning John Wesley: "A minister was in company with Mr. Whitefield, and during the interview he was very free in his reflections on Mr. Wesley and his followers. Finally he expressed a doubt concerning Mr. Wesley's salvation, and said to Mr. Whitefield, 'Sir, do you think when we get to heaven we shall see John Wesley?' 'No, sir,' replied Mr. Whitefield, 'I fear not, for he will be so near the eternal throne, and we shall be at such a distance, we shall hardly get a sight of him.'"

John Wesley and the Young Critic.

In 1744 Mr. Wesley was riding near London when a young gentleman overtook him on the road, and asked him "if he had seen Whitefield's

Journals." He replied he had. "And what do you think of them?" said he. "Don't you think they are cant, enthusiasm from end to end? I think so." Mr. Wesley inquired, "Why do you think so?" He replied, "Why he talks so much of joy and stuff, and inward feelings. As I hope to be saved, I cannot tell what to make of it." Mr. Wesley asked, "Did you ever feel the love of God in your heart? If not, how should you tell what to make of it? Whatever is spoken of the religion of the heart, and of the inward workings of the Spirit of God, must appear enthusiasm to those who have not felt them; that is, if they take upon them to judge of the things of which they own they know nothing."

John Wesley and Mr. Whitelamb.

John Whitelamb, a clergyman of the Church of England, was a brother-in-law of Mr. Wesley, having married his sister Mary, who had a face exquisitely beautiful. He had also been his pupil at the University. In a conversation with Mr. Wesley he lamented that he and his brother should encourage the common people to look for pardon and the blessings that flow from justification. "With you, dear sir, and your brother Charles and others," said he, "who are learned, there may be a reality in their profession, but who can help fearing that with these uneducated men it is absurdity and a delusion." John Wesley justified their

course. He knew that "common salvation" was offered to our common race, and that the "common people had heard the Saviour gladly," and that it is the crowning glory and the transcendent excellency of Christianity that "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." The Wesleys were a great blessing to the common people in their day. Methodism, while adapted to all classes, from the highest to the lowest, and to every order of mind, has accomplished wonders for the common people.

The Slanderer.

Many were the slanders circulated against John Wesley, and among others that he had attempted to commit suicide. In 1741 he was preaching in Bristol on Trusting in the Lord, and showing what reasons Christians had for trusting in the Captain of their salvation, when suddenly one of his auditors cried out, "Who was your captain the other day, when you hanged yourself? I know the man who saw you when you were cut down." Mr. Wesley adds, "This wise story, it seems, had been diligently spread abroad, and cordially believed by many in Bristol. I desired the audience to make room for the man to come nearer, but the moment he saw the way open he ran away with all possible speed." How true is it that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth," while, in a good cause, "the righteous are bold as a lion."

John Wesley and the Slandering Woman.

Dr. Campbell, in the "British Standard," gives the following anecdote, saying, "We vouch for its truth, as far as evidence can sustain any thing. The ever-to-be-remembered Wesley, when preaching one evening to a crowd in Dublin, said, 'All crimes have been laid to my charge of which a human being is capable, except that of drunkenness.' The great man, having uttered these words, paused, and in a twinkling a short, squat damsel, with somewhat tattered garments, and a red plaid wrapped around her head, started, and, at the top of her voice, screamed, 'You old villain! and will you deny it? Didn't you pledge your bands to Mrs. —— for a noggin of whisky, and didn't she sell them to our parson's wife?' Having stated her case, she sat down amid a thunderstruck assembly. Mr. Wesley, unmoved, merely 'thanked God that his cup was now full.'"

John Wesley and the Ostler.

Peter Martin was born in 1742. He was sexton of the parish of Helstone sixty-five years. He lived to be near a hundred years, and had a distinct recollection of John Wesley, and gives an account of a perilous adventure he had with him. The simplicity of the narrative gives it additional interest, and therefore we give it in his own language. The

scene occurred on one of Mr. Wesley's early visits to Cornwall.

"I first heard Mr. Wesley preach in the street, near our Market-house, seventy-four years ago. I had an adventure with him when I was ostler at the London Inn. Mr. Wesley came there one day in a carriage, driven by his own servant, who, being unacquainted with the road further westward than Redruth, he obtained my master's leave for me to drive him to St. Ives. We set out, and on our arrival at Hayle we found the sands between that and St. Ives, over which we had to pass, overflowed by the rising tide. On reaching the water's edge I hesitated to proceed, and advised him of the danger of crossing; and a captain of a vessel seeing us stopping, came up and endeavoured to persuade us from an undertaking so full of peril, but without effect. Mr. Wesley had resolved to go on; he said he had to preach at St. Ives at a certain hour, and that he must fulfil his appointment. Looking out of the carriage-window he called loudly to me, 'Take the sea! take the sea!' In a moment I dashed into the waves, and was quickly involved in a world of waters. The horses were now swimming, and the carriage became overwhelmed with the tide, as the hind wheels were not unfrequently merged in the deep pits and hollows in the sands. I struggled hard to maintain my seat in the saddle, while the poor affrighted animals were snorting and rearing in the most terrific manner. I expected every moment to be swept into eternity, and the only hope I then cherished was on account of driving so

holy a man. At that awful crisis I heard Mr. Wesley's voice. With difficulty I turned my head toward the carriage, and saw his long white locks dripping with water, which ran down the rugged furrows of his venerable countenance. He was looking calmly forth from the windows, undisturbed by the tumultuous war of the surrounding waters, or by the dangers of his perilous situation. He hailed me in a tolerably loud voice, and asked, 'What is thy name, driver?' I answered, 'Peter, sir.' He said, 'Peter, fear not, thou shalt not sink.' With vigorous spurring and whipping I again urged on the flagging horses, and at last got safely over; but it was a miracle. We continued our way, and reached St. Ives without further hindrance. We were very wet, of course. Mr. Wesley's first care after our arrival was to see me comfortably lodged in a public-house; he procured me warm clothing, a good fire, and excellent refreshment. Neither were the horses forgotten. Totally unmindful of himself he proceeded, wet as he was, to the chapel, and preached according to his appointment."

Kingswood School.

Kingswood was formerly a royal chase, and therefore its name. Its forests had fallen, coal-mines were beneath, and the place was inhabited by colliers who were noted for their wickedness. Kingswood was three or four miles from Bristol, and is classic ground in Methodism. There

Mr. Whitefield preached his first sermon in the fields, and there John Wesley followed his example.

Kingswood School was early established, the corner-stone being laid by Whitefield; but it soon became John Wesley's school, and he had to support it. It accomplished a vast amount of good, and afterward became a school for the sons of the prophets. Many of the preachers were converted there, and look back to Kingswood not only as their Alma Mater, but as their spiritual birthplace. On a pane of glass is written by some unknown hand these beautiful words, "God is love." On another pane, "God is here. 1744."

Mr. Wesley used to call Kingswood his "sweet retreat." In the school-house was Mr. Wesley's study, where many of his sermons, unsurpassed for purity of doctrine and beauty of language, and many of his scientific works and pamphlets, were written; and in that study he began the compilation of his *Christian Library*, which afterwards swelled to fifty volumes.

Wesley's first Sermon in the Fields.

John Wesley understood adaptation as well as any other man, and this is the great secret of successful preaching. He visited Kingswood to preach. The rain was descending in torrents as he stood under a sycamore-tree, and preached to listening crowds from this singularly appropriate text: "For as the rain cometh down and the snow from

heaven and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater,' etc. This was his first sermon in the fields.

Watch-Nights.

Watch-nights are a permanent institution among the Methodists. In the chapel at Kingswood they were first established. The custom originated with the Methodist colliers of Kingswood, who had been in the habit of spending every Saturday night at the ale-house. They devoted that night to prayer and singing of hymns. Mr. Wesley hearing of the watch-nights at Kingswood, and the good they were accomplishing, resolved to make them general.

The Sun-Dial.

In the garden at Kingswood is a sun-dial, placed there by John Wesley. On it are the appropriate mottoes, "Carpe Diem" and "Resurgam." No man knew the value of time better than John Wesley, and he wished to impress it upon others. This dial has preached impressively to several generations. It has watched the suns of a century dawn and darken. It suggests a multitude of thoughts; among others the necessity of preparing for that city where the "sun will no more go down, nor the moon withdraw herself."

John Wesley and the Benevolent Lady.

Money always came when Mr. Wesley needed it. Some Quaker would dream, as in the case of the Orphan House, or some one would strangely furnish the funds.

Mr. Wesley was mentioning to a lady his desire to erect a Christian school, such as would not disgrace the apostolic age. The lady was so well pleased with his views that she immediately gave him five hundred pounds in bank notes, and desired him to enter upon his plan immediately. Mr. Wesley did so. Some time after he was in company with the same lady, and she inquired of him how the building went on, and whether he needed further assistance. He informed her he had laid out the money he had received, and that he was three hundred pounds in debt, at the same time entreating her to consider it no concern of hers. She immediately retired and brought Mr. Wesley three hundred pounds, just the sum he needed. This noble donor was Lady Maxwell, of Scotland.

Wesley's Investment.

Mr. D. was one evening taking tea with that eminent artist, Mr. Culy, when he asked him whether he had seen his gallery of busts. Mr. D. answering in the negative, and expressing a wish to be gratified with a sight of it, Mr. Culy conducted him thither; and after admiring the busts

of the several great men of the day, he came to *one* which particularly attracted his notice, and on inquiry found it was the likeness of the Rev. John Wesley. "This bust," said Mr. Culy, "struck Lord Shelburne in the same manner it does you; and there is a remarkable fact connected with it, which, as I know you are fond of anecdote, I will relate to you precisely in the same manner and words that I did to him." On returning to the parlour Mr. Culy commenced accordingly: "I am a very old man; you must excuse my little failings, and, as I before observed, hear it in the very words I repeated to his lordship. 'My lord,' said I, 'perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists?' 'O yes,' he replied; '*he*—that race of fanatics!' 'Well, my lord, Mr. Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken, but he always refused, alleging as a reason that he thought it nothing but vanity; indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. One day he called upon me on the business of our Church. I began the old subject of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. 'Well,' said I, 'knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute exceeding that time you shall receive a guinea.' 'What,' said Mr. Wesley, 'do I understand you aright! that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken? Well, I agree to it.' He

then stripped off his coat and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted to him ten guineas into his hand. 'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we do with it?' They then wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster Bridge. The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman crying bitterly, with three children hanging round her, each sobbing, though apparently too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr. Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy. They then proceeded, followed by the blessing of the now happy mother. On Mr. Wesley's inquiring of Mr. Burton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied he knew of no place where his money would be more acceptable than in Giltspur-street Compter. They accordingly repaired thither, and on asking the Turnkey to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered if they were come in search of poverty they need not go far. The first ward they entered they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretch, who was greedily eating some potato-skins. On being questioned, he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by

the casual alms of compassionate strangers, for several months, without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half a guinea. On hearing this Mr. Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude; and he had the pleasure of seeing him liberated, with half a guinea in his pocket. The poor man, on leaving his place of confinement, said, 'Gentlemen, as you came here in search of poverty, pray go up stairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back toward them, sat a man, or rather a skeleton, for he was literally nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted to the opposite corner of the chamber, where lay, stretched on a pallet of straw, a young woman in the last stage of consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side, which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance; but it was too late for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterward from starvation, as the doctor declared. You may imagine, my lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in relieving such distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer. But so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced, that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history. It appeared he had been a respectable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady, eminently accom-

plished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until, by the failure of a speculation, in which his whole property was embarked, he was completely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune than he called all his creditors together, laid before them the state of his affairs, and showed them his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except the lawyer, who owed his rise in the world to this merchant. The sum was £250, for which he obstinately declared he should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his great respectability. That feeling was a stranger to his breast, and in spite of all their remonstrances, he was hurried away to prison, followed by his weeping wife. As she was very accomplished, she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time solely by the use of her pencil. And thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded that event that she was completely incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence, and their scanty savings were soon expended in procuring the necessaries which her situation then required. They were compelled to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves at last reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant had just expired from want, and the hapless mother was about to follow it to the grave when Mr. Wesley and his friend entered;

and, as I before said, the husband was so reduced from the same cause as to be with difficulty saved. Mr. Wesley, having acquainted himself with the case, went to the creditors and informed them of it. They were beyond measure astonished at what he had to tell, for so long a time had elapsed without hearing any thing of the merchant or his family that some supposed him to be dead, others that he had left the country. Among the rest he called upon the lawyer, and described to him the wretchedness he had witnessed; but even this could not move him to compassion. He declared the merchant should not leave the prison without paying him every farthing. Mr. Wesley again visited the other creditors, who, considering the case of the sufferer, agreed to raise the sum and release him. Some gave £100, others £200, and another £300. The affairs of the merchant took a different turn: God prospered him, and in the second year he called his former creditors together, thanked them for their kindness, and paid the sum so generously advanced. Success continuing to attend him, he was enabled to pay all his debts, and realized considerable property. His afflictions made such a deep impression upon his mind that he determined to remove the possibility of others suffering from the same cause, and for this purpose advanced a considerable sum as a foundation fund for the relief of small debtors. And the very first person who partook of the same was *the inexorable lawyer.*"

It is said that this remarkable fact so entirely

convinced Lord Shelburne of the mistaken opinion he had formed of Mr. Wesley that he immediately ordered a dozen of the busts to embellish the grounds of his beautiful residence.

John Wesley and James Hervey.

Rev. James Hervey was an amiable man of considerable genius. He was the author of "Meditations among the Tombs," "Theron and Aspasia," and other works. He belonged to the "Holy Club" at Oxford, with John and Charles Wesley. John aided him in his studies, and taught him Hebrew. He was a father to him, and treated him with as much kindness as if he had been his son. Mr. Hervey appreciated and acknowledged that kindness, as the following extract from his letter to John Wesley shows: "I will invite you, my father and friend, to meet me among the spirits of the just men made perfect, since I am not likely to see you any more in the flesh. Then will I bid you welcome, yea, I will tell of your love before the universal assembly, and at the tremendous tribunal. I will hear with joy the Lord Jesus say of you, (O you that are greatly beloved!) 'Well done, good and faithful servant. You have served your Lord and your generation with your might; you have finished the work which my Father gave you to do. If others turned their thousands, you have turned your ten thousands from the power of Satan unto God; receive, therefore, a glorious kingdom,

a beautiful and immortal crown from my hand. Enter with the children I have given you, with the souls you have won.' O thou blessed one! thou heir of glory! enter in at those everlasting doors, and receive there the reward of thy labours, even fulness of joy for ever and ever."

Till a late period in life James Hervey exhibited toward John Wesley and his brother the warmest friendship and the purest affection. It is to be regretted that some posthumous editions of his "Letters" were made vehicles of abuse of Wesley by Hervey's editors.

John Wesley and the Eleven Letters of James Hervey.

James Hervey entered the Calvinistic controversy, and he wrote "Eleven Letters to John Wesley." They were not published until after his death. Mr. Hervey did not wish them published, for several reasons, and upon his death-bed he charged his brother, who was his executor, not to publish them. But Mr. Hervey's brother was of another mind, believing the book would have an extensive sale, bearing the name of Hervey. The temptation was too great. He put the manuscript into the hands of William Cudworth, a fiery zealot and a great hater of the Wesleys, with liberty "*to put out and in*" *any thing he pleased.* When fixed up to suit him it was sent forth bearing the honouredname of Hervey, and had an extensive circula-

tion, to the great injury of John Wesley. In a meek and quiet spirit, Mr. Wesley published a brief answer to all that was said against him in "The Eleven Letters."

Mr. Hervey's brother made money by the publication, but he did not long enjoy his ill-gotten gains. Soon after he lent a thousand pounds to an artful man, who prosecuted Mr. Hervey for taking more than the legal interest, and the penalty of thrice the sum was recovered. Ebenezer Blackwell, the banker, the intimate friend of John Wesley, was also Mr. Hervey's banker. Upon Mr. Hervey's expressing his surprise to Mr. Blackwell that he [Hervey] should be so entrapped, the banker replied, "Mr. Hervey, I will tell you the reason. You know your brother ordered you to *destroy those letters against Mr. Wesley*, but you thought they would be productive and you published them. The business is now settled, and you may count your gains."

John Wesley and Sir Richard Hill.

Mr. Hill published some severe pamphlets against John Wesley. In concluding one he says, "This pamphlet was finished when I was told that Mr. Wesley had lately a very remarkable dream, which awakened him out of a sound sleep. This dream he communicated to his Society. It was in substance as follows: A big, rough man came to him and gave him a violent blow on the arm with a bar of red hot iron.

Mr. Hill proceeds to the interpretation thereof:

"1. The *big, rough man* is Mr. Hill.

"2. The *bar of iron* (red hot) *Logica Wesleiensis.**

"3. The *blow* denotes the *shock* which Mr. John will receive by the said pamphlet.

"4. His being *awakened out of a sound sleep* signifies there is yet hope that he will some time come to the right use of his spiritual faculties."

Mr. Wesley's reply shows his powers of irony: "Pretty and well-devised! And though it is true I never had any such dream since I was born, yet I am obliged to the inventor of it, and that on many accounts. I am obliged to him, 1. For sending against me only a big, rough man; it might have been a lion or a bear. 2. For directing the bar of iron only to my arm; it might have been my poor skull. 3. For letting the big man give me only one blow. Had it been repeated I should have been slain outright. And, 4. For hoping I shall some time or other come to the right use of my spiritual faculties."

Mr. Hill made some poetry on John Wesley that did not equal Milton or Young. Mr. Wesley in his reply said, "Perhaps Mr. Hill may expect that I should make him some return for the favour of his heroic poem. But,

> 'Certes I have, for many days,
> Sent my poetic herd to graze.'

And had I not, I should have been utterly unable to present him with a parallel; yet, upon reflection,

* The title of one of Mr. Hill's pamphlets against Wesley

I believe I can, although I own it is rather of the lyric than of the heroic kind. And because, possibly, he may be inclined to write notes on this too, I will tell him the origin of it. One Sunday, immediately after sermon, my father's clerk said, with an audible voice, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God a hymn of my own composing.' It was short and sweet, and ran thus:

"'King William has come home, come home;
King William home is come;
Therefore together let us sing
The hymn that is called Te D'um.'"

John Wesley and the Earl of Huntingdon.

The Earl was the only son of the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon. His Lordship had great personal respect for Mr. Wesley. They were sitting together one day when the Earl said to Mr. Wesley, "I should wish, sir, to have some conversation with you on the subject of religion; the lady, my mother, is too importunate with me on these matters." Mr. Wesley assented, inquiring, "What point would your lordship choose for discussion?" "The difficulties of revelation," replied the Earl. Mr. Wesley said, "My Lord, had we not better begin with the difficulties of what is termed natural religion?" The Earl replied, "Sir, you surprise me; I thought there were no difficulties in natural religion." Mr. Wesley answered, "My Lord, there are difficulties; and such as I doubt neither

you nor I can answer. What does your lordship think of the first point in all religion, the worship of an eternal God? What idea has your lordship of a Being without beginning and without end?" His lordship was silent for some time, and then expressed himself as utterly lost in the idea of such an existence. "And yet," said Mr. Wesley, "you must believe it; can your lordship get on one step without believing it?" The reply was, "I cannot." "Well, then," added Mr. Wesley, "my Lord, in all religion we must take the first point for granted, and that, too, with the highest reason; and yet we can form no conception of the idea of an eternal Being: it is too vast for finite intelligences. Let us, then, converse a little respecting the evidences of religion." Mr. Wesley being fully master of the subject, the conversation was long, interesting, and satisfactory. His Lordship made this objection: "How can I be certain that this record, while I cannot deny any part of it, was ever realized by any man?" "The same record, my Lord, which assures you of the facts, gives the clearest account of those who testify to the facts, and in such a manner as, admitting one, doubt is shut out of the other; and I could bring a hundred witnesses *out of the book* who can now, any day, assure you of the same facts." "O," replied his Lordship, "my mother tells me enough of these to bring me to personal experience, which as yet I cannot receive." Here the conversation ended. The Earl died in a fit of apoplexy, in the prime of youthful vigour, while sitting at a table with a party of friends.

Mr. Wesley said, "I have good hope in reference to the Earl, believing that, for some time before his death, his Lordship was a changed man."

John Wesley and the Inquiring Lady.

Mr. Wesley was once asked by a lady, "Suppose that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied; "why just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

The Mayor of Tiverton.

What airs some men will put on when dressed up in brief authority! Soon after Mr. Wesley began to preach in the open air at Tiverton bitter persecution arose, and there was a mighty effort to put a stop to the work. Toward the close of 1752 the Mayor, being in company with some gentlemen, asked them if it would not be best to drive the Methodists out of town? saying there was bu-

little reason for a new religion in Tiverton, where there were so many already. "You know," said he, "there is the old and the new Church, they are but one religion; then there are the Presbyterians in Pitt-street and the Baptists in Newport-street—four ways of going to heaven already!—enough in conscience, I think; and if they wont go to heaven by one or the other of these, they sha'n't go to heaven at all from here while I am Mayor of Tiverton!"

The Disputant.

Mr. Wesley was travelling on horseback, in 1741, into Leicestershire. He fell in company with a serious man, and they immediately entered into conversation. Mr. Wesley says, "He presently gave me to know what his opinions were, therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him; he was quite uneasy to know whether I held the doctrine of the decrees as he did. But I told him over and over we had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry with one another; and so we did for two miles, till he caught me unawares, and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer, and told me he believed I was rotten at the heart, and he supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him, No, I am John Wesley himself. Upon this he appeared as one who had unawares trodden on a snake, and would gladly have run away outright, but being the better mounted

of the two I kept close to his side, and endeavoured to show him his heart till we came into the street of Nottingham."

The Friendly Man.

In 1741 Mr. Wesley was on his way from Oxford to Stanton-Harcourt on foot. Soon night overtook him, and the rain fell in torrents. He was wet and weary, and unacquainted with the way. He said in his heart, O that God would stay the bottles of heaven, or at least give me light or an honest guide, or some help in the manner thou knowest! Presently the rain ceased, the moon shone, and a friendly man overtook him, who set him upon his horse and walked by his side till they came to Mr. Gambold's door, the place of his destination. Thus his mental prayer was answered; not merely one of his petitions to have the rain cease, but also a light and a guide; the Lord granted them all to him.

The Learned Man.

Mr. Wesley preached in Chelsea on the new birth. When he had finished his discourse a dissenting teacher asked him, "Quid est tibi nomen?" Mr. Wesley not answering, the gentleman turned in triumph to his companions and said, "Ay, I told you he did not understand Latin." What an affectation of learning! Wesley's silence was attributed to ignorance, though a mark of wisdom.

The Honest Enthusiast.

Mr. Wesley spent an hour or two at Breson with Mr. Simpson, whom he calls "the oddest, honestest enthusiast that ever was upon earth." Before they parted Mr. Simpson said, "Mr. Wesley, one thing I do not like, your taking away my flock at Nottingham. Just now that text is brought to my mind. It is the very case, pray read it out." Mr. Wesley read as follows: "And Abraham *reproved* Abimelech *because of a well of water which Abimelech's servants had taken away.*" Mr. Wesley requested him to read his answer in the next verse: "And Abimelech said *unto Abraham, I wot not who hath done this thing; neither yet heard I of it but to-day.*

The Virtue of Silence.

John Wesley one day said to Dr. Clarke, "As I was walking through St. Paul's church-yard I observed two women standing opposite to one another. One was speaking and gesticulating violently, while the other stood perfectly still and in silence. Just as I came up and was about to pass them, the virago, clenching her fist and stamping her foot at her imperturbable neighbour, exclaimed, "Speak, wretch, that I may have something to say." "Adam," said Mr. Wesley, "that was a lesson to me; silence is often the best answer to

abuse." Mr. Wesley was a great observer of human character, and he could draw useful lessons from the worst as well as the best.

The Reproachful Man.

Mr. Wesley met a gentleman with whom he had some religious conversation, who said to him, "Mr. Wesley, *you preach perfection.*" "Not to *you*," said Mr. Wesley. "And why not to *me?*" he inquired. He answered, "Because I should like to preach something else to *you, sir.*" "Why, what would you preach to me?" Mr. Wesley replied, "How to escape the damnation of hell."

The Blustering Man.

Mr. Wesley once met a strange fellow of the baser sort, who declared his sin as Sodom, and hid it not. He was in the street cursing and swearing at an awful rate. Mr. Wesley reproved him for taking the name of the Lord in vain. He knew Mr. Wesley. The lion soon became a lamb. He offered to treat Mr. Wesley to some wine, and said "he would go and hear him if he was not afraid he would preach against *the fighting of cocks.*" Alas, how many would go and hear the Gospel, but they are afraid ministers will preach against their favourite and besetting sins.

The Harmless Ditty.

In 1743 John Wesley went to St. Ives. He says, as they were going to church at eleven a large company at the market-place sung with a loud huzza, a song as harmless as the ditty sung under my own window, composed by a gentlewoman of their own town:

> "Charles Wesley is come to town
> To try if he can pull the churches down."

Sir John Ganson.

The early Methodists were not only persecuted in the rural districts, but even in London riotous proceedings of a violent character occurred at their places of worship. The following will show that Mr. Wesley's zeal was regarded with favour in high places: "The last day of 1742 Sir John Ganson called upon Mr. Wesley and said, 'Sir, you have no need to suffer these riotous mobs to molest you, as they have done so long. I and all the Middlesex magistrates have orders from above to do you justice whenever you apply to us.' Two or three weeks after they did apply. Justice was done, and from that time the Methodists had peace in London.

The King declared that no man in his dominions should be persecuted on account of his religion while he was on the throne.

The Mayor of Shaftesbury.

In 1750 John Wesley, on his return from Cornwall, preached in the street at Shaftesbury. The audience was very attentive; there was no noise, no one spoke a word while he was faithfully warning sinners of their danger, and urging them to flee the wrath to come. When he returned to the house where he was entertained he received an unexpected visitor. He proved to be a Constable, who magnified his office, and delivered his message in the following laconic style: "Sir, the Mayor discharges you from preaching in this borough any more." Mr. Wesley replied, "While King George gives me leave to preach I shall not ask liberty of the Mayor of Shaftesbury."

The Parish Priest.

At Bristol the colliers were repelled from the Lord's table by most of the ministers, while the Wesleys exhorted them to cleave to the Church; but the Wesleys were also excluded from the Lord's table. John Wesley attended Church in Bristol on Sunday, July 27, 1740, and says: "I heard a miserable sermon at Temple Church, recommending religion as the most likely way to raise a fortune. After it proclamation was made that all should depart who were not of the parish. While the shepherd was driving away the lambs I stayed, suspecting nothing, till the clerk came to

me and said, 'Mr. Beecher bids you go away, for he will not give you the sacrament.' I went to the vestry door, and mildly desired Mr. Beecher to admit me. He asked, 'Are you of this parish?' I answered, 'Sir, you *see* I am a clergyman.' Dropping his first pretence, he charged me with rebellion, in expounding the Scripture without authority, and said in express words, 'I repel you from the sacrament.' I replied, 'I cite you to answer this before Jesus Christ at the day of judgment.' This enraged him above measure. He called out, '*Here, take away this man.*' The Constables were ordered to attend, I suppose, lest the furious colliers should take the sacrament by force; but I saved them the trouble of taking away 'this man,' and quietly retired."

The Civil Authorities at Bristol.

Some of the civil authorities in Bristol were equally hostile to the self-denying men who were wearing out their lives in disinterested efforts to raise the morals as well as save the souls of the common people. Two unhappy convicts, under sentence of death, requested to have the counsel and prayers of Mr. John Wesley before their execution, but were peremptorily refused by Alderman Beecher. Catherine Highfield, a servant-maid, who was connected with the Methodists, was charged with robbing her master of three hundred pounds. Mr. Charles Wesley says, that

Alderman Day and others "threatened to put her in irons if she would not confess that she had given the money to my brother. When no proof could be brought against her they were forced to discharge her, and soon after her master found the money where he himself had lodged it."

Thomas Walsh.

Of all the preachers raised up by Wesley Thomas Walsh was the greatest genius. He was an Irish Roman Catholic, and was the first-fruit of street preaching in Ireland. John Wesley had his first interview with him in Newmarket, which resulted in his becoming an itinerant preacher. Mr. Walsh says: "I opened my mind to that man of God, John Wesley. His answer was, 'It is hard to judge what God has called you to till trial is made. When you have opportunity you may go to Shonil and spend two or three days with the people there. Speak to them in Irish.' Mr. Walsh did so, and soon opened his fruitful ministry. No man ever spoke to his countrymen in his native tongue with more success than Thomas Walsh. They listened to him as if he was an angel from heaven. It is an old maxim in Ireland, "When you plead for your life plead in Irish."

Walsh's Scholarship.

John Wesley says, I knew a young man who was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible that

if he was questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old or any Greek word in the New Testament he would, after a little pause, tell not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place. His name was Thomas Walsh. Such a master of biblical knowledge I never saw before, and never expect to see again."

John Wesley's Regard for Walsh.

In writing to his brother Charles concerning Thomas Walsh he says: "I love, admire, and honour him, and wish we had six preachers in all England of his spirit." Again he calls him "that blessed man," and says "wherever he preached the word, whether in English or Irish, it was sharper than a two-edged sword. I do not remember ever to have known a preacher who in so few years as he remained upon the earth was an instrument of converting so many sinners."

Walsh's Gravity and Wesley's Cheerfulness.

Thomas Walsh travelled with Mr. Wesley in Ireland, and was stationed by him in London, so they were often in each other's company. Walsh was constitutionally grave, and he was never known to laugh after his conversion. His head was bowed down as a bulrush. It would have done him good to sing

"Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?"

John Wesley was perpetually cheerful, living in sunshine, sometimes indulging in innocent pleasantry, relating some sparkling anecdote. Thomas Walsh wrote to Mr. Wesley complaining as follows: "Among three or four persons that tempt me to levity, you, sir, are one, by your witty proverbs."

Wesley's Final Interview with Thomas Walsh.

Mr. Walsh fell a martyr to his own imprudence. His health failed, his constitution was undermined. The 17th of June, 1758, Mr. Wesley met Thomas Walsh in Limerick "alive, and just alive. Three of the best physicians in these parts have attended him, and all agree that it is a lost case; that by violent straining of his voice, added to frequent colds, he has contracted a pulmonary consumption, which is now in the last stage. O what a man to be snatched away in the strength of his years! Surely thy judgments are a great deep." He died the next April.

In the room in Dublin where he was sick he wrote on a pane of glass with a diamond in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English the same sentence, "Never satisfied with myself." He died very young, after having been in the ministry about ten years. Mr. Walsh suffered great mental anguish previous to his dissolution, but the cloud passed away, the sun shone with uncommon

brilliancy, and his death was one of peculiar triumph. Lifting up his emaciated hands, he exclaimed, "He is come! he is come! My beloved is mine, and I am his—his forever!" This friend of Wesley has no stone to tell where his dust is sleeping.

The Comedians.

Early Methodism was caricatured on the stage as well as by the press. Mr. Wesley was, Nov. 2, 1743, at Newcastle, and says the following advertisement was published: "For the benefit of Mr. Este, by the Edinburgh Company of Comedians, on Friday, Nov. 4, will be acted a Comedy called the 'Conscious Lovers;' to which will be added a Farce called 'TRICK UPON TRICK; or, METHODISM DISPLAYED.'" "A vast multitude of persons, not less than fifteen hundred, assembled to see this. Four several disasters happened during the play, each frightening away a due proportion of the company. Two or three hundred still remaining in the Hall Mr. Este (who was to act the Methodist) came upon the stage and told them he was resolved, for all this, the farce should be acted. While he was speaking the stage sunk six inches lower; on which he ran back in the utmost confusion, and the people ran as fast as they could out of the door, not staying to look behind them." Such is Mr. Wesley's account of this ridiculous farce Surely the people had more that night than they

bargained for, and more was acted than was laid down in the programme.

A little after was written by Mr. Foote the comedian, to be acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, "A COMEDY, THE METHODIST." It is a pamphlet over one hundred years old, of sixty-eight pages. It is low, vulgar, and profane. Its principal character is "Mr. Squintum," that is, George Whitefield, so called because he was cross-eyed.

The Highwayman.

John Wesley was once stopped by a highwayman, who demanded his money or his life. Mr Wesley, after giving him the money, said, "Let me speak one word to you; the time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember this, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" No more was said, and they parted. Many years after, as Mr. Wesley was going out of a church edifice in which he had been preaching, a stranger introduced himself, and asked Mr. Wesley if he remembered being waylaid at such a time. He said he recollected it. "I was that man," said the stranger, "and that single verse you quoted on that occasion was the means of a total change in my life and habits. I have long since been in the practice of attending the house of God and of giving attention to his word, and trust that I am a Christian."

Doctor Stennet.

It was publicly reported that John Wesley recommended the use of a crucifix to a man under sentence of death. Mr. Wesley says, "I traced this story up to its author, Dr. Stennet, an Anabaptist teacher, who was charged with reporting it," and answered, "Why, I saw a crucifix in his cell, a picture of Christ on the cross, and I knew Mr. Wesley used to visit him, so I *supposed* he brought it." Mr. Wesley adds, "This is the whole of the matter. Dr. Stennet I never saw, nor did I ever see such a picture in the cell, and I believe the whole tale is pure invention."

The Justice of the Peace.

Mr. Wesley relates the following: "The 9th of June, 1742, I rode over to a neighbouring town from Epworth to wait upon a justice of the peace, a man of candour and understanding, before whom I was informed their angry neighbours had carried a waggon-load of these new heretics. But when he asked what they had done there was a deep silence, for that was a point their conductors had forgotten. At length one said, "They pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they pray from morning till night." The Justice inquired, "But have they done nothing besides?" "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship, they have *converted* my wife. Till she went among

them she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the Justice, "and let them convert all the old scolds in the town."

Count Zinzendorf.

In 1745 Count Zinzendorf directed the publication of an advertisement declaring that he and his people (the Moravians) had no connection with John and Charles Wesley, and concluded with a prophecy that they would soon run their heads against a wall. On this Mr. Wesley contents himself with coolly remarking, "We will not, if we can help it."

John Wesley and the Captain's Excuses.

Seneca has well said, "'Tis a virtue to be covetous of time." No one ever illustrated this proverb better than John Wesley. He did not mind the loss of money, and many other losses, but he always lamented the loss of time; he esteemed it more valuable than gold or diamonds. Delays always tried his nerve, his patience, and his piety. In February, 1748, he was delayed several days at Holyhead, waiting for a vessel to sail. He said, "I never knew men make such poor, lame excuses as these captains did for not sailing. It put me in mind of the epigram,

'There are, if rightly I may think,
Five causes why a man should drink.'

Which with a little alteration would just suit them.

'There are, unless my memory fail,
Five causes why we should not sail;
The fog is thick; the wind is high;
It rains; or may do by and by;
Or—any other reason why.'"

John Wesley and the Young Lady.

John Wesley often visited Canterbury. He was entertained by a family by the name of Bissaker. Their daughter Ann was a young lady of great personal attractions and had many admirers, some of whom sought for a closer intimacy; but she did not allow her feelings to blind her judgment. She underwent a severe trial. A young minister, of whose character and talents she had formed a high opinion, became her suitor. He was very popular as a preacher, and she greatly admired him. Becoming more intimately acquainted with him she discovered that which deeply disappointed her, and led to a separation. His irreverent use of the word God, and the general levity of his spirit, impressed her with the conviction that he had fallen from grace, and she decided, though at the expense of much feeling, to abandon his company. Not long after Mr. Wesley was at her mother's, and

knowing of the intimacy that existed between her and the young minister, he inquired why she had discountenanced his acquaintance. She assigned her reasons, and the answer was very emphatic. Wesley's striking reply was: "*Light-spirited!* I should as soon think he would curse and swear. I perceive he had too much sense for common sense. You have done right." Afterward she was married to James Parnell, "a man," she says, "truly devoted to God, whom I received as a spiritual helper, and in this I was not disappointed." *

Some time previous to her marriage she was converted under the labours of the great revivalist William Bramwell. Such alterations were made in her dress as she deemed right in one professing godliness. Not long after Mr. Wesley paid another visit at her mother's, and he called her attention to some remaining article of dress which he thought a superfluity, saying, "Would it not do without this, Nancy?" She replied with modest freedom, "Yes, sir; but I think it does better with it, and I am not convinced that it is wrong." He rejoined, "Will you leave it off when you are convinced?" She answered, "Yes, sir, I will." He replied, "That will do." Not long after this conversation she heard Mr. Wesley preach a sermon from Romans xiii, 14; under it she was convinced of paying too much attention to her outward adorning, and from that time she laid aside whatever she thought inconsistent with lowly, self-denying

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1858, vol. ii, p. 583.

simplicity, and paid more attention to the inward adorning, the "meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price."

John Wesley and the Music Master.

John Frederick Lampe was a musician of great talents and celebrity. He was a native of Germany, and studied music in Saxony. He went to England in 1725, and was employed by Mr. Rich, of Covent Garden Theatre, to compose dramatic music. He was the author of a quarto volume entitled, "A Plain and Commodious Method of Teaching Thorough Bass after the most Rational Manner, with proper Rules for Practice." This was published in 1737. In the "Musical Miscellany," published by Dr. Watts in six volumes, are many songs composed by Lampe at different times. While thus connected with the theatre he was an infidel. He became convinced of the truth and importance of Christianity by reading John Wesley's work, "Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion." He embraced the truth with joy, became a sincere Christian, and employed his fine talents in the service of God by setting many of the Wesleyan hymns to music. Thus he nobly aided John and Charles Wesley and the Church of the living God. He maintained his integrity till his final hour, and then went to share in the music of the skies.

John Wesley and the Quaker's Dream.

The work of God had greatly revived at Newcastle, but the people had no house of worship. Mr. Wesley purchased a site; the building was to cost seven hundred pounds. Many were sceptical concerning its ever being finished. Mr. Wesley says, "I was of another mind, not doubting but as it was begun for God's sake he would provide what was needful for the finishing of it."

Mr. Wesley had only one pound and six shillings when he commenced. Soon after he began he received a letter from a pious Quaker which read thus: "Friend Wesley, I have had a dream concerning thee. I thought I saw thee surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which thou didst not know what to do with. My first thought after I awoke was, that it was thy flock at Newcastle, and that thou hadst no house of worship for them. I have inclosed a note for one hundred pounds, which may help thee to provide a house." Money came from various quarters, and the building was completed, and Mr. Wesley called it "The Orphan House."*

The Liberal Clergyman.

Mr. Wesley was fortunate in securing a good site in Newcastle-upon-Tyne for his new building. It was not only to be a preaching place, and a home for the preachers, but it was designed to

* Moore's Life of Wesley, page 451.

provide an asylum for widows and orphans. This was in 1743. Soon after the commencement of the work the Rev. Mr. Turner, then Vicar of Newcastle, passing the place inquired what building was about to be erected there. On hearing it was a preaching house for Mr. Wesley he expressed his surprise, and stated that a few nights before he had seen in a dream a vision of angels ascending and descending on a ladder on that very spot. He considered it as a fulfilment of his dream, and expressed his satisfaction and hope that many souls might be converted to God in that place. His catholic spirit is an honourable exception to the spirit of the clergy of that day generally, and also to that of some dissenting ministers then of that town, who viewed Mr. Wesley's proceedings with a jealous eye. Three of the dissenting ministers of Newcastle had agreed to exclude all those from the holy communion who would not refrain from hearing the Methodists. "One," said Mr. Wesley, "publicly affirmed that we were all Papists, and our doctrine mere Popery." Another went a step further, after he had confessed that many texts in the Bible were for them; "but these," said he, "you ought not to mind, for the Papists have put them in."

John Wesley's Rule of Living.

John Hampson said, "Perhaps the most charitable man in England was John Wesley." His liberality to the poor knew no bounds. He gave

away not merely a certain part of his income, but all he had." He laid down three rules: "Gain all you can, save all you can, give all you can." He says, "Permit me to speak of myself as freely as I would of any other man. I gain all I can without hurting my body or soul; I save all I can, not wasting any thing, not a sheet of paper, not a cup of water. I do not lay out any thing, not a shilling, unless a sacrifice for God; yet by giving all I can I am effectually secured from laying up treasures upon earth. Yea, and that I do this, I call upon both friends and foes to testify."* He kept an exact account of all his expenditures, and how every penny was laid out. In the last year of his life he wrote in his diary: "I shall keep no more accounts. It must suffice that I give to God all I can, that is, all I have."

A Sermon Hard to Understand.

John Wesley says in his sermon on "The Danger of Riches," "Two sensible men as most in England sat down together to read over and consider my plain discourse on 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.' After much deep consideration one of them exclaimed, 'Positively I cannot understand it! Pray, do you understand it, Mr. L.?' Mr. L. honestly replied, 'Indeed, not I. I cannot conceive what Mr. Wesley means. I can make nothing at all out of it.'" How true it is

* Sermons, vol. ii, page 254.

that none are more blind than those who will not see, and that it is very difficult to appreciate that which we do not wish to understand.

John Wesley and the Rich Methodists.

He says: "A Methodist gentleman told me some years ago, 'I shall leave forty thousand pounds among my children.' Now suppose he had left them but twenty thousand, and given the other twenty thousand to God and the poor, would God have said to him, 'Thou fool?' and this would have set the Society far above want."

He also relates the following: "A gentleman went to a merchant in London a few years ago and asked a guinea for a worthy family in great distress. He replied, 'Really, Mr. M., I cannot well afford to give it you now. If you will call upon me when I am worth ten thousand pounds I will give you ten guineas.' Mr. M. called upon him some time after, and said, 'I claim your promise; you now are worth ten thousand pounds.' He replied, 'That is very true, but I assure you I cannot spare now one guinea as well as I could then.'"

John Wesley and Lady Huntingdon.

About the year 1742 Mr. Wesley's visits to Donnington Park, the seat of Lady Huntingdon, were very frequent. On one occasion it was remarked that poetry, which should answer the no-

blest purposes, had been prostituted to the vilest, and that, therefore, a choice collection of English poems was a *desideratum*. Mr. Wesley revised the English poems, and selected what was most valuable in them. He published three volumes of sacred poems, and dedicated them to Lady Huntingdon. With this exception, John Wesley sought no patronage either for the works he published or the charities he established.

John Wesley and Robert Dodsley.

The character of John Wesley is illustrated by a circumstance connected with the publication of the above-named volumes. Mr. Wesley made extracts from Milton, Dryden, Pope, Watts, Young, and others. A few months after the volumes were issued Robert Dodsley, the publisher of Young's "Night Thoughts," and owner of the copyright, called on Mr. Wesley for damages for interfering with his copyright. Mr. Wesley, with characteristic frankness, confessed his fault, and agreed to pay Mr. Dodsley fifty pounds to settle it. The following is a copy of his obligation:

"London, *February* 8, 1744.

"Having inadvertently printed, in a collection of poems in three volumes, 12mo., the 'Night Thoughts' of Dr. Young, together with some pieces of Mrs. Rowe's, the property of Mr. Dodsley, and having made satisfaction of the same by

the payment of a twenty-pound bank note and a check for thirty pounds, payable in three months, I promise not to print the same again in any form whatever.* J. WESLEY."

This singular document was sold at auction in London for twenty-eight shillings in 1835.

John Wesley's Christian Library.

John Wesley had a large idea in his head when he formed the plan to publish the "Christian Library." In 1746 he said: "I have thoughts of printing all that is most valuable in the English tongue in three or four score volumes in order to provide a complete library for those who fear God." In carrying out this plan in fifty volumes Wesley rescued from oblivion many works of great value. It was a magnificent effort to render available to the spiritual interests of the people the scarce works of voluminous and learned authors. His plan was to condense these works, and separate the wheat from the chaff. Valuable as the work was, it did not meet with the encouragement it deserved. Mr. Wesley, in alluding to this fact, ironically says: "I have often observed that the only way, according to modern taste, for any author to procure commendation for his book is to vehemently commend it himself."

Mr. Wesley, in his journal of 1753, says: "I

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1848.

have prepared the rest of the books for the Christian Library, a work by which I have lost two hundred pounds. Perhaps the next generation may know the value of it."*

The Calvinistic party discouraged the sale of this library of "Practical Divinity." One of their leaders inquired of Mr. Wesley, "Is not your Christian Library an odd collection of mutilated writings of Dissenters of all sorts?" Mr. Wesley answered, "No. In the first ten volumes there is not a line from any Dissenter of any sort, and the greatest part of the other forty are extracted from Archbishop Leighton, Bishops Taylor, Patrick, Ken, Reynolds, Saunderson, and other ornaments of the Church of England."

Again some one inquired, "Is not this declaring that you have a superior privilege beyond all men to print, correct, and direct as you please?" Mr. Wesley answered, "I think not. I suppose every man in England has the same privilege."

John Wesley and Philip Doddridge.

Philip Doddridge was a very pure spirit. John Wesley and he were great friends, and Dr. Doddridge frequently welcomed him to his residence at Northampton. They were frequent correspondents. When Mr. Wesley was about to publish the Christian Library he consulted Dr. Dod-

* The other editions were more profitable.

dridge, who furnished him with the titles of many valuable works.

When Mr. Wesley published his "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion" Doddridge read it, and expressed his admiration by writing upon it thus: "*How forcible* are right words!"

John Wesley on Homer.

"Poetry, history, and philosophy," says Wesley, "I read on horseback." In August, 1748, as he was riding to Newcastle, he finished reading the tenth book of Homer's Iliad. He says, "What an amazing genius had this man! Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed as are shocking to the last degree. What excuse can any man of sense make for

'His scolding heroes and his wounded gods?'

Nay, does he not introduce even his 'father of gods and men;' once while shaking heaven with his nod, and soon after assailing his sister and wife, the empress of heaven, with such language as a carman might be ashamed of? Are these some of those 'divine boldnesses which naturally provoke short-sightedness and ignorance to show themselves?'"

Again: "Last week I read over, as I rode, a great part of Homer's Odyssey. I always imagined it was, like Milton's 'Paradise Regained,'

'The last faint effort of an expiring muse.'

But how was I mistaken! How far has Homer's latter poem the pre-eminence over the former! It is

not, indeed, without its blemishes; but his numerous beauties make large amends for these. Was ever man so happy in his descriptions, so exact and consistent in his characters, and so natural in telling a story? He likewise continually inserts the finest strokes of morality; (which I cannot find in Virgil;) on all occasions recommending the fear of God, with justice, mercy, and truth. In this only he is inconsistent with himself: he makes his hero say, 'Wisdom never lies;' and

> 'Him, on whate'er pretence, that lies can tell,
> My soul abhors him as the gates of hell.'

Meantime he himself [Ulysses] on the slightest pretence tells deliberate lies over and over; nay, and is highly commended for so doing by the Goddess of Wisdom!"

John Wesley on Style.

The model he proposed to himself was the Epistles of John. He says, "Here is sublimity and simplicity together, the strongest sense and the plainest language." Again he says, "If I observe any stiff expression, I throw it out, neck and shoulders."

Some one inquired, "What is it that constitutes a good style?" He replied, "Perspicuity, purity, propriety, strength, and easiness joined together." He said he could no more write in a fine style than he could weave a fine coat.

John Wesley on Music.

John Wesley had an exquisite taste for music, vocal and instrumental, as well as for poetry. At one time we find him in some ancient cathedral charmed with the choruses of Handel. "The music of 'Glory to God in the highest' pealed forth from such an organ as I never saw or heard before, so large, so beautiful, and so full-toned." His fine taste for music is revealed in another passage. He says, "While we were administering I heard a low, soft, solemn sound, just like that of an Æolian harp. It continued five or six minutes, and so affected many they could not refrain from tears; it then gradually died away. Strange that no other organist that I know should think of this."

John Wesley and his Patients.

Mr. Wesley had regularly studied medicine before he went to America, where he imagined he might be of service to those who had no regular physician. In 1746 he had a dispensary at the Old Foundery, an assistant apothecary and an experienced surgeon, resolving at the same time not to go beyond his depths, but to leave all difficult and complicated cases to such medical attendants as the patient might choose. The result was wonderful. After the announcement was made that he would give medicine to the poor, the next day thirty patients came, and in three weeks five hundred. Very soon seventy were cured of diseases long

thought to be incurable. The expense of the medicines was about forty pounds. Three years after, 1749, Mr. Wesley wrote: "I do not know that any patient yet has died under my hands."

Wesley's "Primitive Physic."

The great success attending Mr. Wesley's first efforts to heal the poor led to the publication of his "Primitive Physic." The first edition was printed in 1747, and sold for one shilling. Its design was to recommend simple remedies for diseases, and a plain diet for the preservation of health. He inquires in the preface, "Who would not have a physician always in his house, and one who attends without fee or reward to prescribe for his family as well as himself?" The sale of the book was marvellous and exceedingly surprised Mr. Wesley, who revised it several times with alterations and additions. His last revision was in 1780. It had then passed through thirty editions. He says, "I still advise in complicated cases, or where life is in immediate danger, for any one to apply without delay to a physician that fears God. From one who does not, be his fame ever so great. I shall expect a curse rather than a blessing."

The Quaker's Testimony.

John Wesley related the following anecdote to Henry Moore: "One of the original Society of

Methodists at Oxford, after seeking for others like-minded, at length joined the Society of Quakers, and settled at Kew. Being a man of considerable property and of exemplary behaviour he was much respected, and was favoured with free permission to walk in the royal gardens. Here he frequently met the King, who conversed freely with him, and with much apparent satisfaction. Upon one of these occasions his Majesty, knowing that he had been at Oxford, inquired if he knew the Wesleys, adding, 'They have made a great noise in the nation.' The gentleman replied, 'I know them well, King George; and thou mayest be assured that thou hast not two better men in thy dominions, nor men that love thee better, than John and Charles Wesley.' He then proceeded to give some account of their principles and conduct, with which the King seemed much pleased. When Mr. Wesley had finished relating this, he said, 'We see, sir, the Lord can bring a tale to the ear of the King.' Mr. Wesley with deep emotion said, 'O, I have always found the blessedness of a single eye, of leaving all to him.'"

John Wesley and Royalty.

Mr. Wesley feared God and honored the King. While he did this he did not forget that the path of all human greatness leads to the grave; that

> "Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
> And 'dust to dust' concludes the noblest song."

In 1755 Mr. Wesley was in the robe-chamber adjoining the House of Lords when the King (George II.) put on his robes. He says, "His brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care. And is this all the world can give, even to a king? All the grandeur it can afford? A blanket of ermine round his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome he can scarce move under it! A huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head! Alas! what a bauble is human greatness!"

The Rich Banker.

Ebenezer Blackwell was a very rich banker in London. He was a Methodist, and a trustee of City Road Chapel, which was built in 1778. He was a man of noble soul, and gave large sums of money to John and Charles Wesley for benevolent objects. The most intimate relation subsisted between him and John Wesley, and their letters have been published.

"Are you going to hear Mr. Wesley preach?" said a friend to Mr. Blackwell. "No," he answered; "I am going to hear God; I listen to *Him*, whoever preaches; otherwise I lose all my labour."

Mr. Blackwell's country-seat was in Lewisham, five miles from London. There he always made the Wesleys welcome. This place is famous, because Mr. Wesley was in the habit of retiring to it

when he wished to write for the press, and many of his valuable works were written there. His celebrated four volumes of "Sermons" were written at Mr. Blackwell's, with the use of no other books than the Holy Scriptures in the original.

Wesley came near dying there in November, 1753. His Quaker doctor advised him to leave London; he was so ill there was but little hope of his recovery. The Doctor said, "If any thing ever does thee good it must be the country air, with rest, asses' milk, and riding daily." Wesley was so feeble that he could not sit on a horse, but went to Lewisham in Mr. Blackwell's coach. For some time he hovered between two worlds, but finally recovered. Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell watched over him with warm affection during his dangerous illness.

His brother Charles visited him, and when he saw how feeble his brother John was he fell on his neck and wept. All in the room were bathed in tears. Charles prayed with him, and wrote, "It is most probable he will not recover, being far gone in a galloping consumption, just as my eldest brother was at his age." Again he says: "John changed for the better while the people were praying for him at the Foundery."

John Wesley and his Epitaph.

Mr. Wesley was so feeble that he thought he might soon die, and the evening he reached Mr. Blackwell's he says, "Not knowing how it might

please God to dispose of me, to prevent vile panegyric I wrote as follows:

'Here lieth
The body of JOHN WESLEY,
A brand plucked out of the burning,
Who died of Consumption in the fifty-first year
of his age,
And leaving, after his debts are paid, ten pounds
behind him;
Praying,
God be merciful to me, an unprofitable servant.'"

Mr. Wesley ordered that this inscription, if any, should be placed upon his tombstone.

Wesley's Notes on the New Testament.

Mr. Wesley's Notes on the New Testament are brief, that the comment may not obscure the text. They are plain, to assist the unlearned reader. Had it not been for his four months' sickness at Lewisham, at Mr. Blackwell's, these Notes would never have had an existence. In January, 1754, he went to the Hot Wells near Bristol for his health, and says, "The 6th of January I began writing Notes on the New Testament, a work which I should scarcely ever have attempted had I not been so ill as not to be able to travel or preach, and yet so well as to be able to read and write." Mr. Wesley spent from five o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening on his work, with the exception of a little time for meals and exercise. Hard work, we should think, for a well man, let alone a sick one. He

first made a rough draft, and then transcribed his notes and gave them his finishing touch. His brother Charles visited him, and they spent several days in comparing the translation of the Evangelists with the original. Charles afforded John more assistance in this work than in any other of his numerous publications. Some years after it was printed Charles revised it, showing exquisite taste and judgment.

John Wesley and Bishop Lowth.

Mr. Blackwell was twice married, and both his wives were excellent women, whose names are in the book of life. His second wife was a niece of Bishop Lowth. Charles Wesley, junior, was intimately acquainted with the family, and states that Bishop Lowth by appointment one day dined with Mr. Wesley at Mr. Blackwell's. Mr. Wesley desired him to occupy the seat of honour at the head of the table. Bishop Lowth declined the honour to which his rank entitled him, and said to Mr. Wesley, "May I be found at your feet in another world."

The Cathedral.

At Canterbury there is an ancient and magnificent Cathedral. In 1750 John Wesley visited it and wrote, "I walked over the Cathedral and surveyed the monuments of the ancient men of renown. One would think such a sight would

strike an utter damp upon human vanity. What are the great, the fair, the valiant now? the matchless warrior? the puissant monarch?

> 'A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
> 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!'

Wesley Preventing a Riot.

Cruel were the persecutions endured in the heroic age of Methodism. In 1765, John Wesley went to Feversham. On his arrival he was informed that the mob and magistrates had agreed to drive Methodism out of the town, and that they were, like Milton's devils,

> "In full concord joined."

Mr. Wesley, after preaching, informed the people what he had been constrained to do to the magistrate at Rolvenden, who, perhaps, would have been richer by some hundred pounds had he never meddled with the Methodists, and concluded by saying, in a bold manner, "Since we have both God and the law on our side, if we can have peace by fair means we had much rather, we should be exceeding glad; but if not, we will have peace." When they saw his boldness, and that the Methodists had intelligence enough to know their rights and courage enough to maintain them, persecution ceased in that place. There is no virtue in lying down and permitting people to trample you under their feet.

The Unwise Reprovers.

Mr. Wesley was in Canterbury in December, 1768, and says, "I made an odd observation here which I recommend to all our preachers. The people in Canterbury have been so often reproved, and frequently without cause, for being dead and cold, that it has utterly discouraged them, and made them cold as stones. How delicate a thing it is to reprove! To do it well, requires more than human wisdom."

John Wesley and the Hard-hearted Officer.

On the 25th of February, 1775, Mr. Wesley preached at the Foundery an awful sermon on civil war, from Daniel iv, 27. Mr. Wesley said that of all scourges from God war was the most to be deprecated, because it often swept away all traces of religion, and even of humanity. He then related the following, which drew a tear from almost every eye: "I conversed with an officer who was of a remarkably mild disposition. He was three years in Germany during the last war, where he was sent by the general with a party of soldiers to get provisions wherever they could find any. They first arrived at a farm-house. The master of the family having been frequently plundered had fled, and left his wife with the care of seven small children, and only one cow for their subsistence. The woman fell at the feet of the soldiers, imploring

them with strong cries and tears that they would spare the cow for the nourishment of her helpless offspring. She clasped the knees of the officer with every sign of frantic grief; he forced her from him, and the soldiers drove away her cow. This officer afterward told me," said Mr. Wesley, "war had rendered his heart so hard, and his mind so ferocious, that he could have even broiled the woman and her seven children." Mr. Wesley having concluded this affecting narrative said, "Should the great God suffer the hellish rage of civil war to be let loose on England, perhaps the most humane person now in London may be equally hardened in his heart."*

John Wesley and the Beggars.

In October, 1783, Mr. Wesley was in Norwich. As he was about to leave the place the poor, as usual, flocked around him, and were extremely annoying. Having only as much money as would defray his expenses to the next place, he turned when near his carriage and said to them rather sharply, "I have nothing for you; do you think I can support the poor in every place?" In ascending the steps of his carriage his foot slipped, and he fell backward upon the ground. Joseph Bradford, his faithful travelling companion, raised him up, and just as he was reascending the steps of the carriage he turned his head toward Mr. Bradford,

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1819, p. 222.

who stood behind him, and meekly said, "It is all right, Joseph, it is all right; it was only what I deserved, for if I had no other good to impart I ought at least to have given them good words." The venerable man felt as if he had injured the feelings of the poor by the sharpness of his manner, and he was instantly melted into tenderness in their presence, and attributed his fall to his indiscretion.

Sharp Retort.

At a certain time John Wesley was going along a narrow street, when a rude, low-bred fellow, who had no regard for virtue, station, or gray hairs, ran against him and tried to throw him down, saying, in an impudent manner, "I never turn out for a fool." Mr. Wesley, stepping aside, said, "I always do," and the fool passed on.

John Wesley and the Wag.

While Mr. Wesley was preaching at Durham a waggish fellow came into the congregation and began to make sport by low jokes and ribaldry. He greatly disturbed the congregation as well as the preacher. Mr. Wesley called a keen-eyed acquaintance to him, wishing him to contrive some plan to get rid of the fellow. William was shrewd, took the hint at once, and laid a plan that acted like a charm. When the wag said any thing

William went close up to him and burst into a hearty laugh, saying, "Bravo! that is pretty; say it over again." "What," said the clown; "did you not hear it the first time?" "O yes," said William; "but it is so funny. Say it over again for the edification of the people. Come, we are all attention." He repeated this two or three times, and made the wag feel so foolish that he was glad to leave. Then Mr. Wesley finished his discourse without further disturbance.

John Wesley and the Conscientious Man.

Wesley relates an anecdote of a man in Liverpool who had beaten his wife by the advice of his minister. He beat her with a huge stick till she was black and blue from head to foot. Mr. Wesley expostulated with him in regard to such cruel treatment of his wife, but he could make no impression on the man. He says the worthy husband contended it was all right. "The woman," he said, "was surly and ill-natured, and he had flogged her under a sense of duty, and in good faith."

John Wesley and the Will.

A gentlewoman had made her last will and testament, and wished Mr. Wesley to witness it. He courteously obliged her, and gravely signed his name to the instrument, in which she had be-

queathed part of her property to the poor, and part to "her dog Toby during his natural life"

John Wesley and the Swine-herd.

Mr. Wesley was fond of field preaching, as it was an excellent way to reach the masses. He delighted to hold forth in nature's magnificent temple. The places he occupied were often surpassingly beautiful. Lovely as were some of the green spots where he used to preach to vast multitudes under the broad blue arch of the heavens, yet he often preached in very uncomfortable places, where amusing incidents occurred.

At one time, for the want of a better place, he preached in a loft over a large hog-pen. The smell from below was far from being agreeable, and what made it still more annoying to him and his congregation, the swine-herd took that opportunity to feed the hogs, who squealed, and made most discordant music.

Mr. Wesley says he concluded the people must love the Gospel to come to such a place to hear it, and therefore he preached to them one of his very best sermons.

John Wesley and the Attentive Hearer.

Mr. Wesley was disturbed by another animal to which mankind are not very partial. As he was preaching one day very earnestly to a serious

and attentive congregation in one of the large and newly-erected houses of worship an ass very deliberately walked through the gate, came gravely to the door, put his head in, and stood seriously listening to the discourse. Mr. Wesley thought the profound attention of the beast a reproof to careless hearers. He rejoiced that only seriously disposed people were present.

John Wesley and the Apostate.

John Wesley, in his sermon on the Loss of the Soul, relates the following, enough to fill one's soul with horror: "Some years since one who had turned back as a dog to his vomit was struck in his mad career of sin. A friend who prayed with him said, 'Lord, have mercy on those who are just stepping out of the body, and know not who shall meet them at their entrance into the other world, an angel or a fiend.' The sick man shrieked out with a piercing cry, 'A fiend! a fiend!' and expired. Mr. Wesley adds, "Just such an end, unless he die like an ox, may any man expect who loses his own soul."*

John Wesley and James Watson.

Mr. Wesley was preaching a sermon at Newcastle, and in making the application he thought

* Wesley's Sermons, vol. ii, page 22.

of a distinguished backslider, and abruptly inquired, "'Is Saul among the prophets?' Is James Watson here? If he be, show thy power." James Watson was present, fell down, and cried aloud for mercy. Such preaching now would be considered *very personal.*

John Wesley and the Female Impostor.

A woman went to Mr. Wesley in London and said that God had sent her to him to say that he was laying up treasures on the earth, taking his ease, and minding only eating and drinking. Mr. Wesley told her "God knew better than that, and if he had sent her to him the message given would have been more truthful and proper."

John Wesley and the False Prophets.

When in London some who pretended to be prophets came to him, saying they were divinely commissioned to inform him that he had not been born again, but the work would soon be done, and they would remain, unless he turned them out of doors, till it was accomplished. Mr. Wesley showed them into the preaching room, and told them they might remain there. It was a bitter cold day, and there was no fire in the room. The fanatics grinned, and bore the cold from morn-

ing till night; but hearing no more of Mr. Wesley they wisely took leave, and left him to get along with the new birth without their assistance, for they troubled him no more.

John Wesley and the Reformed Drunkard.

It has long passed for an indisputable maxim, "Never attempt to reprove a man when he is intoxicated." "Reproof," it is said, "is then thrown away, and can have no good effect." John Wesley repudiates the sentiment, and says, "I dare not say so, for I have seen not a few instances to the contrary. Take one. Many years ago, passing by a man in Moorfields who was drunk, I put a paper in his hand. He looked at it, then at me, and said, 'A word—a word to a drunkard that is, sir. I am wrong; I know I am wrong. Pray let me talk a little with you.' He held me by the hand for a full half hour, and I believe he got drunk no more. I beseech you, brethren, do not despise drunkards. 'Sinners of every sort,' said a venerable old clergyman, 'have I frequently known converted to God, but a habitual drunkard have I never known converted.'" Mr. Wesley says, "But I have known five hundred, perhaps five thousand."* From this it is evident that the Gospel reformed thousands of drunkards long before the formation of temperance societies and the modern pledge of total abstinence.

* Wesley's Sermons, vol. ii, p. 92.

John Wesley and the Notorious Drunkard.

A notorious drunkard was converted under Wesley's preaching in Manchester, and joined the Methodists. Some time after a conspiracy was formed among his old associates to entrap and overthrow him. They succeeded. He was induced to take one glass, then another, still another, till he became intoxicated; then they set up a shout, "See, here is a Methodist drunk!" By some strange philosophy this exclamation sobered him. Immediately he arose and walked directly to the fellow who first urged him to drink, and knocked him over, chair and all. He then drove the whole company out of the house, then took up the landlady who had sold the drink, carried her out, and threw her into the hog-pen, then returned to the house and smashed the bottles, demolished the bar, kicked down the door, and walked off. He afterward reformed.

The Drunkard and his Wife.

John Wesley was preaching at Newark to a congregation of some three thousand, when a large man, who was drunk, began to make disturbance. The preacher and his audience were greatly disturbed by him for a short time. The drunkard's wife was present. Without saying a word she left her seat, walked directly up to him, took him by the collar, shook him, and then cuffed his ears

most unmercifully till he cried like a whipped child. Finally the poor fellow, after receiving such a whipping, got out of her hands, crept away to a retired corner of the congregation and sat down as quiet as a lamb, and Mr. Wesley finished his sermon without further annoyance.

The Enraged Man.

A man who was a hater of the truth and its messengers pressed through a crowd at Dewsbury, where Mr. Wesley was preaching, and struck him a violent blow with the palm of his hand upon the cheek. The apostolic Wesley, recollecting the precepts of his Master, showed no resentment, but, exhibiting the meekness and the gentleness of Christ, while the tears rolled down his face, turned the other cheek to him. The man, instead of smiting it, was so overawed that he immediately retired, and hid himself among the crowd. From that circumstance, instead of being an enemy, he became an admirer of Mr Wesley, and a great friend of Methodism. He showed his high regard for it by endangering his own life to save one of its chapels from destruction by fire.

The Ingenious Man.

Mr. Wesley says he spent an hour very agreeably with a man remarkable for Lilliputian inven

tions, spending all his time in making some minute and curious machine. Mr. Wesley said he had no doubt but the ingenious artist could surpass all competitors *in inventing a mouse-trap.*

The Lord of the Stable.

Mr. Wesley when in Scotland put up at an inn. The waiting-maid said to him, "Sir, the lord of the stable waits to know if he shall feed your horses." "This," thought Mr. Wesley, "must be a great country for titles where the hostler is called 'the lord of the stable.'"

The Backslider.

Mr. Wesley, in December, 1749, wrote thus "I saw an uncommon instance both of the justice and the mercy of God. Abraham Jones, a serious, thinking man, about fifty years of age, was one of the first members of the Society in London, and an early witness of the power of God to forgive sins. He then stood as a pillar for several years, and was a blessing to all that were around him, till, growing wise in his own eyes, he saw this and the other person wrong, and was almost continually offended. He then grew colder and colder, till at length, in order to renew his friendship with the world, he went (which he had refused to do for many years) to a parish feast, and stayed there till

midnight. Returning home perfectly sober, just by his own door he fell and broke his leg. When the surgeon came he found the bone so shattered that it could not be set. Then it was, when he perceived he could not live, that the terrors of the Lord again came about him. We prayed for him, in full confidence that God would return; and he did in part reveal himself again. He had many gleams of hope and love; till, in two or three days, his soul was required of him. So awful a providence was immediately made known to the Society, and contributed not a little to awakening them that slept, and stirring up those who were faint in their mind." Mr. Wesley preached his funeral sermon on the danger of looking back after having put one's hand to the plough.

Wesley and his Power.

Several gentlemen were offended at the great power of Wesley over his societies. Mr. Wesley rereplied, "I did not seek any part of it. But when it has come unawares, not daring to bury that talent, I used it to the best of my judgment. Yet I never was fond of it. I always did, and do now, bear it as my burden, the burden which God lays upon me, and therefore I dare not lay it down. Now, if you can tell me of any five men to whom I can transfer this burden, and who can and will do just what I do now, I will heartily thank both them and you."

Wesley's Rough Journey.

Mr. Wesley had many a rough journey, as he travelled thousands of miles a year; but in February, 1745, he made a journey to Newcastle, in the stormy and wintry weather, that transcended them all. The following from his Journal shows the cheerful spirit with which he endured it: "Many a rough journey have I had before, but one like this I never had; between wind, and hail, and rain, and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing cold. But it is past. Those days will return no more, and are, therefore, as though they had never been.

"Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,
Whate'er molests or troubles life,
However grievous in its stay
It shakes the tenement of clay
When past, as nothing we esteem;
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream."

The Fault-finder.

In 1753 Mr. Wesley received a letter from a carping, fault-finding man. The following reply shows how meekly he could take reproof, and with how patient a temper he could deal with peevish and complaining men. "You give," says he, "the reason why Rev. Mr. P. will not come among us: 1. 'Because we despise the ministers of the Church of England.' This I flatly deny. I am answering letters this very post which bitterly blame me for just the contrary. 2. 'Because so

much backbiting and evil-speaking is suffered among our people.' It is not suffered; all possible means are used both to prevent and remove it. 3. 'Because I, who have written so much against hoarding up money, have put out seven hundred pounds to interest.' I never put sixpence out to interest since I was born; nor had I ever one hundred pounds together of my own since I came into the world. 4. 'Because our lay-preachers have told many stories of my brother and me.' If they did I am sorry for them; when I hear the particulars I can answer them. 5. 'Because we did not help a friend in distress.' We did help as far as we were able. 'But we might have made his case known to Mr. G., Lady H.,' etc. So we did, more than once; but we could not pull money from them whether they would or no. Therefore these reasons are of no weight. You conclude with praying that God would remove pride and malice from among us. Of pride, I have too much; of malice I have none. However, the prayer is good, and I thank you for it."

Wesley and Dr. Dodd.

Dr. William Dodd was a popular preacher and writer. He wrote a Commentary on the Bible, and many other works. But he was vain and extravagant, and in an evil hour he committed forgery upon the Earl of Chesterfield in order to relieve himself from pecuniary embarrassments. He was

tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. The utmost sympathy was felt for him, and great efforts were made in order to have him pardoned, but all in vain.

Mr. Wesley had no personal acquaintance with Dr. Dodd until after the publication, by the lat ter, of certain strictures on Mr. Wesley's views of Christian Perfection. The controversy between them was conducted in a candid, Christian spirit, and seems to have had a favourable effect on the mind of Dr. Dodd.

Many years after, when Dr. Dodd was in prison, he sent for Mr. Wesley, whom he had never seen. Mr. Wesley, supposing that the Doctor wished him to intercede with great men on his behalf, and believing it would be of no avail, delayed going. Dr. Dodd sent the third messenger after him. The gentleman said, "Sir, I will not go without you." Mr. Wesley then went with him to the prison. The keeper said, "Sir, of all the prisoners that have been in this place, I have not seen such a one as Dr. Dodd." When Mr. Wesley entered his cell he found the Doctor was in bed sick of a fever. They were both silent for some time; at last, with a tremulous voice and throbbing heart, the Doctor said, "Sir, I have long desired to see you; but I little thought our first interview would be in such a place as this." Mr. Wesley replied: "Sir, I am persuaded God saw this was the best, if not the only way, of bringing you to himself, and I trust it will have that happy effect." Full of emotion, Dr. Dodd exclaimed, with tearful eye and wonderful em-

phasis, "God grant it may! God grant it may!" They conversed together about an hour, and it was all about his own soul, whose salvation the Doctor regarded above every thing else. He said not word to Mr. Wesley about using his extensive influence to try to get him acquitted. He seemed to feel

> "Nothing is worth a thought beneath
> But how I may escape the death
> That never, never dies!
> How make my own election sure;
> And when I fail on earth, secure
> A mansion in the skies."

Mr. Wesley made him several other visits after he was removed to Newgate, and after he was sentenced to be hung. Mr. Wesley was surprised on entering that house of woe to find it so quiet, as if the felons did not wish to disturb Dr. Dodd. They talked only on spiritual things. He says the Doctor never blamed any one but himself, and he showed not the least resentment to any man, receiving every thing as at the hands of God.

Two days before his death Mr. Wesley paid him his last visit. As they were talking Mrs. Dodd came in, and when she came near him she sunk down under a load of grief too heavy to be borne. The Doctor caught her in his arms and carried her to a chair. He had such command over himself that he did not shed a tear, being afraid to add to her distress. Mr. Wesley then said to him, "Sir, I think you do not ask enough or expect enough, from God your Saviour. The *present*

blessing you may expect from him is to be filled with all joy, as well as peace in believing." "O, sir," replied Dr. Dodd, "it is not for such a sinner as *me* to expect any joy in this world; the utmost I can desire is peace, and through the mercy of God that I have." Mr. Wesley and he then prayed together, and Mr. Wesley solemnly commended his soul to God.

Mr. Wesley gives the following account of the closing scene: "On Friday morning all the prisoners were gathered together, when Dr. Dodd came down into the court. He was composed. But when he saw most of them lifting up their hands, praying for him, blessing him, and weeping aloud, he was melted down, burst into tears, and prayed God to bless them all. When he came out of the gate an innumerable multitude were waiting, many of whom seemed ready to insult him. But the moment they saw him their hearts were changed, and they began to bless him and pray for him too. One of his fellow-prisoners seemed to be in utter despair. Dr. Dodd, forgetting himself, labored to comfort him, and strongly applied the promises. After some time spent in prayer he pulled his cap over his eyes, and sinking down seemed to die in a moment. I make no doubt but at that moment the angels were ready to carry him into Abraham's bosom."

Charles Wesley visited him also in company with his brother, and wrote a poetic prayer for him full of tenderness that showed the sympathetic feelings of his heart.

Miss Bosanquet, afterward the wife of Rev. John Fletcher, carried on a regular correspondence with him concerning the salvation of his soul.

June 25, 1777, the Doctor wrote to her thus: "My dear friend, on Friday morning I am to be made immortal! I die with a heart truly contrite and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ." He also made this request, that she would "remember his excellent but most afflicted partner in distress." She would have done it, but Mrs. Dodd's afflictions were so great reason was dethroned, and she soon after died a maniac. A sad conclusion has this sad tale of guilt and woe.

John Wesley and Silas Told.

The name of Howard is immortal, yet few know the name of Silas Told, the prisoner's friend, the good Samaritan of London. His history is full of interest. In early life he was a sailor, ship-wrecked, taken prisoner by pirates, and spent years amid the horrors and miseries of the slave-trade. Afterward he married and settled in London, and did business there. He was introduced to the Methodists at the Foundery, which gave a turn to his life, and made him an angel of mercy, whose deeds brought upon him the blessings of those who were ready to perish. One day a young man who was a Methodist applied to Told for employment, and he answered him rudely. The young man

bore the rebuff with so meek and gentle a spirit that it affected the heart of Told. He called the young man back and gave him employment. The youth persuaded his employer to go and hear Mr. Wesley preach at the Foundery. He did so, and Told and his wife were converted and joined the Methodists. Mr. Wesley persuaded him to take care of a few charity children who had been brought into the Foundery. More than seven years he was employed in this angel-like work, training nearly three hundred boys, most of whom were fitted for almost any trade. In order to do this he sacrificed his business, and received ten shillings a week for his salary.

Mr. Wesley had ever been the prisoner's friend. One Sabbath morning he preached at five o'clock at the Foundery from "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." Told was there with his scholars. The text melted his heart and the sermon thrilled his soul, and he resolved to devote his time and talents for the benefit of the prisoner. For more than thirty years he did it, and was welcomed into all the prisons while engaged in his benevolent work. He attended not only to the bodies but the souls of the prisoners. At the age of seventy he was still engaged in his blessed work, and died in 1778.

Mr. Wesley makes this record in his Journal, 20th of December, 1778: "I buried what was mortal of honest Silas Told. For many years he attended the malefactors in Newgate without fee or reward, and I suppose no man for this hundred

years has been so successful in that melancholy office. God had given him peculiar talents for it, and he had amazing success therein. The greatest part of those whom he attended died in peace, and many of them in the triumph of faith." Noble eulogy from lips unused to flattery.

John Wesley and Dr. Johnson.

The gifted Mrs. Hall, Mr. Wesley's sister, was very intimate with Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was a great admirer of her genius and talents. Dr. Johnson requested her to procure him an interview with her brother, John Wesley. Mrs. Hall did so, and a day was accordingly appointed for him to dine with the Doctor at his residence at Salisbury Court. Dr. Johnson conformed to Mr. Wesley's hours, and appointed two o'clock. The dinner, however, was not ready till three. They conversed till that time. Mr. Wesley had set apart two hours to spend with his learned host. In consequence of this he rose up as soon as dinner was ended and departed. The Doctor was extremely disappointed, and could not conceal his mortification. Mrs. Hall said, "Why, Doctor, my brother has been with you two hours." He replied, "Two hours, madam! I could talk all day, and all night too, with your brother."

This anecdote illustrates John Wesley's agreeable companionship, his living by rule, and his redemption of time. Boswell, the biographer of

Johnson, says the Doctor observed to him, "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do."

John Wesley and the Redemption of Time.

John Wesley while waiting at a door was heard to say, "I have lost ten minutes forever!" A person said to him on a certain occasion, "Mr. Wesley, you need not be in a hurry." "A hurry! No; I have no time to be in a hurry," replied Mr. Wesley. His maxim was, "Always in haste, but never in a hurry." He said, "Leisure and I have taken leave of each other."

John Fletcher said of Wesley, "Though oppressed with the weight of nearly seventy years, and the care of nearly thirty thousand souls, he shamed still by his unabated zeal and immense labours all the young ministers perhaps of Christendom. He has generally blown the Gospel trumpet and rode twenty miles before most of the professors who despise his labours have left their downy pillows."

John Wesley and Edward Bolton.

Edward Bolton, of Witney, was favoured with the friendship of the Wesleys, and his house was their home. Mr. Bolton was a respectable Local Preacher, and he often accompanied John Wesley

in his journeys. He was present at the celebrated Conference of 1771, which gave birth to John Fletcher's Checks to Antinomianism. Mr. Bolton was a perfect chronicle of Methodism, and delighted to dwell upon its early struggles and triumphs. With admiration he would speak of the excellences of the revered founder of Methodism, and he would oft exclaim, with all the pathos of sincerest love, "Taking him for all and all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again!" Mr. Wesley visited him, and was in the parlour reading and writing as was his custom, for he was always redeeming the time. Mr. Bolton wished to enjoy his society and engage in conversation, so he began by saying, "How much more pleasant it is to be in the country than in London; all is silent, all retired, and no distracting voices of the busy multitude intrude themselves." "True, Neddy," replied Mr. Wesley, with his usual quickness, "but noisy thoughts may." Mr. Bolton took the hint, and was silent till Mr. Wesley had finished his work, and was ready for conversation.*

John Wesley and Grace Murray.

Grace Murray was one of John Wesley's spiritual children. She was a widow, young and beautiful, with a superior education. Mr. Wesley appointed her matron of the Orphan House at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Afterward, at Mr. Wes-

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1819.

ley's request, she travelled through the northern counties to meet and regulate the female classes. Like other itinerants of those days she travelled on horseback. An eye-witness said he saw her take leave at a house door in Yorkshire. Her horse was waiting, and as she came out, a glance of her eye told her all was right. She needed no assistance, but, laying her hand upon the intelligent beast, which knelt to receive her, sprang into the saddle, waved her hand, and in a moment was out of sight

None will venerate the memory of John Wesley less if we say he loved Grace Murray, and had a desire she should become his wife. They were engaged to be married; but his brother Charles and Whitefield were opposed to his marrying at all, and took steps which were but too successful to induce her to marry another. John Bennet was one of Mr. Wesley's early preachers and was very successful. He afterward separated from Mr. Wesley's societies, became a Calvinist, and the pastor of an independent Church in Cheshire. He had once been sick of a fever and Grace Murray nursed him, and from that period he desired she should become his wife. Favoured with the influence of Charles Wesley and of Whitefield, he succeeded in winning Grace; she having been persuaded by these influential friends that her marrying John Wesley would in all probability lessen his usefulness in the itinerancy. John Wesley felt the disappointment most keenly. He poured out the sorrows of his heart not only in prose but in verse. In one of his (till lately unpublished) letters he

says, "The sons of Zeruiah were too strong for me. The whole world fought against me, but above all my own familiar friend. Then was fulfilled, 'Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire of thine eyes at a stroke, yet shall not thou lament, neither shall thy tears run down.' The fatal, irrecoverable stroke was struck on Thursday last. Yesterday I saw my friend that was, and him to whom she is sacrificed. Nearly thirty years after her husband's death Mr. Wesley, who had never mentioned her name since her marriage, went at her own request to see her. He spent a short time with her, and after this interview never mentioned her name. In 1803 she died, and Jabez Bunting, who had known her for many years, preached her funeral sermon from Psalm xxvii, 13, 14.

John Wesley and Mrs. Vizelle.

Many of the Wesley family were unfortunate in their marriage, and John was among the number. When about fifty years of age Mr. Wesley married a Mrs. Vizelle. She was a widow, intelligent and wealthy. She seemed very religious, and appeared to be admirably adapted to make him an excellent wife. However, she was not what she appeared to be, and he was greatly disappointed. After having caused him twenty years of disquietude she suddenly left, never intending to return. Finding this was her determination, Mr. Wesley wrote in his Journal, "I did not forsake her, I did not dismiss her, I will not recall her."

Wesley, the Young Woman, and the Snow-storm.

On a Sabbath evening when John Wesley preached at North Shields, a young woman, one of the singers, remained at home in consequence of a snow-storm. On Monday evening, on her way to the chapel, she called at the house of the leader of the choir, and was there introduced to Wesley. She was questioned by her friend as to her absence the preceding night, and at once stated the cause. Wesley appeared to take no notice of the conversation, but when leaving the house, laying his hand upon her shoulder, mildly said, "So, Miss, you were afraid of the snow." She followed him to the chapel, took her seat in front of the pulpit, and not expecting any further reproof from the good old man, looked him directly in the face and waited anxiously for the text. Great was her surprise when, with his characteristic solemnity and emphasis, he read for the theme of his discourse Proverbs xxxi, 21, "She is not afraid of the snow." This ingenious reproof was not forgotten. The countenance of the venerable minister, his manner, his voice, and his sermon, left impressions on her mind that were not obliterated by all the changing scenes of life.

John Wesley and the Legacy.

John Wesley had greatly benefited, spiritually, Miss Lewen, of Leytonstone. Her health was very

poor, and her father told Mr. Wesley he had done her more good than all the physicians. Miss Lewen was a most estimable young lady, of deep and ardent piety, and possessing much of this world's goods. Mr. Wesley's favourite mode of travelling was on horseback until he was between sixty and seventy years of age. In December, 1765, his horse fell and injured him very much. At that time the young lady gave him a chaise and a pair of horses. She died soon after, and bequeathed to Mr. Wesley one thousand pounds. Christopher Hopper informed Mr. Wesley of the legacy, and suggested the application of the whole or a part to the Orphan House in Newcastle, as Mr. Whitefield had acted in a similar case in Georgia. Three days before her death Mr. Wesley replied to Mr. Hopper thus: "Miss Lewen's will probably will be a nine days' wonder. Mr. Whitefield acted according to the light he had, but I durst not have done so because I am God's steward for the poor." Mr. Wesley says: "I found it needful to hasten to Leytonstone, but I came too late. Miss Lewen died the day before, witnessing that good confession—

> 'Nature's last agony is o'er,
> And cruel sin subsists no more.

So died Margaret Lewen, a pattern to all young women of fortune in England, a real Bible Christian. She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her."*

* Journal, Nov. 31, 1776

The next year the legacy was received, and instead of keeping it for himself every pound was given away, making many hearts to rejoice. His benevolence knew no bounds but an empty pocket.

Thomas Olivers says: "Hundreds and thousands are forever draining Mr. Wesley's pocket to the last shilling, as those about him are eye-witnesses, those in particular who a few years ago saw and experienced his generosity in giving away by fifties and by hundreds the thousand pounds left him by Miss Lewen." In reply to his sister Mrs. Hall, he wrote, "You do not consider money never stays with *me;* it would burn me if it did. I throw it out of my hands as soon as possible lest it should find a way into my heart; therefore you should have spoken to me in London before Miss Lewen's money flew away," etc.

John Wesley and the History of England.

He published a History of England, and made two hundred pounds by the sale of that work, and he said to Thomas Olivers, as he informed him of his profits, "But as life is uncertain I will take care to dispose of it before the end of the week;" which he accordingly did.

We have another illustration of his benevolence. John Atlay, the Book Steward, said on a certain occasion, "We must stop printing for awhile, for

Mr. Wesley gives away his money so fast that I have none left for printing or paper." *

John Wesley and Poor Louisa.

In 1776 a young woman stopped at a village near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her appearance as to engage the attention of all around. Her manners were graceful, and her countenance interesting indeed, her whole deportment bore visible marks of superior breeding; but there was a wildness in her look, and a want of consistency in all she said and did. As she could not be induced to make known her name, she was called Louisa. All day she wandered about, and at night took up her lodging under an old hay-stack. Many ladies expostulated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation, but all in vain. Their bounty supplied her with the necessaries of life, but no means or entreaties could induce her to sleep in a house. As she at times exhibited evident symptoms of insanity, she was at length placed in St. Peter's Hospital at Bristol. She soon made her escape, and flew to her favourite hay-stack, six miles away. Some years after she was placed under the care of Mr. Henderson, who kept a private house for insane persons near Bristol. Mr. Wesley heard of her, and on the 25th of March, 1782, went to see her. In his journal he says: "In the afternoon I called at Mr.

* Wesleyan Magazine for Dec., 1845, page 1,165.

Henderson's, and spent some time with poor disconsolate Louisa. Such a sight in the space of fourteen years, I never saw before. Pale and wan, worn with sorrow, beaten with wind and rain, having been so long exposed to all weathers, with her hair rough and frizzled, and only a blanket wrapped round her, her native beauty gleamed through all. Her features were small and finely turned, her eyes had a peculiar sweetness, her arms and fingers were delicately shaped, and her voice soft and agreeable; but her understanding was in ruins. She appeared partly insane, partly silly and childish. She would answer no question concerning herself, only that her name was Louisa. She seemed to take no notice of any person or thing, and seldom spoke above a word or two at a time. Some time since a gentleman called, who said he came two hundred miles on purpose to inquire after her. When he saw her face he trembled exceedingly; but all he said was, "She was born in Germany, and is now twenty-four years old."

He spoke to her in French. She appeared restless, uneasy, and embarrassed; but when he addressed her in German her emotion was too great to be suppressed. She turned from him and burst into tears.

The 15th of September the following year he made her another visit, and says: "I went over to Hannam once more and saw poor disconsolate Louisa wrapping herself up naked in her blanket, and not caring to speak to any one. The late

pretty story of her being the Emperor's daughter is doubtless a mere catch-penny, and her twenty-four examinations are as credible as Mohammed's journey through seventy thousand heavens." Having remained there several years under the care of Mr. Henderson, supported by a subscription made by Mrs. Hannah More, she was then removed to Guy's Hospital, where death came to the relief of poor Louisa December 19, 1801. An appropriate epitaph was placed upon her tombstone.

Not only the poor, the prisoner, the stranger, but the insane shared in Wesley's sympathy and his bounty. Can any thing be more touching than his interviews with poor disconsolate Louisa? To behold the man of over fourscore years again and again visiting this one, beautiful in ruins, trying to pour rays of heavenly light into a mind suffering an eclipse, was a scene that must have gladdened the eyes of angels.

John Wesley and Sophia Cooke.

Sophia Cooke was a very superior young woman, who from early life enjoyed the personal friendship of John Wesley. For two years she lived in his house at City Road. She reports his morning salutation, uttered with a smile, and with great cheerfulness, "Sophy, live to-day." What a volume in three little words! Mr. Wesley delighted

to express himself in pithy sayings. She took his advice, and made the most of each day. Years after he had gone to rest she heard the echoes of his voice ringing in her ear, saying, "Live to-day." She had the high honour of being, indirectly, the founder of modern Sunday-schools. She was born in Gloucester, England, the native place of Robert Raikes, and was well acquainted with him. Miss Cooke first suggested to Mr. Raikes the plan of Sabbath-school instruction.

He saw a number of ragged children in the street, and said to Sophia, "What shall we do for these poor neglected children?" She answered, "Let us teach them to read, and take them to Church." Mr. Raikes and Miss Cooke conducted the first company of Sunday scholars to the church, exposed to public laughter as they passed along the street with their unpromising charge. What grand results have followed. "The handful of corn has shaken like Lebanon, and they of the city are as grass."

Mr. Raikes began his Sunday-school with Miss Cooke in 1784, and in January, 1785, Mr. Wesley published an account of it in the "Arminian Magazine," and exhorted his societies to imitate his laudable example.

The noble young woman became the wife of the Rev. Samuel Bradburn, one of the finest orators Wesleyan Methodism ever produced. She survived her husband many years, and died in triumph March, 1834, aged seventy-five.

John Wesley and the Little Child.

John Wesley visited Rathby and preached in the church. As he ascended the pulpit a child sat on the steps, directly in the way. Instead of inquiring, "Why is that child allowed to sit there?" he gently took the little one in his arms, kissed it, and then placed it on the same spot where it had been sitting.

How like the good Shepherd, who takes the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom! Some ministers would have said, "What is that young one doing here? Take that child out of the way."

John Wesley was pre-eminently a disciple of love. Harshness and austerity of spirit, with manners rough and rude, were as alien to his nature as light to darkness.

John Wesley and Matthias Joyce.

Matthias Joyce, a Papist, one of the vilest of the vile, went to hear Mr. Wesley preach in Dublin, and though he did not understand him, says: "His hoary hairs and grave deportment commanded my respect and gained my affections. What endeared him to me still more was seeing him stoop down and kiss a little child that sat upon the pulpit stairs." That kiss melted his hard heart, and he became one of Mr. Wesley's itinerant ministers, useful in life, triumphant in death.

John Wesley and the Little Boy.

Dr. Leifchild, at a missionary meeting in Leeds, said, "Few present remember John Wesley; I am one of that few, and I think I have had a greater privilege than any one present. Mr. Wesley was in the habit of stopping at my father's house on his visits to my native town. On one of these visits early one morning (you know Mr. Wesley was a very early riser) I went up to him and gently pulled his dressing-gown in order to attract his attention. My father very sharply reproved me; but Mr. Wesley put his hand upon my head and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and he took me up in his arms and blessed me. None ever obeyed the command, 'Feed my lambs,' more than Mr. Wesley."

John Wesley and the Inquiring Preacher.

The death of Methodism has often been predicted, and there has been much anxiety felt (outside of it) concerning its future. Mr. Wesley had no desire for its continuance unless its spirit was perpetuated. Near the close of his life a travelling preacher inquired of him, "What advice have you to give in order to perpetuate the great revival of religion in which you have been the principal instrument?" He answered, "Take care of the rising generation."

John Wesley and the Little Girl.

It has been well said that he that makes a child happy for half an hour is a co-worker with God. John Wesley, in visiting Birmingham, was frequently entertained at the house of John Mason. They had a little girl who afterward became the wife of a Methodist minister. Mr. Wesley would often seat her on his knee, place his hand upon her head, give her his blessing, and simply give her such wise counsels as she could understand; these made an indelible impression upon her heart. He once presented her with a bright sixpence, which she preserved to the day of her death. Mr. Wesley used to keep a number of fresh coins by him, the newest and brightest, on purpose to please the taste of the lambs of his flock.

John Wesley and the Children.

Wesley was emphatically the children's friend. He caught largely of the spirit and walked in the footsteps of Him who took them in his arms, whispered blessings in their ear, and declared "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Fifty years before Robert Raikes began his work John Wesley was catechising all the children in Savannah on Sundays before the evening service. It was under him the Sunday-school system was first fully developed. "At Bolton," in July, 1787, he says, "there are eight hundred poor children taught in our Sunday

schools by about eighty masters, who recive no pay but what they are to receive from the great Master. In the evening several children hovering round the house, I desired forty or fifty to come in and sing

'Vital spark of heavenly flame.'

Although some of them were silent, not being able to sing for tears; yet the harmony was such as I believe could not be equalled in the king's chapel." A few months later we have a glowing description of a Sunday-school review in the same place, at which between nine hundred and a thousand scholars were present. The melody of these juvenile voices, he thought, could be exceeded only by the "singing of angels in our Father's house." He adds: "Such a sight I never saw before; all were serious and well-behaved." His Journal is full of similar proofs of his love and sympathy for children, and the Kingswood school is a standing monument of his affection for them.

Wesley was very popular with the children of his day. His benignant countenance they loved to gaze upon and to receive his apostolic benediction, therefore it was common to find "all the street lined with these little ones" waiting to greet him with glad smiles and joyous welcome. He says, "Before preaching they only ran round me and before; but after it a whole troop, boys and girls, closed me in, and would not be content till I shook each of them by the hand."

Conscience and Interest.

John Hyett of Woolwich early became a Methodist, (1746.) He was in humble circumstances in life when he identified himself with Methodism. He had a rich uncle who had a great hatred to the Methodists. He said to him one day, "John, it is my intention to make you my heir, and leave you the bulk of my property; but understand, it is on the express condition that you have nothing more to do with the Methodists. If you continue with them I will leave you only one shilling." Soon after this conversation John Hyett had an interview with Mr. Wesley, to whom he communicated his uncle's proposition, and asked his opinion how he ought to act in the business. Mr. Wesley said, "John, you have a family to provide for, you have a difficult world to struggle with, and you have now the means before you of providing for your family; *but, John, you have a soul to save.* And having said this much, I leave you to act as you think proper." John looked at it in the light of two worlds, counting the cost and weighing the issues. Soon after John Hyett saw his uncle again, who desired to know to what conclusion he had come. His reply was, "I am unwilling to give you offence, but I cannot sacrifice my principle for the sake of gain." Noble conclusion; one that angels will applaud and the Prince of peace approve. Some years after the wealthy uncle died, and John attended his funeral. On reading the will there was only one shilling bequeathed to John. In

due time he received the legacy, and the first opportunity he threw it into the collection for the poor. His wants were richly supplied, and his descendants move in a respectable circle near London. John Hyett, who made such sacrifices for the cause of Jesus, has long since known the meaning of those beautiful words of the Saviour: "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." *

John Wesley and Mr. Cordeux.

In July, 1766, Mr. Wesley visited York, where the Rev. Mr. Cordeux was incumbent of St. Saviour's. He warned his congregation against hearing "that vagabond Wesley preach." Mr. Wesley on Sunday morning went to St. Saviour's Church dressed in his canonicals. The minister in the course of reading the prayers saw a strange clergyman, and sent an officer to invite him to take the pulpit. He accepted the invitation, and preached from the Gospel of the day, (Matt. vii, 21,) "Not every one that saith," etc. After service the Vicar asked the clerk if he knew who the stranger was. "Sir," said he, "he is the vagabond Wesley, of whom you warned us." "Ay, indeed," was the reply, "we are trapped; but never mind, we had a good sermon." The Dean heard

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1829, page 247.

of the affair, and threatened to lay a complaint before the Archbishop. Mr. Cordeux, afraid of the consequences, took an early opportunity to inform his Grace that he had allowed Mr. Wesley to occupy his pulpit. "And you did right," said the Prelate. Some years after Mr. Cordeux invited Mr. Wesley to occupy his pulpit again. He preached from the eight beatitudes. An aged disciple who was present says Mr. Wesley dwelt mostly on these words: "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" and said, "Perhaps no man in England knows more of what this means than I do."*

John Wesley and the Woman who was a Sinner.

The following touching story shows us the power of the Gospel, the power of divine grace, and the tender, pathetic spirit that beat in the bosom of John Wesley; we are by it reminded of our Lord's interview with a woman who was a sinner, to whom he said, "Go in peace, and sin no more." Mr. Wesley had been disappointed of a room at Grimsby, and when the appointed hour for public worship came the rain prevented him preaching. In the perplexity which this occasioned a convenient place was offered him to preach in by "a woman who was a sinner." He knew nothing of the character of the woman, but accepted her invitation to

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1827, page 458.

preach at her house. She listened to him attentively, but without any apparent emotion. But in the evening he preached eloquently upon the sins and faith of her who washed our Lord's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and that discourse touched her to the heart. She followed him to his lodging, crying out, "O, sir, what must I do to be saved?" Mr. Wesley, who now understood that she had forsaken her husband and was living in adultery, replied, "Escape for your life; return instantly to your husband." She said she knew not how to go. She had just heard from him, and he was at Newcastle, above a hundred miles off. Mr. Wesley said he was going to Newcastle the next morning, and she might go with him, and his travelling companion should take her behind him. It was late in October. She performed the journey under this protection, and in a state of mind adapted to her condition. "During our whole journey," he says, "I scarce observed her to smile, nor did she ever complain of any thing, or appear moved in the least with those trying circumstances which many times occurred in our way. A steady seriousness, or sadness rather, appeared in her whole behaviour and conversation, as became one that felt the burden of sin, and was groaning after salvation." "Glory be to the Friend of sinners!" he exclaimed as he related the story, "he has plucked one more brand out of the fire! Thou, poor sinner, thou hast received a prophet in the name of a prophet, and thou art found of him that sent him."

The husband did not turn away the penitent wife, but received her joyfully, and her reformation seemed to be sincere and permanent. "After some time," says Mr. Wesley, "her husband left Newcastle, and wrote to her to follow him. She set out in a ship bound for Hull. A storm met them by the way, the ship sprung a leak, and though it was near the shore, on which many persons flocked together, yet the sea ran so high that it was impossible to render any assistance. Mrs. S. was seen standing upon the deck as the ship gradually sunk, and afterward hanging by her hands on the ropes till the masts likewise disappeared. Even then, for some moments, they could observe her floating upon the waves till her clothes, which buoyed her up, being thoroughly wet, she sunk, I trust, into the ocean of God's mercy."

John Wesley and the Criminal.

"I was in prison and ye visited me," will, no doubt, be said by the Judge to John Wesley. In 1749 a soldier was in prison, and condemned to be executed. For several weeks John Wesley visited him in his cell, giving him instruction and praying with him, and he professed to be converted, and the change seemed to be real. Mr. Wesley visited him after his conversion, and had a very singular impression, and said to the prisoner, "Do not expect to see me any more; He who hath begun a

good work will, no doubt, preserve you to the end; but I believe Satan will separate us for a season." The next day Mr. Wesley was informed that the commanding officer had given strict orders that "neither Mr. Wesley nor any of his people should be admitted into the prison, *for they were all Atheists.*" Mr. Wesley inquires, "Did that man die like an Atheist? 'Let my last end be like his.'" *

John Wesley and the Anxious Man.

At a certain period the Methodist Society in Dublin was greatly agitated by divisions. A good but very anxious brother wrote to Mr. Wesley on the subject, told him the real state of things, deplored it exceedingly, and concluded his communication by inquiring, "Where, sir, are all these things to end?" The venerable Wesley replied: "Dear Brother, you ask where are all these things to end?' 'Why, in glory to God in the highest,' to be sure; 'and on earth peace, and good will among men.'" †

John Wesley and the Discouraged Minister.

A travelling minister, whose spirit was dejected, being tempted concerning his call to the ministry

* Journal, vol. ii, page 27.

† Wesleyan Magazine, 1833, page 488.

that he had run before he was sent, wrote to Mr. Wesley, requesting him to send another preacher to the circuit in his stead, saying, "He believed he was out of his place." Mr. Wesley sent him the following laconic and characteristic answer:

"DEAR BROTHER: You are indeed out of your place, for you are reasoning when you ought to be praying. I am your affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."*

John Wesley and the Egg Man.

Mr. Wesley was for a time the most persecuted man in England and Ireland. Some of the persecutors descended to very mean things. In 1769 he preached near Bedford. The audience were tolerably quiet till he had nearly finished his discourse. Then some bawled at the top of their voices, and it was a perfect Babel. One man, a little more vile than the rest, full of malicious mischief, had filled his pockets with rotten eggs to throw at the preacher. A young man saw what mischief he intended. Unperceived, he went up behind him, clapped his hands on each side of his pockets, and mashed the eggs all at once. Mr. Wesley says: "In an instant he was perfume all over, though it was not so sweet as balsam." How frequently those who dig a pit for others fall into it themselves!

* Arminian Magazine.

John Wesley and the Commissioners of Excise.

When John Wesley was in London in 1776 the following occurred, illustrating his self-denial, his deadness to the world, as well as his humour and readiness at reply. An order had been issued by the House of Lords "that the Commissioners of his Majesty's Excise do write circular letters to all persons whom they have reason to suspect to have plate, as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same," etc. In consequence of this order the Accountant General for household plate sent Mr. Wesley a copy of the order with the following letter:

"REV. SIR: As the Commissioners cannot doubt but you have plate for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry, they have directed me to send you the above copy of the Lords' order, and to inform you that they expect that you will forthwith make due entry of all your plate, such entry to bear date from the commencement of the plate duty, or from such time as you have owned, used, had, or kept any quantity of silverplate chargeable by the Act of Parliament; as in default hereby the Board will be obliged to signify your refusal to their lordships.

"N. B. An immediate answer is desired."

Mr. Wesley returned the following laconic and characteristic reply:

"SIR: I have two silver teaspoons at London and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which

I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread.

"I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

Wesley's Advice to Samuel Bradburn.

Samuel Bradburn was majestic in person and an unequalled orator, and distinguished for his keen wit and readiness at repartee. "The first time I was introduced to John Wesley," says Samuel Bradburn, "I was greatly struck with his cheerfulness and affability. From seeing him only in the pulpit, and considering his exalted station in the Church of Christ, I supposed he was very reserved and austere; but how agreeably was I disappointed when, with a pleasant smile, he took me by the hand and said, 'Beware of the fear of man, and be sure you speak flat and plain in preaching.' It is not easy to express the good effect this advice had on my mind at that time; it was a word in season."

Wesley and Low Spirits.

Mr. Bradburn, who travelled with him thousands of miles, slept with him hundreds of times, lived five years in his family, knew Mr. Wesley's habits, and was acquainted with his secrets, says, "I never saw him low-spirited in my life, nor could he endure to be with a melancholy person. When speaking of

any who imagined religion would make people morose and gloomy, he would say from the pulpit, as well as in private that 'sour godliness is the devil's religion.'" Mr. Bradburn was suffering from strong temptation, and he wrote to Mr. Wesley and received from him the following reply: "That melancholy turn is directly opposite to a Christian spirit. Every believer ought to enjoy life." He never suffered himself to be carried away by extreme grief. He said, "I dare no more fret than curse and swear."

Wesley, Bradburn, and Olivers.

Thomas Olivers and Mr. Bradburn did not exactly see eye to eye. Something unpleasant had occurred between them, and it was brought to Conference to have the matter adjusted. Mr. Wesley acted as pacificator. He inquired, "Brother Bradburn, do you not love Tommy Olivers?" "Sir," replied Mr. Bradburn, "I love him as much as you do John Hampson." This was a sudden and unexpected retort. Mr. Bradburn availed himself of the fact of Mr. Wesley's leaving John Hampson's name out of the Deed of Declaration, which was interpreted into a matter of prejudice, and gave offence to Mr. Hampson and his friends.

Wesley and Elijah Bush.

Elijah Bush was a contemporary of Mr. Wesley, and received from him many useful lessons. Young

Bush having read Mr. Wesley's works, was delighted with an interview with him. He was not only charmed with his patriarchal dignity and child-like spirit and simplicity, but he received advice that had an influence upon him all the days of his life. Mr. Wesley said with emphasis, and yet with peculiar sweetness, "Brother Bush, *make the most of life.*" The words rung in his ear, thrilled through his soul, influenced his life. As an instructor of youth, as a Class Leader, as a Local Preacher, as a candidate for eternity, he did make the most of life, never forgetting

> "'Tis not the whole of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die."

Wesley's Wise Counsel on Marriage.

John Wesley heard that young Bush contemplated marriage with one to whom his parents strongly objected. He wrote to him, saying, "I have never in fifty years known such a marriage attended with a blessing. I know not how it should be, since it is flatly contrary to the fifth commandment. I told my own mother, pressing me to marry, 'I dare not allow you a positive voice herein; I dare not marry a person because you bid me. But I must allow you a negative voice. I will marry no person you forbid.' The judicious and delicate advice of Mr. Wesley was followed by young Bush, and the marriage never took place.

Wesley and the Belligerent Boys.

Toward the close of Mr. Wesley's life he was the guest of Mr. Bush, at Norton. Mr. Bush kept a large boarding-school. Two of the boys had a quarrel, and fought and kicked each other most fiercely. Mrs. Bush went into the school and parted them, and then brought them into the parlour where Mr. Wesley was about to take tea. In a most kind and affectionate manner Mr. Wesley talked with them, and concluded his advice by repeating the lines of Dr. Watts:

> "Birds in their little nests agree;
> And 'tis a shameful sight
> When children of one family
> Fall out, and chide and fight."

Mr. Wesley then said, "You *must* be reconciled. Go and shake hands with each other." They did so. "Now," said he, "put your arms around each other's neck and kiss each other." When this was done Mr. Wesley said, "Come to me," and taking two pieces of bread and butter he folded them together and desired each one to take a part. "Now," said he, "you have broken bread together." He then gave them a cup of tea, and told them they had both drank out of the same cup. He then put his hands upon their heads and blessed them. They went into the school room, forgot their animosities, and were friends. The next morning, when the scholars came in for prayers, Mr. Wesley singled out these two boys, encircled them in his arms, and gave them his blessing. This charac-

teristic anecdote was related to Rev. Richard Treffry by a magistrate of Berkshire, who was one of the little boys thus kindly reprehended and instructed by the apostolic Wesley.*

John Wesley and Thomas Holy.

Mr. Holy resided in Sheffield, and was the in timate friend of John Wesley. In front of his house Wesley often preached, resting his hands upon the shoulder of his friend. One of his last visits is specially memorable. After having preached in Norfolk-street Chapel he took the arm of Mr. Holly, who conducted him along the streets toward his own home. The members of the Society and the friends of Methodism, under the impression that from Mr. Wesley's advanced age this visit would be his last, followed him in a crowd; while the curious part of the populace lined the streets, or threw open the windows in order to behold the venerable apostle for the last time. Mr. Wesley, as he passed along, distributed his gifts among the poor, and put his hands on the heads of the little children and blessed them. When he reached the green in front of Mr. Holy's house he turned to the multitude, threw his benignant eye over the whole, and stretched forth his hands and pronounced upon them the divine benediction. This only added fuel to the fire of affection; the people crowded around him and wept aloud. See

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1842, p. 136.

ing such emotion excited, and finding himself hemmed in on every side, he lifted up his voice in prayer. Every sentence was followed by a deep response from the dense crowd, occasionally interrupted by a kind of wailing. This having continued for some time he again dismissed them with his blessing, and with some difficulty gained the door. This was a day of rejoicing to his host; it reminded him of former days when he and his widowed mother were obliged to steal to the Chapel in secret to escape insult and abuse, and when the apostolic Wesley was regularly hooted and pelted by the mob.*

John Wesley and John Hilton.

Almost from the origin of Methodism there have been what Mr. Wesley called "croakers"—persons who pronounce Methodism a failure. Mr. Wesley, at the Conference at Bristol in 1777, introduced the subject, and inquired of every preacher, "Have you reason to believe from your observation that the Methodists are a fallen people? Is there a decay or an increase in the work of God where you have been? Are the Societies in general more dead or alive to God than they were some years ago?" Almost every one answered: "If we must *know them by their fruits*, there is no decay in the work of God among the people in general. The Societies are not dead to God; they are as much alive as

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1832.

they have been for many years, and we look upon this report as a mere device of Satan to make our hands hang down." One man, with an honest heart but weak head, named John Hilton, who had preached thirteen years, contended the Methodists were a "fallen people," and declared "he would leave them!" His brethren endeavoured to dissuade him from doing so. Mr. Wesley, who read character very easily, and well understood men, seeing he could do no good by remaining, and the Conference could do him no good, gently said, "Let him go in peace." Mr. Hilton took his departure, and joined the Quakers.

John Wesley and the Dyspeptic Clergyman.

"When stationed in the city of Bath," says Rev. Mr. Towle, "I was introduced into the company of an aged man whom I understood to be intimate with John Wesley, and once a useful Local Preacher. He entered into a conversation about the times of Mr. Wesley, when he related the following: 'On one occasion when Mr. Wesley dined with me, after dinner, as usual, I prepared a little brandy and water. Mr. Wesley on seeing this, with surprise asked, "What, my brother, what is that; do you drink spirits?" "It is brandy," said I; "my digestion is bad, and I am obliged to take a little after dinner." Mr. Wesley inquired, "How much do you take? let me see." I said, "Only about a table spoonful." "Truly," said he,

"that is not much, but one spoonful will soon lose its effects, then you will take two, from two you will get to a full glass, and then, in like manner, by the power of habit, you will want two, and so on, till in the end you will become a drunkard. O my brother, take care what you do."' He added, 'Happy would it have been for that man if he had taken the advice, the timely warning of my good friend, Mr. Wesley. But, alas! he trifled with the little drops until he did actually become a drunkard, ruined his reputation, and at the time I had the interview with him he was a poor, miserable backslider, within a few feet of an untimely and disgraceful grave.'"

John Wesley and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Wesley was well acquainted with Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Wesley was in the practice of learning from every man he met with. He says, "Nearly fifty years ago that great and good man, Dr. Potter, gave me advice for which I have ever since had occasion to bless God. He said, 'If you desire to be extensively useful do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature, but in testifying against open notorious vice, and in promoting real essential holiness.'" Mr. Wesley says, "Let us keep to this; leaving a thousand disputable points to those who have no better business than to toss the ball of controversy

to and fro. Let us bear a faithful testimony against all ungodliness, and with all our might recommend that inward and outward 'holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.'"*

John Wesley and Father O'Leary.

Mr. Wesley seemed literally "set for the defence of the Gospel." Father O'Leary was a Roman Catholic priest in Dublin, and Mr. Wesley and he had quite a controversy on Romanism. Mr. Wesley was admitted to be the victor. The Rev. Mr. Skelton, an eminent divine of the Church of Ireland, was delighted with the able manner in which Mr. Wesley conducted the controversy. He thanked Mr. Wesley for his letters, and said, "Mr. Wesley's positions were like a wall of adamant; and that Mr. O'Leary's replies were as boiled peas shot against it." Mr. Wesley complains that his opponent "has only drollery and low wit to oppose to argument." "Drollery," he says, "may come in when we are talking of roasting fowls, but not when we talk of roasting men."

Mr. Wesley relates the following: "On Friday last (March 18, 1782) I dined with a gentlewoman whose father, living in Dublin, was very intimate with a Roman Catholic gentleman. Having invited him to dinner one day, in the course of conversation Mrs. G. asked him, "Sir, would you really cut my husband's throat if your priest commanded you." He answered honestly, "Mr. G

is my friend, and I love him well; but I must obey the Church." "Sir," said she, "I beg I may never more see you within my doors."

John Wesley and the Persecuting Papist.

John Wesley was preaching in Bowling Green, Kilkenny, in 1762, and multitudes of both Protestants and Papists went to hear him. Toward the conclusion of the sermon the Papists ran together and set up a tremendous shout. Mr. Wesley turned toward them with a very majestic look, and with a commanding voice said, "Be silent, or be gone." In a moment they were as still as death, and he finished his sermon without further interruption. When he came out from the Green many gathered around him and gnashed upon him with their teeth; and one cried out, "O what is Kilkenny come to!" "Only two or three large stones were thrown," says Mr. Wesley, "but none were hurt save he that threw them: for, as he was going to throw again, one seized him by the neck and gave him a kick and a cuff, which spoiled his diversion."

John Wesley and the Roman Catholic Woman.*

John Wesley, in 1790, visited Doncastle, and preached in the evening to a crowded audience. In his sermon he made some remarks touching the

* Wesley's Sermons, vol. ii, p. 376.

doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church, and he related an anecdote of a Roman Catholic woman who had broken her china crucifix. In an agony of mind she went to her priest exclaiming, "O sir, what must I do? I have broken my china crucifix, and have nothing but the great God of heaven to trust to." "What a mercy," exclaimed Mr. Wesley, raising his hands, "that this poor woman had at length nothing to trust to but the great God of heaven." A zealous Catholic by the name of Jeweson was present, and the relation of this anecdote proved a nail in a sure place. He saw the folly of his former religious notions, and immediately he renounced them. The next Sunday he joined the Methodist Society, and till the hour of his death continued a humble and consistent member.*

John Wesley and Joseph Lee.

When Mr. Wesley first visited Newcastle-upon-Tyne he greatly admired Joseph Lee as a man full of faith and love, and appointed him Class Leader and Steward. He discharged his trust with the utmost ability and integrity. He walked humbly and closely with God, and was a pattern to all the town as well as all the Society. After some time he removed to Nottingham, and there he fell in with some Antinomians, embraced their opinions, and, trusting in his own strength, grew less and

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1828, page 742.

less strict, and first lost the power, then the form, of godliness. After he had lived some years openly and avowedly without God in the world, while he was one evening quite merry with his jovial companions, one of them said, "Why, Mr. Lee, you were one of those mad Methodists." He answered not a word, but leaned his arm upon the table and died. What a shipwreck of faith dashed on the rocks of ruin, and not so much as a plank upon which to escape. How true, that "the last state of that man is worse than the beginning," and that it would "have been better never to have known the way of righteousness, than, after having known it, to depart from the holy commandment" delivered unto him.

John Wesley and the "Lending Stock."

No man ever devised more plans for the relief and comfort of the poor than John Wesley. One blessing surely he has obtained, "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." To discourage the practice of pawning, and to aid the temporal necessities of the poor members of the Society at the Foundery, a fund was established by Mr. Wesley termed the "Lending Stock;" from which any poor person, being a member of the society, could obtain a loan of from two to five pounds, on the recommendation of his or her Leader, in conjunction with some one who should become security for the repayment of the sum advanced. The following is a copy of one of these loan notes, which

is preserved as a relic, and to show how they did things in the days of yore:

129 FOUNDERY, *Oct.* 11, 1764.

Borrowed and received of Mr. Ward (Steward of the Lending Stock) the sum of two pounds, which we jointly and severally promise to pay to him or order.

Witness our hands, REBECCA LANDON, *Borrower.*
JOHN BAKEWELL, *Security.*
JOHN BUZLEE'S CLASS.

Lackington, the celebrated bookseller, and others, who rose to great eminence in the commercial world, commenced their mercantile career by loans derived from this fund.

John Wesley and the Wonderful Prophecy.

It is always dangerous to turn prophet, and be wiser than revelation. There were those in London who got the spirit of inspiration, and declared the world would end the 28th of February, 1764. Multitudes believed it, and the terror it occasioned was fearful. From the time Mr. Wesley heard of it he preached against it with all the energy God had given him. He said, "It must be false if the Bible was true." The last day came when time was to end, and the funeral of the world to take place. Mr. Wesley preached from Prepare to meet thy God," attacking the absurd notion that the world was to end that night. But

notwithstanding all he said many were afraid to go to bed, and others wandered in the fields, firmly believing that if the world did not end that night London would be destroyed by an earthquake. Mr. Wesley went to bed at his usual hour, and slept very sweetly till morning, its light showing their prediction false, and the utter folly of being wiser than revelation.

John Wesley and the Ship upon a Rock.

In July, 1787, Mr. Wesley, Dr. Coke, and several preachers went on board the ship Prince of Wales, one of the Parkgate packets. He says: "At seven we sailed with a fair, moderate wind. Between nine and ten I lay down, as usual, and slept till nearly four, when I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and found the ship lay beating upon a large rock about a league from Holyhead. The Captain, who had not long lain down, leaped up, and running upon the deck, when he saw how the ship lay cried out, 'Your lives may be saved, but I am undone.' Yet no sailor swore, and no woman cried out. We immediately went to prayer, and presently the ship, I know not how, shot off the rock, and pursued her way without any more damage than the wounding a few of her outside planks. About three in the afternoon we came safe to Parkgate."* Were they not saved in answer to prayer?

* Journal, vol. vi, page 117

John Wesley and the Providential Shower.

Near 1770 John Wesley and Thomas Taylor were travelling in Ireland when a sudden and heavy shower came upon them, and they sought shelter in one of the Irish cabins or huts. The people were in poverty extreme. The mother and several children were all in rags. When leaving the cabin Mr. Wesley gave the woman of the house some money, with which she appeared to be highly delighted.

When the shower was over Mr. Wesley and his travelling companion mounted their horses and pursued their journey. Mr. Wesley, who knew that "it is more blessed to give than receive," said in a familiar manner, "O, Tommy, what a satisfaction there is in doing good! Did you not see the pleasing gratitude in that poor woman's countenance for the little that was given to her? I think God sent that shower on purpose to drive us into that cabin."

John Wesley and John Downes.

John Downes was one of Wesley's early itinerants, who preached with great success the glorious Gospel. Wesley says, "He was by nature as great a genius as Sir Isaac Newton," and mentions a number of things in proof. "When young Downes was at school learning algebra he went to his master and said, 'Sir, I can prove this proposition

better than it is proved in the book.' His master thought it could not be, but upon trial acknowledged it to be so." Again, "Thirty years ago, while I was shaving, he was whittling the top of a stick. I asked, 'What are you doing?' He answered, 'I am taking your face, which I intend to engrave on a copper plate.' Accordingly, without any instruction, he first made himself tools, and then engraved the plate." The second picture which he engraved was that which was prefixed to Wesley's Notes upon the New Testament. Such another instance, I suppose, not all England or perhaps Europe, can produce. After more than thirty years hard service the 5th of November, 1774, while preaching in West-street Chapel, London, from "Come unto me, ye that are weary and heavy laden," etc., he fell dead in the pulpit. There "he gloriously rested from his labours, and entered into the joy of his Lord." * Charles Wesley exclaimed, "O for a death like this! It is the most enviable, the most desirable I ever heard of." He left a widow and *sixpence* of property.

John Wesley and Dictators.

Some men are not merely suggesters, but they are dictators. They will dictate to ministers and Churches, and woe to them who are not ready to pronounce their shibboleth. Mr. Wesley says, "That for fifty years if any one said to him, 'If

* Wesley's Journal, November, 1774.

you do not put such a one out of the Society I will go out of it,' I have said, 'Pray go. I, not you, am to judge who shall stay.'" He says, "I have often repented of judging too severely, but very seldom of being too merciful."

John Wesley and Croakers.

The family of grumblers is almost as numerous as the locusts of Egypt, and, like them, they destroy every green thing. Mr. Wesley could not have given them a more appropriate name than in the sentence, "*Croakers* invariably hinder the work of God." Their fretfulness grieves the Holy Spirit, their want of faith paralyzes their own prayers and exertions, and their gloomy conversation depresses the hearts of their brethren." He met with one in Dudley in 1760. The place had formerly been a den of lions. He says he was surprised to find the people so still, many gaping and staring, but none speaking an uncivil word. "Ah," said a well-meaning man, "we shall not find them so civil by and by." "I wish these *croakers* would learn to hold their peace. I desire to hear no prophets of evil."

John Wesley and Robert Young.

A man in Newcastle had personally insulted Mr. Wesley in the street. Upon inquiry he

found the man was an old offender in persecuting the members of the Society by abusing and throwing stones at them. Learning his name, as well as his conduct, Mr. Wesley sent him the following note:

"Robert Young, I expect to see you between this and Friday, and to hear from you that you are sensible of your fault, otherwise, in pity to your soul, I shall be obliged to inform the magistrates of your assaulting me in the street.

"I am, your real friend, JOHN WESLEY."

Within two or three hours Robert Young came and confessed his fault, and promised quite a different behaviour. Mr. Wesley in his journal, where he relates this, says: "So did this gentle reproof, if not save a soul from death, yet prevent a multitude of sins."

John Wesley and the Son of his Friend.

William Norris was the son of the Rev. John Norris, who died on Epworth Circuit in 1779. He and Mr. Wesley, who bears the following honorable testimony to his character, were great friends. Mr. Norris "was a faithful and constant witness of Christian perfection, who died as he lived, full of faith and the Holy Ghost." When Mr. Wesley visited Dublin for the last time but one he was asked if he remembered John Norris. He said he did. He was then told "his son was present, and that he had a desire for salvation." Mr. Wesley,

with great emotion, exclaimed, "What! the son of my friend, John Norris?" and walking hastily across the floor fell upon his neck and kissed him. He was then told that he hesitated at that time about uniting with the people of God. Mr. Wesley then withdrew his embrace, and retraced his steps backward, gave "his friend's son" a most expressive look, in which reproof and compassion were so strangely blended that, to use the young man's own words, "it almost broke his heart." It was something like the look the Lord gave Peter. That look Mr. Norris never forgot. Mr. Wesley made another, which was his last visit to Ireland. When he was on board the ship in Dublin harbour, as it was about to sail, some one called to him from the quay and asked him if he still remembered Mr. Norris's son, adding, "He is now rejoicing in God." The venerable man immediately took off his hat and knelt upon the deck, and expressed the joy and gratitude of his spirit by lifting up his hands to heaven in ardent thanksgiving. William Norris continued steadfast in the faith. When the rebellion broke out he resided in the town of Prosperous. The rebel force surprised the garrison at that place, and butchered them. The mob passed along the street, and seeing Mr. Norris standing at his own door, ordered him into his house to await his fate while they murdered his next neighbour. They soon entered his dwelling on the work of death. Mr. Norris was up stairs commending himself to the protection of God in prayer. He heard a great noise and contention below. The ring-

leader of the murderous band, on coming to the door, was suddenly overruled by One in whose hands are all hearts. He instantly changed his purpose, and, instead of going up stairs, as he had intended, to imbrue again his pike in human gore, placed it across the threshold, awfully affirming "that before any man should touch Norris they should go through his body." They were determined to kill him, that there should be no exception. He pleaded his cause, showing why his life should be spared. He referred to Mr. Norris's former kindness as an employer, and to his pacific demeanour as a neighbour. Mr. Norris had employed many weavers, and some of them were in the mob. They moved on with loud threats, while their leader remained as a life-guard to God's servant. As soon as there was a little quiet the ringleader of the mob called to Mr. Norris, who was still up stairs, and urged him at the peril of his life to quit the town, directing him to a way of safety, and then he proceeded onward in his work of death.* This was almost a miraculous preservation of the son of Mr. Wesley's friend. Mr. Norris removed to England, was useful as an official member of the Society, maintained his integrity until death, and passed away in triumph, in August, 1822, to join Wesley and his father,

> "Where perfect love and friendship reign
> Through all eternity."

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* Wesleyan Magazine, 1823, page 62.

John Wesley and George Osborn.

Mr. Osborn resided in Rochester. He had heard much of Wesley, had read his writings, and had an ardent desire to see him. About the year 1784 Mr. Wesley made a visit to Rochester, where he was. Mr. Osborn was captivated with the founder of Methodism, and said the first impression made upon his mind by what he saw and heard from Mr. Wesley was, "This man is a scholar." Others had represented Wesley to him in a very different light, as fanatical and ignorant. Mr. Wesley's frequent references to recent publications, his natural and unostentatious manner of quoting the original Scriptures, his whole bearing and demeanour, even to the manner of his handling the pulpit books, were all noticed as bearing on this point, and Mr. Osborn concluded that so far as these indications might be relied on there was no more fanaticism in the founder of Methodism than in any of the more dignified and wealthy clergymen he had been accustomed to hear at the Cathedral.

John Wesley's Condescension.

Mr. Osborn was forcibly impressed with the difference between Mr. Wesley and the great bulk of his people in mental habits and endowments. "This man," he said to himself, "must be an eminent Christian, or he would not associate so much with poor ignorant folks, and make himself

at home as he does." The longer he lived the more he admired this feature of Mr. Wesley's character, and he would often apply to him the language of St. Paul respecting himself: "To the weak I became as weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some," observing at the same time that only a scholar could estimate the amount of self-denial which would be required in carrying out this principle through half a century.

John Wesley and the Landscape.

Mr. Wesley was a great admirer of the beauties of nature; indeed, he could find

> "Books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Mr. Osborn admired Mr. Wesley's habitual devotional spirit. On one occasion Mr. Wesley's host and some other friends accompanied him to one of the lofty hills behind the town of Chatham, which commands a most beautiful prospect. All were charmed with the loveliness of the scene, and when they had freely expressed their admiration of the enchanting landscape Mr. Wesley took off his hat and began to sing,

> "Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
> Your hearts and voices in his praise:
> His nature and his works invite,
> To make this duty our delight."

They all joined in singing the beautiful hymn of Watts, while Mr. Wesley acted as chorister. After singing they all returned home, having

"Looked through nature up to nature's God."

Mr. Osborn never forgot the lesson he learned that morning; and often, when looking at fine scenery, he would say, with allusion to this anecdote, "Why should we give the landscape all the praise and the Author none?"

John Wesley and the Tea Party.

At another time a large party of friends who had met to take tea were exceedingly diverted at some anecdote which either Mr. Wesley or one of the preachers who had accompanied him told. The company were convulsed with laughter, which was followed as usual by a momentary silence; and just as the conversation was about to be resumed Mr. Wesley stood up, and, of course, all eyes were turned to him. He paused a moment, and then, lifting up his hand in a manner peculiarly his own, began:

"Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict observer see;
And thou, by reverent love, unite
My child-like heart to thee.
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesus' feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side."

The effect was electrical. The tide was changed. It was as happy as it was instantaneous. There was beautifully blended the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. The full stream of feeling was diverted into the right channel, and the pleasures of the parlour became a preparation for the services of the sanctuary.

John Wesley and the Gayer Family.

Edward Gayer, Esq., of Derryaghy, Ireland, with his family, early embraced Methodism. He occupied a beautiful mansion, delightfully situated about midway between Lisburn and Belfast. He fitted up at his own expense a place for preaching in the village of Derryaghy, near his residence, and in his house a room called "the prophet's chamber." This was one of John Wesley's choice homes in Ireland. In the summer of 1775, when Mr. Wesley was on his accustomed tour through the north of Ireland, he was received and affectionately entertained in the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Gayer, where he lay for several days dangerously ill of a violent fever, and experienced the kindest attentions of the family. Noticing this event in his journal of that year, he writes: "Here nature sunk, and I took to my bed, but I could no more turn myself therein than a new-born child. My memory failed, as well as my strength, and well-nigh my understanding. Only those words

ran in my mind when I saw Miss Gayer on one side of the bed, looking at her mother on the other,

> "She sat, like patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief."

He says for two or three days he was more dead than alive. His tongue was swollen, and as black as coal; he was convulsed all over, and for some time his heart did not beat perceptibly, neither was any pulse discernible.*

"On that occasion," says the biographer of Miss Gayer, afterward Mrs. Wolfenden, "many fears were entertained of Mr. Wesley's death, and much solicitude felt for his recovery. Fervent prayer was offered up for him that God might graciously prolong his valuable life, and, as in the case of Hezekiah, add to his days fifteen years; and while one of the preachers, with a few select friends, were thus engaged, Mrs. Gayer suddenly rose from her knees, and exclaimed, 'The prayer is granted!' Soon after Mr. Wesley recovered, and survived from June, 1775, till March, 1791, a period of just fifteen years and eight months."

How to Perpetuate Methodism.

In 1783 the Rev. Robert Miller asked Mr. Wesley "What must be done to keep Methodism alive when you are dead?" Mr. Wesley gave the following answer: "The Methodists must take heed

* Journal, vol. v, page 160.

to their doctrine, their experience, their practice, and their discipline. If they attend to their doctrines only, they will make the people Antinomians; if to the experimental part of religion only, they will make them enthusiasts; if to the practical part of religion only, they will make them Pharisees; and if they do not attend to their discipline they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating a garden, and put no fence around it to save it from the wild boars of the forest."

John Wesley and John Allen.

At an annual Conference over which Mr. Wesley presided, he opened by asking the usual questions as to whether there were any objections to the moral and religious characters of the preachers, or any charge against them for neglect of duty or talents for the work; but in reading the names omitted his own and that of his brother Charles. John Allen, a highly respectable preacher, rose and said that he objected to the course pursued by the President. This was the first time Mr. Wesley's conduct had been called in question in the Conference. His High-Church principles instantly took fire, and he replied with great warmth that he should not submit to be examined by his preachers. Mr. Allen said, "Then, sir, I have done," and sat down. The greatest stillness and astonishment now pervaded the Conference. Mr. Wesley, recollecting himself, replied, "Brother

Allen, have you any charge to prefer against me?" Mr. Allen said, "I have." "Then," said Mr. Wesley, "I will begin at the beginning," and instantly called his own name. All eyes were now turned toward Mr. Allen, who rose and said, "I have something in the form of a charge to prefer against you, sir, namely, though you have promised again and again to visit my circuit, to the great grief of many in that part, you have not done it." Mr. Allen had scarcely uttered these words when the clock announced the arrival of the breakfast hour, and after a moment's intercession the Conference was broken up, and they retired. During the time of breakfast Mr. Wesley withdrew, and on his re-entering the room he appeared as if in thought. He could not be roused; his wonted fires did not glow. On his return to the Conference, after singing and prayer, he requested Mr. Allen to stand up, and said, "Brother Allen, I beg your pardon, the pardon of God, and the pardon of my brethren for the improper warmth into which I have been betrayed." He then acknowledged he was accountable to his brethren, and after stating that the disappointment in question arose from circumstances over which he had no control, he then desired the Conference to join with him in prayer to God, in which he humbly confessed the whole case, and earnestly implored forgiveness for every sin both of omission and commission. The whole scene was overpowering, and every individual in the Conference was affected to tears.

John Wesley and the Deed of Declaration.

Nothing John Wesley ever did created more prejudice against him than his famous "Deed of Declaration;" yet it was one of the wisest acts of his life. It was of the highest importance to the Methodist Connection, preserving to them their Church property, and securing to them a permanent but itinerant ministry. It has been their sheet-anchor in the midst of storms. There was danger that after his death every thing would go to destruction. In 1784 Mr. Wesley felt that his days were limited, and when he died the Conference, which was not incorporated, but depended upon his will, would cease to exist. To perpetuate the system of Methodism Mr. Wesley, after having taken the best counsel, drew up the "Deed of Declaration," constituting one hundred preachers the Conference, and giving them the power, under certain restrictions, to appoint preachers to the chapels, and to exercise a godly discipline over their fellow-labourers and one another. This deed he enrolled in his Majesty's High Court of Chancery. Some preachers were offended because their names were not inserted among the hundred, and resigned. Mr. Wesley justifies himself. "But what need of any declaration at all?" He answers there was the utmost need of it. Without some authentic deed, fixing the meaning of the term, the moment I died the Conference had been nothing; therefore any of the proprietors of the land on which our preaching-houses were built might

have seized them for their own use, and there would have been none to hinder them, for the Conference would have been nobody — a mere empty name." He declares it was "an absolutely necessary deed," and concludes: "I have not been labouring for myself, (I have no interests therein,) *but for the whole body of Methodists, in order to fix them upon such a foundation as is likely to stand as long as sun and moon endure.* That is, if they continue to walk by faith, and to show their faith by their works, otherwise, I pray God to root out the memory of them from the earth." *

Fletcher as Mediator.

There was, as has been said, much dissatisfaction at the Conference concerning the Deed of Declaration on the part of ministers whose names were omitted. The debates were full of excitement and personality. Mr. Fletcher was there with his angelic countenance, and his spirit as sweet as the beloved John, whose name he bore. When the storm was raging he tried to produce a calm. "Never," says Charles Atmore,† "while memory holds her seat, shall I forget with what ardour and earnestness Mr. Fletcher expostulated, even on his knees, both with Mr. Wesley and the preachers. To the former he said, 'My father, my father, they have offended, but they are your children.' To

* Arminian Magazine, 1785.

† Wesleyan Magazine 1845, page 14.

the latter he exclaimed, 'My brethren, my brethren, he is your father!' and then, portraying the work in which they were unitedly engaged, fell again on his knees, and with much fervour and devotion engaged in prayer. The Conference was bathed in tears; many of them sobbed aloud." Such is the description of the melting scene at the Conference. His touching appeal produced a temporary reconciliation.

John Wesley and his Successor.

When time had shaken Wesley by the hand some of his preachers wished Mr. Fletcher at their head in case of the death of Mr. Wesley, and wished him to speak to Mr. Fletcher on the subject. He did so. Mr. Wesley reported to them in his short way, "He will not come out unless the Lord should baptize him for it." Mr. Fletcher said, in writing to a friend, "If I had a heart full of grace, a head full of wisdom, and a pocket full of money, I might take Mr. Wesley's place."

When Wesley was so ill in 1753 at Ebenezer Blackwell's, at Lewisham, that his death was hourly expected, Charles met the Society at the Foundery at London, and some of them spoke to him about being the successor of his brother. He told them he neither could nor would stand in his brother's place if God took him to himself, for he had neither a body, nor a mind, nor talents, nor grace for it. John Wesley outlived them both,

and we wonder not that they trembled at the idea of being his successor.

Wesley's Prayer for Fletcher.

The Conference in 1777 was held in Bristol, and what follows was related by David Lloyd, who says he was an "eye and an ear witness to the facts." "The Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, had for a long time laboured under a deep-seated consumption, which was then adjudged to be advancing to its final crisis. He was advised by the faculty to make the tour of the continent, and breathe his native air. When in the forenoon of a day the Conference was drawing to a close tidings announced the approach of Mr. Fletcher. As he entered the vestibule of the new room, supported by Mr. Ireland, I can never forget the visible impulse of esteem which his venerable presence excited in the house. The whole assembly stood up as if moved by an electric shock. Mr. Wesley arose and advanced a few paces to receive his highly respected friend and reverend brother, whose visage seemed strongly to bode that he stood on the verge of the grave, and his eyes, sparkling with seraphic love, indicated that he dwelt in the suburbs of heaven. In this his languid but happy state he addressed the Conference on their work, and gave his views in a strain of holy unction and pathetic eloquence which no language of mine can adequately express. The influence of

his spirit and pathos seemed to bear down all before it. I never saw such an instantaneous effect produced in a religious assembly either before or since. He had scarcely pronounced a dozen sentences before a hundred preachers were immersed in tears. Time can never efface from my mind the recollection and image of what I then felt and saw. Such a scene I never expect to witness on this side eternity. Mr. Wesley, in order to relieve his languid friend from the fatigue and injury which might arise from a too long and arduous exertion of his lungs through much speaking, abruptly kneeled at his side, the whole Conference of preachers doing the same, while he addressed the throne of grace in a concise and energetic manner, offering up a supplicatory prayer for a restoration to health, and a longer exercise of ministerial labours in behalf of their dear brother and companion in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, which prayer he closed with the following prophetic promise, pronounced in his peculiar manner, with a confidence and emphasis which seemed to thrill every heart: '*He shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.*' The event verified the prediction. Mr. Fletcher exerted all the zeal of a primitive missionary for eight years afterward."

John Wesley and Apostolical Succession.

Volumes have been written on apostolical succession. John Wesley, in writing to his brother

Charles, said, "I firmly believe, I am a scriptural *episcopos* as much as any man in England or in Europe. (For the *uninterrupted succession* I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove.") Again he says, "Lord King's 'Account of the Primitive Church' convinced me many years ago that Bishops and Presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain." These are the reasons he assigns for ordaining, in 1784, Thomas Coke, LL.D., Superintendent or Bishop for the Methodist Church in America, and Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey Elders.

John Wesley and Joseph Bradford.

Mr. Bradford was one of the purest men Wesleyan Methodism ever produced. He was the chosen friend and travelling companion of Mr. Wesley for years. No man on earth did Mr. Wesley take into more intimate fellowship. His disposition was kind, and he was at the same time a man of unbending integrity. Mr. Wesley left his watch to Joseph Bradford. He was with Mr. Wesley when he was dying, and offered the last prayer for him.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wesley one day, "take these letters to the post."

Bradford. I will take them after preaching, sir.

Wesley. Take them now, Joseph.

Bradford. I wish to hear you preach, sir, and

there will be sufficient time for the post after service.

Wesley. I insist upon your going now, Joseph.

Bradford. I will not go at present.

Wesley. You wont?

Bradford. No, sir.

Wesley. Then you and I must part.

Bradford. Very good, sir.

The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four the next morning the refractory "helper" was accosted by Mr. Wesley with "Joseph, have you considered what I said, that we must part?"

Bradford. Yes, sir.

Wesley. And must we part?

Bradford. Please yourself, sir.

Wesley. Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?

Bradford. No, sir.

Wesley. You wont?

Bradford. No, sir.

Wesley. Then I will yours, Joseph?

Bradford instantly melted into tears, and Mr. Wesley was deeply affected. Mr. Wesley could not afford to dismiss such a friend, or Bradford leave such a father, and they journeyed on together till the founder of Methodism fell asleep.

Wesley, Bradford, and the Chaise.

Mr. Wesley was a great redeemer of time, and was always pained at the loss of a moment, as

the following anecdote, related by Dr. Adam Clarke, will show:

In 1785, with Joseph Bradford, he visited Dr. Clarke on St. Austell Circuit. Says the Doctor: "I was with Mr. Wesley one day when his chaise was not at the door at the time he had ordered it He set off on foot, and I accompanied him. It was not long, however, before Joseph Bradford overtook us with it. Mr. Wesley inquired, 'Joseph, what has been the matter?'

Mr. B. I could not get things ready any sooner, sir.

Mr. W. You should have urged the people to it.

Mr. B. I spoke to them to be in readiness, sir, no less than *nineteen* times.

Mr. Wesley pleasantly remarked, "You lost it, you blockhead, for the want of the *twentieth*," thus giving Joseph and his young friend a gentle hint on punctuality and perseverance.

Wesley, Bradford, and the Angel.

The harmony of Churches is often disturbed by very little things. In 1778 there was a division in the Society at Halifax about an angel with a trumpet in his hand, which one party would have fixed on the top of a sounding-board over the pulpit, while the other party would not consent to it, and the difficulty was so great that the circuit preachers could not reconcile the contending parties, so

they agreed to leave it to Mr. Wesley, and abide by his decision. When Mr. Wesley came, he gave his judgment against the angel, and to put an end to all future strife, he requested Mr. Bradford to offer a *burnt sacrifice of the angel on the altar of peace.* He did so, and the apple of discord was removed, and Zion became a quiet habitation.

John Wesley, Adam Clarke, and the Horse.

In 1784 a gentleman of Bradford gave Adam Clarke, who was then a young preacher on the circuit, a horse, and among the other good qualities for which he extolled him, said he was an *excellent chaise horse.* Mr. Wesley, who stood by, said, "One of our horses troubles us very much, for he often takes it into his head he will not draw. Had I not better take your horse, Mr. R., and let Brother Clarke have this one? He may be a good *hack*, though a bad chaise-horse." The change was made, and young Clarke got Mr. Wesley's horse, of which he was not a little proud, because it had been the property of the founder of Methodism. However the horse might have done that Mr. Wesley took, that of Mr. Clarke's proved to be one of the most dangerous animals ever mounted. He scarcely ever rode him a journey of ten miles in which he did not fall at least once, and by this his life was often brought in danger. His friends often tried to persuade him to dispose of this dangerous beast, but his affection for Mr.

Wesley, its former owner, caused him to turn a deaf ear to every entreaty and remonstrance, as he was afraid if he parted with the animal he would fall into hands that would not use him well. One evening the horse fell, as was his custom, and pitched Mr. Clarke directly over his head. There had been a severe frost, the ground was frozen hard, and he was greatly injured, and lay for a long time senseless. His spine was so injured that he did not wholly recover for more than three years. After that narrow escape he was persuaded to part with his horse, which he changed with a farmer who had a high reverence for Mr. Wesley, and promised to use the horse mercifully.

John Wesley and the Land's End.

The "Land's End" has been immortalized in one of his brother's hymns:

> "Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
> Secure, insensible."

John Wesley admired this singular promontory, and visited it more than once. In 1785, when the shadows of the evening were gathering around him, he made his last visit. He was then over eighty years old. Mr. Wesley loved to see natural curiosities, and especially nature in her delicious wildness. "We went," says he, "to the Land's End, in order to which we clambered down the

rocks to the very edge of the water. I cannot but think the sea has gained some hundreds of yards since I was there forty years ago." It was singular to behold an old man, over fourscore years, with white hair, furrowed cheeks, and infirm limbs climbing over huge steep rocks that hung in precipices over the sea to get a better view of a bold promontory where two oceans meet!

John Wesley and the Gout.

It is supposed that none have the gout but high livers, the intemperate, or the indolent. This is not true. 'Tis a singular fact, which none of his biographers have noticed, that both his father and mother were afflicted with the gout, and their gifted son also. And they were among the most industrious, temperate, and frugal people in the world. Mr. Wesley says Dr. Cadogan asserts "there is no such thing as hereditary gout;" that it is generally owing to one or more of three causes, namely, intemperance, indolence, or irregular passions. Mr. Wesley admits that the far greater part of our chronical distempers are contracted by ourselves, but not all. He says, "I am a living witness of the contrary, even with regard to the gout. Those who know me do not charge me with intemperance, either in meat or drink. I am not indolent; I never travel much less than five thousand miles a year, and I bless God I have no violent passions; yet I have within these thirty

years (since 1744) had the gout nine or ten times, of which my father was frequently ill, and my mother died."

John Wesley and Doctor Beattie.

Mr. Wesley, near the close of his life, preached at Aberdeen. He was exceedingly fatigued both in body and mind, and his sermon did not come up to his usual standard. Among his auditors was Doctor Beattie, who was delighted with what he heard, and notwithstanding the lassitude of the speaker, said, "If it was not a masterly sermon, yet none but a master could have preached it."

John Wesley and Wrestling Jacob.

John Wesley was a great admirer of his brother Charles's hymns, particularly "Wrestling Jacob," which Dr. Watts said was worth more than all the poetry he had ever written. After the death of Fletcher, his brother Charles, and others, Mr. Wesley visited a certain place, and before preaching gave out the hymn of his brother's which begins,

> "Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
> Whom still I hold but cannot see;
> My *company* before is gone,
> And I am left *alone* with thee."

While repeating the last two lines his speech began to falter, and the tears flowed down his cheeks.

The effect was electrical. The whole audience became deeply affected, and many "sorrowed, most of all because they were persuaded they should see his face no more."

John Wesley and Robert Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins, in the early part of his life, was in company with John Wesley and several other friends. In conversation Mr. Wesley referred to the opinion Dr. Watts had expressed concerning "Wrestling Jacob," and added, with great emotion, "O what would Dr. Watts have said if he had seen my brother's two exquisite funeral hymns, beginning,

"How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven."

And the other, commencing

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize."

Wesley's Sermon on Slavery.

In 1788 the subject of slavery was producing a great excitement in England. It was the general topic for the press and the pulpit. In the early part of March Mr. Wesley preached on the subject at Bristol, on a week evening, by previous announcement. The house was crowded with high and low, rich and poor. He preached on that ancient prophecy, "God shall enlarge Japhet: and

he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." Mr. Wesley says, "About the middle of the discourse, while there was on every side attention still as night, a vehement noise arose, none could tell why, and shot like lightning through the whole congregation. The terror and confusion were inexpressible. You might have imagined it was a city taken by storm. The people rushed upon each other with the utmost violence; the benches were broke in pieces; and nine tenths of the congregation appeared to be struck with the same panic. In about six minutes the storm ceased, almost as suddenly as it rose; and, all being calm, I went on without the least interruption. It was the strangest incident of the kind I ever remember; and I believe none can account for it without supposing some preternatural influence. Satan fought lest his kingdom should be delivered up." *

Wesley and Walpole.

Robert Walpole, the distinguished Minister of State, with a strange character and a most singular history, had a favourite saying, "Do not tell me of your virtue or religion. I tell you every man has his price." Mr. Wesley replies, "Yes, Sir Robert, every man like you; every one that sells himself to the devil." †

* Wesley's Journal.

† His eldest brother, Samuel Wesley, Jun., freely lampooned Sir Robert Walpole, the Whig Minister of the day, in several poetic satires.

Wesley and Horace Walpole.

Horace Walpole was the son of Robert. He was a man of talents, a scholar and author, and a member of Parliament.

In 1766 John Wesley preached at Bath, in Lady Huntingdon's Chapel. Among his auditors were several persons of distinction, and among others Horace Walpole, who thus describes the preacher and his sermon: "Wesley is a lean, elderly man, fresh coloured, his hair smoothly combed, with curls at the ends, wondrous clean, but as evident an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast and with so little accent I am sure he had often uttered it. There were parts and eloquence in it, but toward the end he exalted his voice too much." He says, "Agnes, the Scottish Countess of Buchan, was present." She was the mother of the celebrated Lord Erskine, and was so greatly attached to Mr. Wesley he was sometimes called her chaplain.

Wesley and Itinerancy.

A great effort has been made on both sides of the Atlantic to destroy the plan of itinerancy. Mr. Wesley, though he could, like Paul, become all things to all men that by all means he might save some, was, when necessary, as firm as a rock. The Trustees at Dewsbury contended for the right of rejecting any minister appointed at their chapel. Mr. Wesley saw that to yield this point would

destroy the itinerancy, root and branch. He wrote to them thus:

"To the Trustees of Dewsbury.

"London, *July* 30, 1788.

"My Dear Brethren: The question between us is, 'By whom shall the Preachers sent from time to time to Dewsbury be judged?' You say, 'By the Trustees.' I say, 'By their peers,' the Preachers met in Conference. You say, 'Give up this, and we will receive them.' I say, 'I cannot, dare not give up this.' Therefore, if you will not receive them on these terms you renounce your connection with

"Your affectionate brother,

"John Wesley."

John Wesley and the Refractory Trustees.

The subject of dispute at North Shields was of the same nature as that which had caused the disturbance at Dewsbury, in which Mr. Wesley manifested equal firmness in maintaining the discipline which he considered necessary for the preservation of the Methodist system. Had he faltered, the evils which would inevitably have followed would have been of the most destructive character. The following epistle of Mr. Wesley shows his nerve and decision of character:

"Dublin, *April* 11, 1789.

"I require you three, Peter Mill, Joseph Thompson, and John Stamp, without consulting or regard-

ing any person whatever, to require a positive answer of Edward Coats within three weeks after the receipt of this: 'Will you, or will you not, settle the house at Milburn Place (North Shields) on the Methodist plan?' If he will not do it within another week, I further require that none of you preach in that house unless you will renounce all connection with

"Your affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY.

"I am at a point I will be trifled with no longer."

This spirit, so like Luther's or John Knox's, preserved the itinerant plan in all its strength and usefulness.

Wesley and the Despairing Man.

In May, 1790, the year before Wesley's death, he visited Newcastle for the last time. Charles Atmore, author of "Memorials of Methodism," thus describes him: "He appeared very feeble, and no wonder, he being in the eighty-eighth year of his age. His sight had failed so much he could not see to give out the hymn, yet his voice was strong, and his spirits remarkably lively. Surely this great and good man is the prodigy of the present age."

While at Newcastle Mr. Wesley preached several times, once out of doors to thousands, and once to children. The sermon to the children was literally composed in words of not more than two syllables.

Mr. Atmore observes that "in the last visit to

Newcastle Mr. Wesley was highly honoured in his ministry, particularly in the case of one who had been in a state of great despair for many years. As soon as Wesley arrived at the Orphan House he inquired after the despairing man, and I accompanied him. As soon as we entered the room where the poor man was he went up to him, and as a messenger of God said, 'Brother Reed, I have a word from God unto thee: Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.' He then knelt down to pray, and such a season I have seldom experienced. Hope instantly sprung up, and despair gave place, and although he had not been out of his habitation, nor even from his wretched bed, for several years, he went that evening to hear Mr. Wesley preach, while God graciously confirmed the testimony of his servant in restoring him to the 'light of his countenance.'"*

This was a double cure. It reminds us of the leper, of whom it is said. "Immediately he was cleansed." It was a fulfillment of an ancient prophecy, "Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."

Wesley and Rankin.

There was a meeting of Travelling and Local Preachers at the City Road Chapel, London, at which Mr. Wesley presided. At the breakfast meeting one of the Local Preachers arose and

* Wesleyan Magazine, Feb., 1845, page 120.

found fault with an older preacher. Thomas Rankin (whom Mr. Wesley greatly esteemed, and remembered in his will,) said, "Sir, you are a young man, and ought not to find fault with a senior brother." Mr. Wesley instantly arose and replied, "I will thank the youngest man among you to tell me of any fault you see, or believe you see, in me; in doing so I shall consider you my best friend." This observation put a stop to all further remarks, for it was felt to be in accordance with Mr. Wesley's whole conduct.

John Wesley and the Economical Man.

"Beware," says Mr. Wesley, "of forming a hasty judgment concerning the fortune of others. There may be secrets in the situation of a person which few but God are acquainted with.

"Some years ago I told a gentleman, 'Sir, I am afraid you are covetous.' He asked me, 'What is the reason of your fears?' I answered, 'A year ago, when I made a collection for the expense of repairing the Foundery you subscribed five guineas. At the subscription made this year you subscribed only half a guinea.' For a time he was silent. After awhile he asked me a question: 'Mr. Wesley, why did you live upon potatoes?' (I did so between three and four years.) I replied, 'It has much conduced to my health.' He said, 'I believe it has. But did you not do it likewise to save money?' I said, 'I did, for what I save from my own meat will feed another that else would

have none.' 'But, sir,' said he, 'if this be your motive you can save more. I know a man that goes to market at the beginning of every week, there he buys a penny's worth of parsnips, which he boils in a large quantity of water. The parsnips serve him for food and the water for drink during the ensuing week, so that his meat and drink together cost him only a penny a week. This he constantly did though he had two hundred pounds a year, in order to pay the debts he had contracted before he knew God.'" "And this," said Mr. Wesley, "is he whom I set down to be a covetous man."

Wesley and Howard.

What names are these to blend together, and what interests cluster around them! They greatly admired each other. Mr. Howard called upon Mr. Wesley in Ireland, in 1785. Wesley, after that visit, in his Journal, declares him "one of the greatest men in Europe," and says, "Nothing but the mighty power of God can enable him to go through his difficult and dangerous employments." Howard, in turn, says of Wesley, "I was encouraged by him to go on vigorously with my own designs. I saw in him how much a single man might achieve by zeal and perseverance; and I thought, why may I not do as much in my way as Mr. Wesley does in his if I am only as assiduous and persevering? and I am determined to pursue my work with more alacrity than ever."* Howard

* Alexander Knox.

had heard Wesley preach years before on "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," etc. That sermon made a powerful impression on his mind, and greatly influenced his conduct.

Mr. Knox says, "that excepting Mr. Wesley, no man ever gave me a more perfect idea of angelic goodness than Mr. Howard. His whole conversation exhibited a most interesting tissue of exalted piety, meekness, simplicity, and glowing charity. His striking adieu I shall never forget. "Farewell, sir," said he; "when we meet again may it be in heaven, or further on our way to it."

Henry Moore says, "In 1789 Howard called at Mr. Wesley's house in London to present him with his last quarto upon jails, previous to his last journey to the continent. But Mr. Wesley was absent from home. He talked an hour, and on leaving said, 'Present my respects and love to Mr. Wesley. Tell him I hoped to have seen him once more. Perhaps we may meet again in this world; but if not, we shall meet, I trust, in a better.' We hung upon his lips delighted. Such a picture of love, simplicity, and cheerfulness we have seldom seen."* It was not long before these two philanthropists, who had done so much to benefit the human race, met in a world where sin never enters and its evils are never felt.

John Wesley and Joseph Entwisle

Mr. Entwisle became one of the prominent men of Wesleyan Methodism, and President of the

* Moore's Life of Wesley, page 256

Conference. In early life he was apprentice to a Mr. Wood, and had laboured as a Local Preacher. Mr. Wesley twice appointed him to a circuit, and the preachers and many of his friends urged him to go. But his apprenticeship had not expired; he had still a year to serve. The next year the Conference held its session in Manchester, and some of the preachers were entertained at Mr. Wood's house, and they informed Mr. Wesley of Mr. Wood's willingness to release young Entwisle from all further obligations. Wesley immediately appointed Joseph to Oxfordshire Circuit. He accidentally met Mr. Wesley on the street, and was informed of his appointment. Still shrinking from the work, he hesitated a little, when Wesley laid his hand upon his shoulder, and fixing upon him his piercing eye said, with characteristic brevity and in a tone of authority, "Joseph, *you must go.*" Amid the toils of after years, Mr. Entwisle often reflected with satisfaction on the energetic manner and piercing look with which "you must go" was uttered by the venerable founder of Methodism.

Entwisle and the Stumbling Horse.

In October, 1787, Mr. Wesley visited Joseph Entwisle's first circuit, and spent several days in visiting and preaching. Joseph felt it a great honour and privilege to accompany him. They rode on horseback. He found Mr. Wesley exceedingly cheerful without levity, and his conversation

highly interesting and edifying. His vivacity was remarkable for his advanced years.

As Mr. Wesley and Entwisle were riding on horseback very fast, Joseph's horse stumbled and fell, when he went right over his head and struck upon his feet unhurt. Mr. Wesley, delighted with his agility, exclaimed, "Well done, Joseph, I could not have done better than that myself."

John Wesley and the Poet Crabbe.

In the biography of Crabbe his son gives a brief scene in the last days of John Wesley. At Lowestoft, one evening, all adjourned to a dissenting chapel to hear the venerable John Wesley, then on one of the later of his peregrinations. He was exceedingly old and infirm, and was attended and almost supported in the pulpit by a young minister on each side. The chapel was crowded to suffocation.

"In the course of his sermon Mr. Wesley repeated, though with an application of his own, the lines from Anacreon:

'Oft am I by woman told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old.
See, thine hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon! how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no
By these signs I do not know;
But this I need not to be told,
'Tis time *to live*, if I grow old.

"My father was much struck by his reverend appearance and his cheerful air, and the beautiful

cadence he gave to these lines. After the service he was introduced to the patriarch, who received him with benevolent politeness."

The Reputation of the Methodists.

The Rev. Mr. Walker, of Truro, was a most excellent man, and an ardent friend of John Wesley. He expressed a fear lest he should be too careful about the reputation of the Methodists. Mr. Wesley replied, "I am just as careful about their reputation as I am about the reputation of Prester John." His principal care was to save souls from death, and hide a multitude of sins. Duty was his; results belonged to God.

Wesley and the Disappointed Lady.

Mr. Wesley preached at Lincoln in June, 1790, from "But one thing is needful." When the congregation were retiring from the chapel a lady who had listened to the venerable preacher expressed great disappointment. She inquired in a tone of surprise, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we have heard so much in the present day? Why it was so plain the poorest person in the house could have understood him." The gentlemen to whom the remark was made said, "In this, madam, he exhibits his greatness, that while the

poorest can understand him the most learned are edified, and in his discourses there is nothing to offend them."

Wesley and the Zealous Papist.

Mr. Wesley was well acquainted with Mr. Hook, who was a very zealous and eminent Papist. Mr. Wesley inquired of Mr. Hook, "Sir, what do you do for public worship here, where you have no Romish service?" He answered, "Sir, I am so fully convinced it is the duty of every man to worship God in public that I go to church every Sabbath. If I cannot have such worship as I would, I will have such worship as I can."

Wesley and the Drunken Papist.

In the year 1787 Mr. Wesley went to Wexford, Ireland. He preached in a large room of the market-house, and then administered the Lord's Supper. The Rev. James Gurley was conducting him to his lodgings in the evening when a drunken Papist came up to them with a thorny bush in his hand, which he presented to Mr. Wesley, saying, "O, sir, see what a fine smell this bush has!" Mr. Gurley saw at once into his design, and said, "Begone, you scoundrel, or I will knock you down." He was alarmed, and fled. Mr. Wesley inquired, "Brother Gurley, why did you speak after that manner to the man?" "Sir," he re-

plied, "if I had not prevented him he would have thrust the thorns into your face and eyes, wounding, or perhaps blinding you." "Why would he hurt me?" said Mr. Wesley. Mr. Gurley answered, "You know the devil hates you, and so do his children."

Wesley and John Brown.

Wesley made his last visit to York in May, 1788. He was then an old man, well stricken in years—a shock of corn fully ripe for the garner of God. In his sermon he mentioned that John Brown of Haddington, on his deathbed, in reckoning up the mercies of God, acknowledged his having kept him from "following that man of sin, John Wesley." "But," said the venerable preacher, rubbing his hands, and looking upward, "I hope to meet John Brown in heaven, and join him in the praises of God and the Lamb."*

Wesley and Joseph Burgess.

Wesley was not only a cheerful old man, but was full of devotional spirit. This was exhibited on all occasions, particularly at meals, and in company.

Two years before he died he visited the barracks at Sligo. Joseph Burgess was connected with them. Mr. Wesley and he were intimate friends. As Mr. Wesley's carriage stopped at

* Methodist Magazine, 1827, page 526.

the barrack-gate Mr. Burgess went out to meet him, and was saluted by the venerable patriarch with an affectionate kiss. It was Mr. Wesley's custom to comply with the apostolic injunction, "Salute one another with a holy kiss." There was a large party at dinner who had met to enjoy the society of the founder of Methodism. While they were dining Mr. Wesley suddenly laid down his knife and fork, and clasping his hands, looked up as in the attitude of prayer and praise. In a moment all were silent. He then gave out and sang, with great animation, the following:

"And can we forget
In tasting our meat,
The angelical food which ere long we shall eat,
When, enrolled with the blest,
In glory we rest,
And forever sit down at the heavenly feast?"

The whole company were affected; a peculiar solemnity and hallowed feeling rested upon them all. They then finished their dinner. He preached in the evening, slept at the barracks, and preached again at five the next morning. Mr. Burgess bade adieu to his venerable friend, fearing he should see his face no more, and expecting "ne'er to look upon his like again."

Wesley and Garrick.

In 1790 Mr. Wesley read the Life of Mrs. Bellamy. He calls it "a pretty trifle," and says

"Surely never did any writer since John Dryden study more

'To make vice pleasing and damnation shine'

than this lovely and elegant writer."

Mrs. Bellamy tells the following anecdote concerning Garrick: "When he was taking ship for England a lady presented him with a parcel, which she desired him not to open till he was at sea. When he opened it he found Wesley's hymns, which he immediately threw overboard."

On this Wesley remarks, "I cannot believe it. I think Mr. Garrick had more sense. He knew my brother well, and he knew him to be not only far superior in learning, but in poetry, to Mr. Thomson and all his theatrical writers put together. Neither of them can equal him either in strong nervous sense or purity and elegance of language. The musical compositions of his sons are not more excellent than the poetical ones of their father."

Wesley and the Silver Medal.

Whitefield presented to Wesley, as a token of friendship, a silver medal. Wesley preserved it for years, then he gave it to Thomas Rankin. Mr. Rankin valued it highly, and kept it very carefully for a long time. Before his death he told Adam Clarke that he had willed the medal to him, but that he might as well receive it now, saying, "Mr. Wesley gave it to me, but I now choose to

give it to you with my own hands, and I shall use the same words in giving it which Mr. Wesley used when he gave it to me: 'Thus we scatter our playthings, and soon we'll scatter our dust.'"

John Wesley and Jonathan Crowther.

Many of Mr. Wesley's itinerants suffered from extreme poverty. He sympathized with them, did all he could to supply their wants, and thus cheer them on in their work. In 1788 Jonathan Crowther wrote to Mr. Wesley concerning his empty purse. Wesley wrote the following characteristic reply: "The sum of the matter is, 'you want money,' and money you shall have if I can beg, borrow, or any thing but steal. I say, therefore, 'Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' Our preachers find in the north of Scotland what we found all over England, yet they went on; and when I had only blackberries to eat in Cornwall, still God gave me strength to do my work."*

Wesley on "the Sessions."

Wesley was a great stickler for order and discipline. He believed it was the preachers' and the people's business to "keep the Methodist rules, not to mend them."

In Glasgow in 1789 they undertook, as in many

* Wesley's Works, vol. vii, page 258.

other places, to do some ecclesiastical tinkering. They had Methodist sessions, so called. Mr. Wesley heard of it when in Ireland, and he wrote to Mr. Crowther thus:

"My dear Brother: 'Sessions! elders! We Methodists have no such custom, neither any of the Churches of God under my care. I require *you*, Jonathan Crowther, to dissolve that sessions (so called) at Glasgow. Discharge them from meeting any more. If they will leave the Society let them leave it. We acknowledge only preachers, stewards, and leaders among us, over whom the assistant of each circuit presides. You ought to have kept to the Methodist plan from the beginning. Who had any authority to vary from it? If the people of Glasgow or any other place are weary of us we will leave them to themselves; but we are willing to be still their servants for Christ's sake according to our own Discipline, but no other."

John Wesley and William Jay.

Mr. Jay was personally acquainted with John Wesley, and heard him preach when time had shaken him by the hand, and the shadows of the evening were gathering around him. He thus describes it in his autobiography: "Once I went with Wesley into Bristol in his carriage, and heard him preach from Eph. v, 8. It was the only opportunity I ever had of hearing this truly apostoli-

cal man. The whole scene was very picturesque and striking. Several preachers stood in the large pulpit around him. The service was short, the sermon terse and good, but entirely devoid of expansion and imagery, while the delivery was low and unanimated. This surprised me. Was it the influence and effect of age? If it was originally the same, how came he to be so popular among the rude multitudes which always attended him, and so hung upon his lips? Whitefield's voice, and vehemence, and strong emotions, will in some measure account for the impressions he produced, even regardless of the grace of God which accompanied them. How popular and useful was Ber ridge! Yet he had nothing of the vulgar orator in his manner. It was plain and unimpassioned. This was also the case with many of the original corps of evangelists."

Wesley and the Offended Lady.

Two years before Mr. Wesley died he said, "For many years a great person professed, and I believe had, a great regard for me. I therefore believed it my duty to speak with all freedom, which I did in a long letter. But she was so displeased she said to a friend, "I hate Mr. Wesley above all creatures upon earth." How his fidelity changed the milk of human kindness into wormwood and gall! Alas! how few can bear to be honestly told their faults, even by a friend!

Worldly Wisdom.

Mr. Wesley was going through Ireland like a flame of fire. Many could not account for his unparalleled labours, some attributing them to love of wealth, others to love of power, others to a love of honour. In a large company a lady spoke eulogistically of the great labours of Wesley, and concluded by expressing very strongly her opinion of his disinterestedness. A gentleman present was full of indignation at the sentiment she expressed, and could contain himself no longer, but exclaimed, "Dear madam, you spoil all! You would make him out a fool. We all know Mr. Wesley is a great man, a gentleman, a scholar, a philanthropist, a very great man; but depend upon it he knows what he is about. Wait and see. *Disinterestedness!* No, madam; you may be certain he is no such fool!"

Wesley and the Hasty Minister.

The grand design of discipline is amendment, to save the offending party. A young surgeon will amputate a limb at once; but one older and more experienced will try in every possible way to save it, and amputation will be the last resort. So it is in the administration of discipline. A minister at Limerick wrote Mr. Wesley a letter full of vehemence concerning the abuse he had received from the young men in Limerick, stating his determination to put them all out of Society if they did not

acknowledge their fault. Mr. Wesley wondered exceedingly what could be the matter, and wrote to him one line: "I never put any out of our Society for any thing they say of *me*."

Wesley and the Itinerancy.

A Scotch lady wrote to Mr. Wesley requesting to have always the same preachers remain in Scotland, showing the advantages that would follow. This was three years before he died. Mr. Wesley replied, "It is certain many persons in Scotland and England would be well pleased to have the same preachers always; but we cannot forsake the plan of acting which we have followed from the beginning. For fifty years God has been pleased to bless the itinerant plan, the last year most of all. It must not be altered till I am removed; and I hope it will remain till our Lord comes to reign upon the earth."

Wesley and Evil Report and Good Report.

As the shadows of the evening of life were gathering around Wesley he said, "Many years ago I was saying I cannot imagine how Mr. Whitefield can keep his soul alive, as he is not now going through honour and dishonour, evil report and good report, having nothing but honour and good report wherever he goes. It is now my own case.

I am now just in the condition he was then in. I am become, I know not how, an honourable man. The scandal of the cross is ceased, and all the kingdom, rich and poor, Papists and Protestants, behave with courtesy, nay, and seeming good will. It seems as if I had well-nigh finished my course, and our Lord was giving me an honourable discharge."

Wesley and his Youthful Escort.

In 1790, the year before Wesley died, he made his last visit to the Society at Hull. He was then a father in Israel. His "hoary head was a crown of glory." Every where he was received as an object of interest, and his approach was hailed with joy. He was to preach in Beverley on his way to Hull. About forty persons in carriages and on horseback met him there to escort him to Hull. After hearing him preach, most of the party dined with him at his inn. His conversation sparkled with life, and was interesting in the highest degree; but, as usual, it was not prolonged. They were instructed and delighted. When the conversation had reached the height of interest, and the delighted listeners had forgotten home and the way that led to it, Mr. Wesley pulled out his watch, started on his feet, and said his time was up, bade them good-day, and his coach being ready, no entreaties could detain him a moment. The party harnessed their horses and followed as fast as they could; but it was with no small difficulty some of

them succeeded in joining the line of procession by the time it reached the suburbs of Hull. Punctuality was with Mr. Wesley a very great virtue. He felt very much amused when he learned the particulars of the hurry into which his punctuality had put his youthful friends; and perhaps we are remotely indebted to the innocent pleasantry it excited for the following beautiful picture of religious old age, which he inserted in his Journal during his stay in Hull: "This day I enter my eighty-eighth year. For eighty-six years I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eye did not wax dim, nor was my natural strength abated. But last August I found almost a sudden change. My eyes were so dim no glasses would help me. My strength likewise now forsook me, and probably will not return again in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot, only it seems nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more till

The wheels of weary life stand still at last." *

John Wesley and the Courageous Woman.

In 1788 Mr. Wesley was preaching in the market place in Langhamrow from, "It is appointed unto men once to die." Nearly every one in the congregation listened attentively to the solemn truths Mr. Wesley delivered concerning man's mortality; but a few in the outskirts, being otherwise

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1836, page 494.

disposed, hurled various missiles, with the design of annoying the attentive congregation and the venerable preacher. In those days females wore stays which allowed a bone to be drawn out at pleasure. An old lady, enraged at the conduct of the disturbers, indignantly snatched a bone out of her stays and dealt among them vigorous blows. If not the weapon, the arm that wielded it quelled the rebels, and they sued for peace. Order was restored, and the venerable minister finished his last message in that place without further interruption.*

Wesley and the Superannuated Organ.

Wesley made his last visit to Langhamrow July 2, 1788. He preached in the morning; and though the chapel had been enlarged a short time before to double its former size, it could not contain half that came to hear. The calm and placid tenderness which fifty years' close walk with God had settled on his countenance made him an object of great interest. The crowd gazed upon him as if he was an inhabitant of the spirit-land who had come to visit them. He read with emphasis his own hymn, commencing, "I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God." The organ was an inferior one, in a dilapidated condition, and it made most discordant music, which very much annoyed Mr. Wesley. When they had sung the first verse he said, "Let that organ stop, and let the women take their parts."

* Primitive Methodist Magazine, 1788, page 175.

"They cannot sing without," replied Mr. Robinson, the chorister. Mr. Wesley then inquired, "How did they do before they got one?" The organ stopped, and the congregation proceeded with the singing. His text was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The sermon was a combination of terror and tenderness. It fell from his lips like the waters of a gently flowing fountain. There was but little motion, except occasionally raising his right hand. His hearers were motionless as they gazed upon his venerable form, while his calm and solemn tones seemed like sounds from the other world. He was then eighty-five. After the sermon his aged hearers flocked around him to shake his hand, and say, "The Lord bless thee." Mr. Wesley gave them his benediction, and bade them farewell till they should meet in the mansions above.

Wesley's Countenance.

There is much in "the human face divine"—in the eye, as well as the tone of the preacher's voice. There are periods when the countenance expresses volumes, and preaches efficient sermons. Mr. Wesley's face on the last morning that he preached in Langhamrow produced lasting impressions. A young man who was full of hilarity and mirth had on the way to Church kept saying to his companions, with an air of carelessness, "This fine Mr. Wesley I shall hear, and get converted."

He did hear him, but he had never gazed upon such a countenance before. It put him in a more serious frame, and for a long time, day and night, whether at home or abroad, that wonderful countenance was before him, so full of solemnity and benignity. It was the means of his conversion. He united with the Church, and was a useful Class Leader.

Nor is this an isolated case. William, one of the sons of Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham, was awakened and led to the knowledge of the truth by the sight of the heavenly countenance of the seraphic Fletcher. He often said that the first sight of Mr. Fletcher fixed an impression upon his mind that never wore off till it issued in a real conversion to God.*

Wesley and Henry Moore.

Henry Moore was the intimate friend of Wesley his amanuensis, one of his executors, and his biographer. The enemies of Mr. Wesley have represented him as dogmatical and imperious. The following anecdote represents his character in a very different light. At a certain time Mr. and Mrs. Moore were sitting with Mr. Wesley at supper, and Mr. Wesley made some statements to which Mr. Moore most emphatically objected, and stated his reasons. Mr. Wesley looking very earnestly at him said, "Henry Moore, you are a witness that what John Atlay said of me is false; in

* Benson's Fletcher, chap. vi.

the pamphlet he wrote after he left us, he said, 'Mr. Wesley never could bear a man who contradicted him.' Now no man in England has contradicted me so much as you have done, Henry, and yet I love you still. You are right."

Wesley and the Burglars.

Mr. Wesley writes, "On Saturday, 20th of November, 1784, two or three men broke into our house in London through the kitchen window. Thence they came into the parlour and broke open Mr. Moore's bureau, where they found two or three pounds; the night before I had prevented his leaving there seventy pounds which he had just received. They next broke open the cupboard, and took away some silver spoons. Just at that time the alarum, which Mr. Moore, by mistake, had set for half past three instead of four, went off, as it did, with a thundering noise. At this the thieves ran away with all speed, though their work was not half done, and the whole damage which we sustained scarcely amounted to six pounds."*

Wesley, Moore, and the Communion.

A lady very intimately acquainted with Henry Moore, Adam Clarke, and Richard Watson, was with the latter when he was dying, and to her he uttered his last words. Familiarly calling her by name, he said, "Maria, they are not very

* Journal, vol. vi, page 8.

distinct yet." "What, sir," she inquired. No answer was returned, for angels had whispered,

"Sister spirit, come away,"

and his great soul had returned to God. This lady related to the editor of this volume the following anecdote, which she received from the lips of Mr. Moore:

One Sunday Mr. Wesley preached at the City Road Chapel, after which the Lord's Supper was administered. Mr. Moore heard him preach, and at the close of the sermon was about to leave. Mr. Wesley said, "Brother Moore, you are not going before the sacrament." He replied, "Yes, sir." Mr. Wesley inquired, "Why do you go?" Mr. Moore answered, "Because I cannot commune with such a man;" naming one whose life was not in accordance with his profession. Mr. Wesley said, "I could commune with the devil." "So could I," replied Mr. Moore, "but not if Mr. Wesley gave him a *permit.*" What excited Mr. Moore's righteous indignation was the fact that Mr. Wesley had given a permit to a person to partake of the Lord's Supper in whose piety he knew Henry Moore had no confidence whatever.

Wesley's Laconic Advice to Henry Moore.

Henry Moore presided at a meeting of Local Preachers in London, where a proposition was made to abandon preaching in a certain village. Several reasons were assigned for so doing. First

The congregation was very small, generally less than twenty persons. Second, The journey embraced full twenty-four miles' walking. Mr. Moore was extremely reluctant to abandon the place. Several persons, however, argued in favour of going there no more. A Local Preacher was rather obstreperous in his opposition, and said to Mr. Moore, "You *gentlemen* preachers, always stopping in large towns, know nothing about it." The venerable chairman being roused, and twitching his waistcoat repeatedly, which he was wont to do when he was excited, replied, "Don't I know any thing about it? I don't know any thing about it! I wish you to understand, *boy*, I do know something about it. Not long after I entered upon my work I sometimes knew what hunger was, having travelled all day, preached three or four times, and had no food except a turnip or carrot by the roadside. Once I borrowed J. B.'s coat while my own was being patched at the elbows; my board-wages were then about half a crown per week. I wrote to Mr. Wesley, detailing my situation and requesting his help. What was Mr. Wesley's answer?

'Dear Henry: Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. Take the cup with thankfulness.

'I am, dear Henry, your affectionate brother,

'J. Wesley.'"

On the recital of this by the old hero of a hundred battles the "boys" were hushed into silence,

all opposition ceased, and they resolved to continue their work as before, and Heaven crowned it with success, and in the village they were about to abandon there is a commodious chapel and a flourishing society.

Contrast between John and Charles Wesley.

John Wesley, in talking of the new and difficult circumstances in which he and his brother Charles often found themselves placed in the days of their early ministry, said, "My brother Charles would say, 'Well, if the Lord would give me wings I would fly.' I used to say, 'Brother, if he bid me fly I would trust him for the wings.'" This account is highly illustrative of the character of the two brothers: John Wesley had more confidence, Charles more caution. It pleased the great Head of the Church to use both these dispositions to promote the knowledge of that salvation which myriads both in earth and heaven are now enjoying." Henry Moore describes the distinctive peculiarities of their preaching thus: "John's preaching was all principles; Charles's all aphorisms." Charles, in a private letter, thus states the difference between him and John: "His brother's maxim was, 'First the Methodists, then the Church;' whereas his was, 'First the Church, then the Methodists;'" and that this difference arose from the peculiarity of their natural temperament. "My brother," said he, "is all hope, I am all fear."*

* Jackson's Life of Wesley, page 785.

Wesley Leading Class.

When Wesley made his last visit to Ireland he was eighty-seven years old. Mr. Joseph Stopford used to meet in class, in Dublin, with James Rogers and his wife, the excellent Hester Ann Rogers, of blessed memory, and heard her relate her experience while her face shone with wonderful beauty. Mr. Wesley was in the habit of meeting the classes often. He did so in Dublin at that time, and then renewed their quarterly tickets. Mr. Stopford said, "I well remember the personal appearance of the little man, and his method of meeting the class. He would call the name of each of the members, and they would leave their seat and come before him, and then he would ask them some plain, searching questions, and after their answers give them some excellent advice, right to the point, and remarkable for brevity as well as adaptation." Mr. Stopford said, "Notwithstanding his great age he was very vigorous, for the moment he had finished his prayer he was off his knees and on his feet."

Wesley and Irish Methodism.

Wesley and his brother Charles spent much of their time in Ireland. At a very early day several Leaders in London lamented that they should spend so much time in Ireland, and send so many preachers there, and they expressed their regrets

to John Wesley. He replied with characteristic brevity, "Have patience, and Ireland will repay you." How prophetic! Ireland has repaid a thousand fold. Think of Philip Embury, Robert Strawbridge, Thomas Walsh, Gideon Ouseley, Adam Clarke, Henry Moore, and hosts of other men she has raised up as ornaments to the Church and blessings to the world.

Wesley's Last Sermon in Ireland.

In 1790, the year before John Wesley died, Mr. Stopford heard the last sermon he preached in Ireland. It was in Whitefriar-street Chapel, Dublin. The sermon was most impressive. Wesley's venerable form, his whitened locks that had adorned the sanctuary for so many years, were looked upon with a reverence and awe by the masses who were present.

At the conclusion of his sermon he gave out the hymn

> "Come, let us join our friends above
> That have obtained the prize,
> And on the eagle wings of love
> To joys celestial rise."

The beautiful hymn has ten verses. Mr. Wesley commented on the sentiments of the hymn as he read it, and said, "There have been different views concerning the merits of the poetry of my brother Charles, but in my opinion this is the sweetest hymn he ever wrote." The hymn has peculiar

beauties. Charles Wesley throws open the gates of heaven and introduces us to our loved ones who have preceded us to the climes of bliss.

Wesley's Farewell to Ireland.

Mr. Stopford was among the number who followed Mr. Wesley to the shore on his final departure from Ireland. His father took breakfast with him the morning he sailed for England.

It was a touching scene, and strikingly resembled Paul and the Ephesians, who followed him down to the shore, and wept "the most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." So it was with the patriarch of Methodism. Multitudes followed him down to the ship. Time had done its work; "the keepers of the house trembled, and the strong man bowed himself." Wesley was then eighty-seven years old. Before he went on board the vessel he gave out a hymn, and they sang. He then kneeled with multitudes upon the ground, and offered a fervent prayer for those who were present, for their families, and for God's blessing upon the Church, and especially upon Ireland. He then shook hands with them. Many wept, and a number fell upon his neck and kissed him. The scene was tenderly impressive. After Mr. Wesley went on board the ship he stood upon the deck with uplifted hands blessing them, while those on the shore waved their handkerchiefs till the winds of heaven wafted him

out of their sight, and they beheld him no more. I have heard Mr. Stopford relate it with peculiar emotion when he himself was over ninety years of age.

Wesley and John Standering.

The writer of this volume has seen and conversed with a few men who personally knew John Wesley. One of them was John Standering, who died not long ago in the home for aged and infirm Methodists in New York. He delighted to talk of seeing John Wesley when he was a little boy One of his stories was the following: "Mr. Wesley dedicated a new chapel at Manchester-street in Oldham, Lancashire. It was the last chapel he dedicated. The stationed preacher was Joshua Marsden. Mr. Wesley was of small stature, aged and wrinkled, and feeble in body, and yet his voice was strong. He wore a three-cornered cocked hat, gown, and bands. There was an immense concourse of people. After the sermon Mr. Wesley requested all the children to sit around the altar, and he passed around, laid his hands upon their heads, and offered a prayer for each child. John Standering was among the number, and till the hour of his death he loved to talk of the time when the venerated Wesley laid his hands on his head and gave him his benediction. This illustrates the trait in Mr. Wesley's character which we have noticed, his great love for the children; and they in return loved him.

Mr. Wesley then requested the people to sing his brother's hymn, "Wrestling Jacob," and he joined heartily in the singing.

"Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee!
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

When the singing was concluded Mr. Marsden looked upon Mr. Wesley's venerated form, and said with peculiar emotion, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

Preaching Three Times a Day.

The last Conference John Wesley attended was in Bristol in 1790. He seemed to have his mind peculiarly impressed with the necessity of making some permanent rule that might lessen the excessive labours of the preachers, which he saw was shortening the lives of many useful men. A private meeting was held in his study with some of the principal preachers to prepare business for the Conference. Mr. Wesley proposed that a rule should be adopted that no preacher should preach thrice on the same day. Messrs. Mather, Pawson, Thompson, and others said this would be impracticable, as it was absolutely necessary, in most cases, that the preachers should preach thrice every

Lord's day, without which the places could not be supplied. Mr. Wesley replied, "It must be given up; we shall lose our preachers by such excessive labour." They answered, "We have all done so; and you, even at your advanced age, have continued to do so." Mr. Wesley said, "What I have done is out of the question. My life and strength have been under a special Providence; besides, I know better than they how to preach without injuring myself, and no man can preach thrice a day without killing himself sooner or later, and the custom shall not be continued." Finding Mr. Wesley so determined they pressed the point no further, but they altered the Minutes when it went to the press, so that it read, "No preacher shall any more preach three times on the same day (to the same congregation.)" *

Wesley Taking the Collection.

The old Foundery was the first place of worship the Methodists had in London. Many of the relics from the old Foundery were taken to the City Road Chapel, where they still are exhibited as objects of interest. "Some of the pewter plates now in use in taking up a collection are the same as were in the Foundery. One of these was used by Mr. Wesley on the occasion when a collection was raised to defray the expense of building the present edifice—City Road Chapel. It is said that as he stood

* Dr. Adam Clarke

with this plate at the door to receive the offerings of the congregation, such was the enthusiasm of the people that it was nearly filled with gold."*

Wesley's Last Years.

It was currently reported that Charles Wesley said, a little before he died, that his brother John would outlive him but one year. John Wesley paid but little attention to the prediction, but seemed to think that, considering his age, weakness, and symptoms of decay, such an event was highly probable; but he made no alteration in his life or labours. He often said to a friend during that year, "Now what ought I to do in case I am to die this year. I do not see what I can do but go on in my labour just as I have done hitherto." In his Journal he says: "If this is to be the last year of my life I hope it will be the best. I am not careful about it, but heartily receive the advice of the angel in Milton:

"'How *well*, is thine: how *long*, permit to Heaven.'"

In Dublin he made the following remarks on his birthday: "This day I enter on my eighty-sixth year. I now find I grow old: 1. My *sight* is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print except in a strong light; 2. My *strength* is decayed, so that I walk much slower than I did some years since; 3. My *memory* of names, whether of per-

* Four Years in the Old World, page 33.

sons or places, is decayed; till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, (if I took thought for the morrow,) that my body should weigh down my mind and create either *stubbornness* by the decrease of my understanding, or *peevishness* by the increase of bodily infirmities; but thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God."

John Wesley at City Road Chapel.

John Wesley, as the shadows of the evening were gathering around him, ascended the pulpit at City Road Chapel, London, and for some moments he looked up toward the heavens as if communing with the mighty dead; then he broke the silence by giving out

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize."

Relics.

In the parsonage where Mr. Wesley lived and died are many relics, the old chair in which he used to sit, the old book-case that contained his books and papers. "Among the rest an old tea-pot that holds a gallon. We were told this was made for Mr. Wesley to order. On one side is inscribed, as burned in the material by the potter,

'Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and every where adored;
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.'"

These lines were always sung before sitting down to tea with his helpers. On the other side of this ancient tea-pot were the words sung on rising from the table, and read thus:

> 'We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
> Much more because of Jesus' blood;
> Let manna to our souls be given,
> The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.'

These words are still used at the Methodist public tea-meetings, and often in private families." *

Power of Habit.

After Mr. Wesley's triumphant death there was a small tract published, giving an account of the wonderful scene. One was put into the hands of a learned and philosophical man, who seemed to have a real respect for religion. After reading the tract he said to the person who gave it to him, "Well, this is the most astonishing instance of the power of habit! Here is a man who had been threescore years praying, preaching, and singing psalms, and, behold, he thinks of nothing else when he is dying!" †

Wesley and Shakspeare.

Wesley was a great reader of theology, philosophy, poetry, and almost every thing else. A gen-

* Four Years in the Old World. † Moore's Life, p. 180

tleman in Dublin presented Mr. Wesley with a fine quarto edition of Shakspeare. When Mr. Wesley died it was found that the margin of this volume was filled with critical notes by Mr. Wesley himself. The excellent John Pawson, one of the purest men that ever adorned the Church, resided in the parsonage, and had charge of City Road Chapel. He destroyed the book, and many of the writings of Mr. Wesley, because "he judged they were not among the things which tended to edification." Alas for the loss to literature caused by good John Pawson!

Wesley and Adam Clarke.

The Wesleyan Conference requested Dr. Clarke to write a Life of Wesley. He purposed so to do, but was prevented. In a letter to a friend as late as 1829, he said, "I think I will endeavour to give a sketch of Mr. J. Wesley's life, with some anecdotes and a proper character," etc. In 1831, in another letter he said, "No man out of heaven is capable of writing Mr. Wesley's life who had not an intimate acquaintance with him. I lay in his bosom, and perhaps the world, or rather the Church, may find, when Adam Clarke is no more among men, that John Wesley is not left without a proper notice of the rare excellence of his life by one whom he affectionately loved, and who valued him more than he does an archangel of God." Again he says, "The name of Wesley to me is sacred. I re-

joice in it more than in my own." Mr. Wesley thought so much of Dr. Clarke that in his will he appointed him one of the seven trustees of his literary property.

Dr. Clarke wrote the following epitaph upon Mr. Wesley with the point of a diamond on a pane of glass in his study window in Manchester:

Good men need not marble: I dare trust glass with

THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN WESLEY, A.M.,
Late Fellow of Lincoln College,
Oxford;
Who, with indefatigable zeal and perseverance,
Travelled these kingdoms
Preaching Jesus
For more than half a century.
By his unparalleled labours and writings
He revived and spread
Scriptural Christianity
Wherever he went,
For God was with him.
But having finished his work,
By keeping, preaching, and defending, the Faith,
He ceased to live among mortals
March 2, MDCCXCI,
In the Eighty-eighth year of his age.
As a small token of continued filial respect,
This inscription
Is humbly dedicated to the Memory of the above
By his affectionate Son in the Gospel,
ADAM CLARKE.

BOOK IV.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, A.M

"God buries his workmen, but carries on his work."

BOOK IV.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last!"

Charles Wesley, the "sweet singer of Israel," was born at Epworth in 1708, five years after his brother John. After his home-training he went to Westminster school, under the care of Samuel, his eldest brother, and thence to the University of Oxford. Charles was a ripe scholar, thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, and familiar with the ancient classics. He was small in stature, near-sighted, and abrupt in his manners. He was eccentric both in youth and manhood, but it was the eccentricity of genius. His characteristics were liveliness of disposition, peculiar frankness, sterling integrity, love of simplicity, sparkling wit and humour. With his wit he silenced infidels, quelled mobs, confounded magistrates, priests, and bishops. Naturally timid, religion made him as bold as Luther or Knox. He could face mobs without fear, and sing sweetly in the midst of storms. Denounced as a vagabond, arrested for treason, shut out of the churches, pelted with stones, beaten with

clubs, with a spirit of unbending heroism he exclaimed, "None of these things move me!"

Charles was the first who bore the name of Methodist, and as a reformer he fought side by side with his brother John, Whitefield, and others, the early battles of Methodism. As a preacher he was superior to John. He expressed the greatest truths with simplicity and energy. At times he was a son of thunder, perfectly overpowering, moving the masses as the wind moves the leaves on the trees in summer. As a Christian poet he has no rival. His poetry is distinguished for originality, variety, and strength. His hymns are sung every Sunday by multitudes in different parts of the world, and will be till the songs of earth are blended with the anthems of heaven. John and Charles were very differently constituted. They often beheld things in a different light, and yet in love for each other they were like Jonathan and David. Charles was very fortunate in his marriage. In Miss Sarah Gwynne he found a helpmeet indeed. They were blessed with eight children, some of whom possessed rare musical talent. After a life of uncommon labour and suffering the great and good man died the 29th of March, 1778, in his eightieth year. The following lines, which Charles Wesley wrote on the death of a friend, were placed upon his tomb-stone:

"With poverty of spirit blest,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest;
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeemed from earth to reign in heaven!

Thy labour of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, and crown'd above,
Crown'd through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward!"

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Charles Wesley and Lord Mansfield.

When Charles Wesley was at Westminster school, under the care of his brother Samuel, he was exceedingly sprightly and active, and so remarkable for courage and skill in juvenile encounters with his school-fellows that he obtained the title of "Captain of the School." He, however, was as generous as he was brave, and finding a Scottish youth at the school whose ancestors had taken a part in support of the Pretender, and who was in consequence greatly persecuted by the other boys, Charles Wesley protected the lad from this ill treatment, fought his battles for him, and aided him on every necessary occasion. This boy was James Murray, afterward the great Lord Mansfield, who in the decline of life renewed his intimacy with Charles Wesley which was begun in their boyhood.

The Wellesleys.

While Charles was at Westminster School, Mr. Garret Wesley, a rich Irish gentleman, desired to adopt him as his heir and take him to Ireland.

The decision was left to Charles, and he declined the tempting offer. Josephus informs us that when Moses was a little boy, Pharaoh had a golden crown made and placed it on the head of the boy. who trampled it under his feet. So it was with Charles Wesley. Disappointed in the boy's refusal, Mr. Garret Wesley adopted Richard Colley, an Irish relative, who took the name of Wesley, and became the grandfather of the Marquis of Wellesley and the illustrious Duke of Wellington. John Wesley calls this "a fair escape." Had Charles chosen to go to Ireland, his beautiful hymns that have enriched the Psalmody of the world would probably never have been written. On how small a thing turns the destiny of individuals, Churches, empires.

Charles Wesley and his Diary.

While at Oxford he pursued his studies diligently and led a regular and harmless life. But if John spoke to him on the subject of religion he would exclaim with much warmth, "What, would you have me become a saint all at once!" In the twentieth year of his age he began to feel the importance of keeping a diary in which to register daily the state of his mind as well as the actions of each day. He knew his brother John had kept one for years, and therefore he wrote to him at Epworth, in January, 1729, "I would willingly write a diary of my actions, but I do not know

how to go about it. What particulars am I to take notice of? Am I to give my thoughts and words as well as deeds in it? Am I to mark all the good and ill I do; and what besides? Must I take an account of my progress in learning as well as in religion? What cypher can I make use of? If you would direct me to the same or like method to your own, I would gladly follow it, for I am fully convinced of the usefulness of such an undertaking." He began to keep the diary and did so for many years. It was not only a benefit to himself but has been useful to others.

Charles Wesley and his Uncle.

Matthew Wesley, a brother of Samuel Wesley, sen., was a celebrated physician in London, and was a man of varied talents. He was not religious, and sometimes made light of sacred things. John Wesley's going to Georgia he viewed as Quixotic. Charles was dining with him one day, when his uncle bestowed abundance of wit upon John Wesley's "apostolical project." He said, "When the French found any remarkably dull fellow among them they sent him to convert the Indians." Charles checked his raillery by repeating,

> "To distant lands the apostles need not roam,
> Darkness, alas! and heathens are at home."

Charles never after heard any more from his Uncle Matthew about John's "apostolical project."

Ludicrous Scene.

Charles and John Wesley in the early days of their Christian experience were in the habit of spending a part of the Sabbath walking in the fields and singing psalms. One Sunday, while they were in the fields and just about to begin to sing, a sense of their ludicrous situation came upon Charles, and he burst into loud laughter. John was horror-struck at his want of reverence, and he inquired in an angry tone, "Charles, are you distracted?" No sooner had he asked the question than he began to laugh as loud as Charles. They were obliged to return home without singing a line.*

Charles Wesley and George Whitefield.

Charles Wesley had the high honour of being the spiritual father of George Whitefield, the unequaled pulpit orator. Whitefield, when a student at Oxford, noticed the devout conduct of the Wesleys, with the ridicule to which they were subject, and desired to become acquainted with them. A poor woman in one of the work-houses had attempted to cut her throat, but was prevented. George Whitefield heard of it, and knowing that the Wesleys were ready for every good word and work, sent an old apple woman of the college to inform Charles Wesley, charging her not to tell him who sent her. But she told him. Charles

* Southey's Life of Wesley, vol. i, p. 293.

Wesley sent word to Mr. Whitefield to breakfast with him the next morning. Mr. Whitefield says, "I thankfully embraced the opportunity, and, blessed be God! it was one of the most profitable visits of my life. My soul was at that time athirst for some spiritual friends to lift up my hands when they hung down, and to strengthen my feeble knees. He soon discovered it, and, like a wise winner of souls, made all his discourses tend that way." He put two books into his hands, one of which, he says, "was wonderfully blessed to my soul." He soon lent him another book entitled "The Life of God in the Soul." He says, "and though I had fasted, watched, and prayed, and received the sacrament so long, yet I never knew what true religion was till God sent me that excellent treatise by the hands of my never-to-be-forgotten friend."

When Charles was in Georgia, he wrote to Mr. Whitefield to join him and his brother in America. This is evident from the poetic epistle he addressed to him years afterward:

> "In a strange land I stood
> And beckoned thee to cross th' Atlantic flood;
> With true affection winged, thy ready mind
> Left country, fame, and ease, and friends behind;
> And eager all Heaven's counsels to explore,
> Flew through the watery world and grasped the shore."

After Mr. Whitefield became a Calvinist he wrote a tract against John Wesley's sermon on Free Grace, and submitted it to Charles Wesley for inspection. He returned it indorsed with these

significant words, "*Put up again thy sword into its place.*"

Charles Wesley and the Narrow Escape.

In 1735 Charles went with his brother John to Georgia. The mission was a failure. Charles suffered much persecution, and plots and designs were laid to destroy him. It was a severe discipline, under which he learned lessons that were very valuable to him in after years. One day he went to a myrtle grove, which was his Bethel, for devotional purposes, and while he was repeating, "I will thank thee, for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation," a gun was fired from the other side of the bushes. Providentially he had just before turned from the end of the walk at which the shot entered. He heard the ball pass close by him. Had he not changed his position he would have been killed. But the Almighty

> Covered his defenceless head
> With the shadow of his wing.

Charles Wesley and the Drunken Captain.

On the 5th of August, 1736, Charles Wesley embarked at Savannah for England. He soon found that the Captain had given his berth to another person, and his only bed was a chest. He adds, "What was still worse, I had no asylum to fly to from the Captain, the most beastly man I ever saw. A lewd, drunken, quarrelsome fool, praying,

and yet swearing continually. The first sight I had of him was upon the cabin floor, stark naked and dead drunk." This was the beginning of sorrows. There was a terrific ocean storm; all were alarmed except "our happier Captain, who, having got his dose, could sleep day and night on a stretch, and defy either pumps or squall to awake him." The ship would have foundered had it not been for the skill and fidelity of the first Mate. The following dialogue between the Mate and Captain, on the 20th of September, was taken down in short-hand by Charles Wesley.

Mate. Captain Indivine, what would you have us do? what course would you have us steer to-night?

Captain. Even what course you will; we have a fair wind.

M. Yes, sir; and it drives us full upon land, which cannot be many leagues off.

C. Then I think you had best keep forward.

M. Would you have us go on all night, and venture running upon the land?

C. I don't know. Go on.

M. But there are shoals and rocks before us.

C. Why, then, have a good look out.

M. But you can't see thrice the ship's length. What would you order me to do?

C. These rebels and emissaries have excited you to come and ask for orders. I don't know what you mean.

M. Sir, nobody has excited me. I come, as is my duty, to my Captain for directions.

C. Have you a mind to quarrel with me?

M. I have a mind to know what you will do.

C. Nay, what will you do if you come to that?

M. Am I your Captain or you mine?

C. I am your Captain, and will make you know it, Mr. Man. Do what I order you, for you must and shall.

M. Why, sir, you order me nothing.

C. You would not have me come upon deck my self surely.

M. If you did I should not think it much amiss. Some captains would not have stirred off deck a moment in such a night as this. Here you lie, without so much as once looking out to see how things are.

C. Yes, I have been upon deck this very day.

M. But you have taken no account of any thing, or given yourself the least trouble about the ship for many days past.

C. It is all one for that. I know where we are exactly.

M. How far do you think we may be from land?

C. Why, just thirty-five leagues. I am sure of it.

M. How is that possible? You have taken no observation this fortnight. Nor have we got one these four days.

C. No matter for that. I know we are safe.

M. Sir, the most skilful sailor alive cannot know it. Shall we sail on, or shall we lie by? Shall we alter our course? Shall we stand on and off?

The mate urged the questions for about an hour

and the Captain refused to answer, and concluded with "Jack, give me a dram."

At three o'clock there was a cry of land. They were near rocks, and there was a severe gale. The uproar was so great it awoke the Captain, who ran to his rum, drank heartily, then looked out upon deck. Not liking the looks, he returned into the cabin, saying, "Ay, ay, all will be well," and dropped to sleep again. After a perilous voyage they reached Boston the 24th of September, and Charles Wesley says, "Bidding a hasty farewell to our wretched ship and more wretched Captain, who for the two last days had, most happily for us, lain dead drunk on the floor without sense or motion," he went on shore. After spending a few weeks in Boston he returned in the same vessel with another Captain, and after a very dangerous voyage reached England, December 3, 1736.

Charles Wesley and William Law.

Mr. Wesley had been a great admirer of William Law and his writings, particularly his "Serious Call to a Holy Life," and sought an interview with him for the purpose of receiving some special instruction from one whom he had so greatly revered, and at whose feet he delighted to sit and learn. He was introduced to Mr. Law, "a tall, thin, bony man, of a stern and forbidding countenance." Mr. Wesley described to Mr. Law his spiritual state,

and asked direction in regard to the course he should pursue.

Mr. Law. Renounce yourself, and be not impatient.

Mr. Wesley. With what comment shall I read the Scriptures?

L. None.

W. What do you think of one who dies unrenewed while endeavouring after it?

L. It concerns neither you to ask or me to answer.

W. Shall I write once more to such a person?

L. No.

W. But I am persuaded it will do him good.

L. Sir, I have told you my opinion.

W. Shall I write to you?

L. Nothing I can either write or speak can do you any good.

Thus ended the interview. It was as cheerless as the house of the dead. No doubt Wesley was greatly benefited by the meeting, for it was the last time he went to that source for instruction.

Charles Wesley and Peter Boehler.

This distinguished Moravian was not only useful to John Wesley, but also to his brother Charles. Charles was sick in London in February, 1737, and he was in a critical condition. He sent for his friend Boehler, who promptly obeyed the summons, and attended his apparently dying friend

"Charles Wesley," he says, "has been very ill during the last night, therefore he sent for me at break of day and begged I would pray for him, for the health of his soul and body. He fell asleep, and the pain abated. He knew that both the affliction and the abatement came from the Lord." "Toward midnight," remarks Mr. Charles Wesley, "I received some relief from bleeding. In the morning Doctor Cockburn came to see me, and a better physician, Peter Boehler, whom God had detained in England for my good. He stood by my bedside and prayed over me, that now at last I might see the Divine intention in this and my late illness. I thought it might be that I should again consider Boehler's doctrine of faith; examine myself whether I was in the faith, and if not, never cease seeking and longing after it till I attained it." His recovery was gratefully commemorated by the composition of the one hundred and fifty-fifth hymn in the Wesleyan Hymn Book, which presents a graphic portrait of the spiritual position of its gifted author. It consisted of seventeen stanzas.*

When Charles Wesley was converted it is said he shrunk from publishing what God had done for his soul. Peter Boehler said to him, "If you had a thousand tongues you should publish it with them all." Tradition informs us this urgent counsel led to writing the hymn

> "O for a thousand tongues to sing
> My great Redeemer's praise!"

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1854, vol. ii, page 687.

Charles Wesley and Mrs. Turner.

Charles Wesley had been for years groping in spiritual darkness,

> "Without one cheering beam of hope
> Or spark of glimmering day."

On a bright morning in May, 1738, he awoke wearied and sick at heart, but in high expectation of the coming blessing. He lay on his bed "full of tossings to and fro," crying out, "O Jesus, thou hast said, 'I will come unto you;' thou hast said, 'I will send the Comforter unto you.' Thou hast said, 'My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you.' Thou art God, who canst not lie. I wholly rely upon thy promise. Accomplish it in thy time and manner." A poor woman, Mrs. Turner, heard his groaning, and constrained by an impulse never felt before, put her head into his room and gently said, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth arise and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities." He listened, and then exclaimed, "O that Christ would but thus speak to me!" He inquired who it was that had whispered in his ear these life-giving words. A great struggle agitated his whole man, and in another moment he exclaimed, "I believe! I believe!" He then found redemption in the blood of the Lamb, experiencing the forgiveness of sins, and could look up and

> "Behold, without a cloud between,
> The Godhead reconciled."

The hymn he wrote to commemorate the anniversary of his spiritual birth shows the mighty change that had taken place, and is best expressed in his own language:

"O for a thousand tongues to sing!"

Charles Wesley and the Unjust Man.

Charles Wesley, having preached at Moorfields to about ten thousand, was walking across an open field to his afternoon appointment at Kennington Common, when he was met by a man who threatened to prosecute him for trespass. A few days after he was served with a writ by a Mr. Goter for walking over his fields to Kennington. He sent Mr. Oakley to the lawyer, who confessed he did not so much as know what his client sued Mr. Wesley for. It made but little difference. A Methodist minister was to be punished in spite of justice and mercy. The bill of this most disgraceful suit has been preserved, with the receipt in the handwriting of the lawyer.

"Goter *versus* Wesley. Damages, £10. Cost taxed, £9 16s. 8d. July 29, 1739. Received of Mr. Wesley, by the hands of Mr. Joseph Verding, nineteen pounds, sixteen shillings, and sixpence, for damages and costs in this cause.

"WILLIAM GANSON,
"*Attorney for Plaintiff*."

Charles Wesley wrote upon the instrument, "I paid them the things that I never took;" and on the back of it this significant sentence, "To be rejudged in that day."*

Charles Wesley and the Presentment.

The "Foundery," the humble place of worship occupied by the Methodists in May, 1741, was presented at Hicks' Hall as a seditious assembly. The Methodists had a friend at court, Sir John Ganson, who had showed them several favours. He objected that no persons were named in the presentment. Then they presented the names of Charles Wesley, clerk; James Hutton, book seller; Timothy Lewis, printer; and Howell Harris, *alias* the Welsh apostle. But all in vain, for their friend Sir John quashed the whole concern, and made an end of the vexatious proceeding.

Charles Wesley and the Magistrate at Kingswood.

After the school had been opened at Kingswood it met with strong opposition from the magistrate there, who threatened to take the school for the use of the colliers. Charles Wesley visited him for the purpose of undeceiving him in regard to the nature of the school, when the following dialogue took place:

* Life of Jackson, page 159.

Wesley. I came to wait upon you in respect to your office, having heard that you were offended at the good we were doing to the poor colliers. I should be sorry to give you any just cause of complaint.

Magistrate. Your school here would make a good workhouse.

W. It is a workhouse already.

M. Ay, but what work is done there?

W. We work the works of God, which man cannot hinder.

M. But you occasion the increase of our poor.

W. Sir, you are misinformed; the reverse of that is true. None of our Society is chargeable to you. Even those who were so before they heard us, who spent all their wages at the ale-house, now never go there at all, but keep their money to maintain their families, and have to give to those who want. Notorious swearers have only the praises of God in their mouths. The good done among them is indisputable. Our worst enemies can't deny it. None who hear us continue either to swear or drink.

M. If I thought so I would come and hear you myself.

W. Come. The grace of God is as sufficient for you as for our colliers.

M. I shall not at all concern myself, for if what you do be for gain you have your reward; if for the sake of God, he will recompense you. I am of Gamaliel's mind: "If this work be of men it will come to nought."

W. "But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to fight against God." Therefore follow Gamaliel's advice: "Take heed to yourselves; refrain from these men and let them alone."

Mr. Wesley adds: "He seemed determined to do so, and thus, through the blessing of God, we parted friends."

Charles Wesley and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Charles and his brother met with powerful opposition not only from the mob, but from dignitaries in the Church. He was summoned to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury. He made his appearance, and began to make a statement, when the Prelate interrupted him.

Archbishop. I do not dispute. What call have you?

Wesley. A dispensation of the Gospel is committed to me.

A. That is to St. Paul. But I do not dispute, and will not proceed to excommunicate yet.

W. Your Grace has taught me in your book on Church government that a man unjustly excommunicated is not thereby cast off from communion with Christ.

A. Of that I am the judge.

W. Is not Mr. Whitefield's success a spiritual sign and sufficient proof, of his call?

No answer was given to this question by the Archbishop, and the interview closed.

Charles Wesley and the Highwayman.

The 11th of October, 1737, Charles Wesley left Oxford to go to London. He sung the ninety-first psalm, and put himself under the divine protection. His song was just ended when a man came up to him, showing his pistol, and demanding his money. Mr. Wesley gave him his purse. The robber inquired how much money there was. Mr. Wesley answered, "About thirty shillings." He inquired, "Have you no more?" "I will see," said Mr. Wesley, and put his hand into his pocket and gave him some half-pence. He repeated the question; Mr. Wesley told him to search himself. This he declined doing. He ordered Mr. Wesley to dismount, and he obeyed. Mr. Wesley begged hard for his horse, and promised not to pursue him. He took his word, and returned the horse. Mr. Wesley had a thirty pound note in a private pocket. He rode gently on, praising God that his bags, watch, and gold the robber had left him, and spared his life.

Charles Wesley's Servant and the Robbers.

A servant of Charles Wesley was crossing the fields at night when five rogues seized him, and were about to rob, if not murder him. In the most

simple manner he begged them to let him alone. His plaintive appeal affected the hearts of the robbers and they relented. One of them held up a lantern to his face and exclaimed, "I believe he is a Wesley. He has a very innocent look. Let him go, let him go," which they accordingly did, and the servant walked quietly home.

Charles Wesley and the Mob.

In March, 1740, Charles Wesley was beset by a mob at Bengeworth. He says "their tongues were set on fire of hell." One of the crowd proposed to take him away and duck him. He broke out singing, with Thomas Maxfield, and allowed them to carry him whither they would. At the end of the street, near the bridge, they relented, and left him. But instead of retreating he took his stand there and sung,

> "Angel of God, whate'er betide,
> Thy summons I obey."

He then preached to hundreds from "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" The lions were changed into lambs. "Never," he says, "did I feel so much what I spoke. The word did not return empty, as the tears on all sides testified."

Charles Wesley and the Fanatic.

A set of fanatics, who went through convulsive movements and bodily contortions, sought to make

converts among the early Methodists. The first of these with whom Charles Wesley was acquainted was an English proselyte residing at Wickham, to whom he was introduced on his way to Oxford. With this person he was not only to take up his lodging, but to sleep. The gentleman insisted that the French prophets were equal, if not superior, to the prophets of the Old Testament. Charles was not aware that his host himself was a gifted personage till they retired to bed, when, as they were undressing, he fell into violent agitations, and gobbled like a turkey cock. "I was frightened," he says, "and began exorcising him with 'Thou deaf and dumb devil!' He soon recovered from his fit of inspiration. I prayed and went to bed, not half liking my bedfellow, nor did I sleep very sound with Satan so near me."

Charles Wesley and Primate Robinson.

Dr. Robinson, the Primate of Ireland, thought much of his personal dignity. Charles Wesley and he were fellow-collegians, but they had not met for several years. They happened to meet at the Hot Wells, and conversed in a very good-natured manner on the variety of scenes they had passed through since they left college. The following conversation then took place between the Bishop and Mr. Wesley. It exhibits Charles Wesley's honesty as well as his readiness of thought:

Primate. Mr. Wesley, I know your brother well.

I could never credit all I have heard respecting him and you. But one thing in your conduct I could never account for; your employing laymen.

Wesley. My Lord, it is your fault.

P. My fault, Mr. Wesley?

W. Yes, my Lord; yours and your brethren's?

P. How so, sir?

W. Why, you hold your peace, and the stones cry out.

Here there was a pause, and they looked thoughtfully at each other.

P. Well, but I am told they are unlearned men.

W. Some of them in many respects are unlearned men, "so the dumb ass rebukes the prophet."

His Grace said no more.

Charles Wesley Indicted.

The Methodists visited Cork in 1749. For some time they met with very little opposition; but the storm at last began to rage. Some of the clergy secretly got the Corporation on their side, and made use of a despicable fellow by the name of Nicholas Butler to be the leader of a mob. This captain of renown was accustomed to sell and sing ballads in the streets. He was dressed in a parson's gown and bands, with a bundle of ballads in one hand and a Bible in the other. When he had vended his trumpery he led his ragged legions to such houses as were friendly to the Methodists, where they abused such as fell in their way, plun-

dered their houses, took what they liked, and did what they pleased with impunity, supposing there was no law or justice to be had for the Methodists. By this violence it was thought they could drive the Methodists out of Cork, if not out of Ireland. Failing in this they indicted six of the preachers, who happened to be in Cork at that time, at the Assizes, as *vagabonds*. Their names were Charles Wesley, Joseph Cownley, Robert Swindals, Samuel Wheatley, Charles Skelton, and John Haughton. The following is the indictment of Charles Wesley: "We find and present Charles Wesley to be a person of ill-fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of his Majesty's peace, and we pray that he may be transported." Can we wonder that John Wesley pronounced this "a wonderful presentment, worthy to be preserved in the annals of Ireland for all succeeding generations?"

Charles Wesley and the other preachers were arrested, and ordered into the dock. Their names being called the Judge inquired, "Where are they?" His Lordship was then told they were before him. He surveyed them with surprise, and said "They are a goodly company, they look well." He then called for the evidence of their guilt, and said "Bring on the witnesses." The first and principal witness was the notorious Butler. His name was called, and he took the witnesses' stand. The Judge looked at him with a suspicious eye, and asked him what business he followed. Butler hung his head down in confusion, and answered, "I sing ballads, my Lord." The Judge lifted up his hands

with surprise, and said, "Here are 'six gentlemen indicted as 'vagabonds,' and the first accuser is a 'vagabond' by profession." Finding Butler had but little to say he set him aside. Another accuser was called forward, who was nearly of the same stamp with Butler, and he tried to play the buffoon and be witty. The Judge inquired concerning his calling. He answered with great impertinence, "I am an anti-Swaddler, my Lord."* This being an insolent answer to the magistrate he ordered nim out of the Court-room, and would examine no more witnesses. The Judge then gave the Grand Jury a severe reprimand, and also the Corporation, who were present, for suffering such a vagrant as Butler to be the ringleader of the rabble to go up and down the city molesting respectable housekeepers, plundering their property, and persecuting men who injured none, but were desirous to reform mankind. Moreover, he looked at it as an insult to bring such a case before him. He made them ashamed of their cause, and of the vile agents employed in it. He instantly discharged the prisoners. Butler was discarded by his employers,

* The name Swaddler was first given to a Methodist minister named John Cennick. In 1746 he preached in Dublin on Christmas-day from "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes," etc. A priest in the congregation, who, as John Wesley shrewdly said, "probably did not know the expression was in the Bible, a book he was not much acquainted with," called Cennick "a Swaddler." So the mob called them Swaddlers. The name spread with wonderful rapidity. In the famous riots in Cork, in 1749, the mob shouted through the streets, day and night "Five pounds for a Swaddler's head!"

and the persecution ceased. Butler fled to Dublin, and would have famished had not the Methodists supported him. Thus they returned good for evil, complying with the apostolic injunction, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," etc.

The Slanderer.

The Rev. Mr. Bailey, of Cork, accused Charles Wesley "of monstrous, shocking, and amazing blasphemies." He said that one day as Charles Wesley was preaching at Hammond Marsh he called out, "And has any one got the Spirit?" and when none answered, he said, "I am sure some of you have, for I feel virtue go out of me." This was a vile slander. John Wesley, in his reply, said, "Sir, do you expect any one to believe this story? I doubt it will not pass even in Cork, unless with your wise friend who said, "Methodists! Ay, they are the people who place all their religion in wearing long whiskers!"

Charles Wesley accused of Treason.

Charles Wesley was publicly accused of disloyalty to the government. When he was itinerating in Yorkshire he was charged with having used treasonable words, and witnesses were summoned before the magistrates of Wakefield, to testify against him. Fortunately for him, he learned

this in time to present himself and confront the witnesses. He had prayed the Lord to call home his banished ones, and this the accusers construed in good faith to mean the Pretender. Charles Wesley with perfect sincerity disclaimed any such intention. "I had no thoughts," he said, "of praying for the Pretender, but for those who confess themselves strangers and pilgrims on the earth—who seek a country, knowing this is not their home. You, sir," he added, addressing himself to a clergyman on the bench, "you, sir, know the scriptures speak of us as captive exiles, who are absent from the Lord while present in the body. We are not at home till in heaven." The magistrates were men of sense; they perceived that he explained himself clearly; that his declarations were frank and unequivocal, and they declared themselves perfectly satisfied, and permitted him to go in peace.

Charles Wesley and the Officer.

Mr. Wesley had many a severe encounter with mobs. In Sheffield the Society was as a flock of sheep among wolves, the clergymen having stirred up the people, so they were ready to tear the Methodists in pieces. Once, as he was beginning service there, an officer of the army contradicted and blasphemed. Mr. Wesley took no notice of him but went on with the hymn. The stones flew thick and fast, striking the people and the desk

in which sat Charles Wesley and David Taylor. The mob threatened to pull the house down, and to avoid it, Mr. Wesley gave notice that he would preach in the street and look the enemy in the face. The people who were in the house followed Mr. Wesley, and the Captain laid hold of him and abused him. He gave the Captain a tract entitled "A Word in Season; or, Advice to a Soldier," and then prayed particularly for his majesty King George, after which he preached the word. The rioters threw stones, several of them striking Charles Wesley in the face. He then prayed for sinners as servants of their master, the devil. Then the Captain was greatly enraged, and made a savage attack for abusing the "King, his master." He forced his way through the crowd, drew his sword, and presented its point at Mr. Wesley's breast, as if he meant to run it through his body. Charles Wesley opened his vest, and with a smiling face fixed his eye upon the Captain, and said with the utmost calmness, "I fear God and honour the King." In a moment the lion was changed into a lamb, his countenance altered, he heaved a deep sigh, and put his sword into its scabbard and withdrew. He had said to one of the company, "You shall see, if I do but hold my sword to his breast he will faint away." When Charles Wesley heard of it he replied, "So, perhaps, I should if I had only his principles to trust to; but if at that time I was not afraid, no thanks to my natural courage."

Charles Wesley and the African Princes.

Two African princes were carried off from Old Calabar by a Bristol captain after they had seen him and his crew massacre their brother and three hundred of their poor countrymen. They were six years in slavery, made their escape to England, and were thrown into irons, but were rescued by Lord Mansfield. For two months Charles Wesley had them under his care and instruction. They professed the Christian faith, and on the 22d of February, 1774, he baptized them. He said they both received the outward visible sign and the inward spiritual grace in a wonderful manner and measure. They were sent back to their brother, the king of Calabar, and Mr. Wesley rejoiced to hear of their safe arrival. The next year he writes, "My two African children got safe home."

A Sermon Completed.

Charles Wesley visited Alnwick, and, as the custom was in those days, went to Church on Sunday morning. The clergyman preached from "Beware of false prophets which come in sheeps' clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," and delivered a bitter philippic against the Methodists, whom he described as dangerous wolves, and against whom, with great zeal, he warned his hearers. The sermon was no doubt selected for the occasion. Knowing that Charles Wesley was

to be one of his congregation, this zealous divine read, with great boldness, his spirited composition. But, alas! "foreknowledge he had none." Had he foreseen the use which was immediately to be made of his own harangue, and the effect which in a very short time would be produced upon the public mind, he would rather have slept than preached that morning. When the service was over Mr. Wesley stood upon a gravestone, and being immediately surrounded by the congregation, he preached from the verse immediately following the text of the clergyman: "By their fruits shall ye know them." He introduced his subject by saying he had risen merely to finish the gentleman's sermon, which only explained one part of the subject. He then described the false prophets by their fruits; fruits, indeed, that were too abundant among some "prophets," but which had not been found among those to whom the gentleman's sermon applied. The people were astonished, convinced, and charmed, and from that time many attended the ministry of the Methodists who had not attended before, and much good was done.*

Charles Wesley and the Maniac.

Charles Wesley in 1755 went to a madhouse to see a brother Cowper, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, who was a maniac. The notice he gives of this visit is both curious and char-

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1826.

acteristic. "Mr. Cowper has been dumb for four months; during that period he has never spoken a word, nor did they know he ever would. But the deaf and dumb devil was disturbed by our prayers, and forced to say, 'Charles, thou art a priest of Baal. I do not receive thee?'" Mr. Wesley replied, "Satan, thou art a liar, and knowest that I am a priest of God and a servant of Jesus Christ, and this poor soul shall know it when thou art cast out by our prayers." Charles Wesley was sceptical concerning demoniacal possession. But he says in regard to Mr. Cowper, "His madness is (if such there be) diabolical."

Charles and Mrs. John Wesley.

Mrs. John Wesley abused her husband, and Charles came in frequently for his share. Therefore he used to call her "his best friend," because no one told him of his faults with half the vehemence and particularity which characterized her rebukes and admonitions. In a vein of pleasantry he writes, "I called two minutes on Mrs. John Wesley before preaching at the Foundery, and *all that time* had not one quarrel."

Charles Wesley and the Passionate Lady.

It is related in "The Bishop; or, Letters to a Prelate," that a lady once came to Charles Wesley complaining that she was the chief of sinners, the

worst of transgressors, utterly lost and helpless. He replied, "I have no doubt, Madam, that you are bad enough." She instantly flew into a passion, and declared that she was no worse than her neighbours, accused him of slandering her, and from her gestures she would have boxed his ears if he had not suddenly retired from the room.

Charles Wesley and the Tempting Offers.

In early life Charles Wesley refused to be heir to a large estate. But few would refuse a "living" or a fortune; but Charles Wesley refused both when he came to manhood. "I have before me," says his friend Henry Moore, "the strongest testimony that can be given at this day, that he refused a living of five hundred pounds a year, choosing to remain among the people that he loved. He also refused a large fortune offered him by a lady whose relatives had quarrelled with her; telling her, in his usual short way, 'It is unjust.' The lady, after trying in vain to bend his spirit, informed him that she had struck his name out of her will, but that, nevertheless, her family should not possess the fortune. Mr. Wesley was advised to accept the fortune and give it to the relatives himself. He replied, 'That is a trick of the devil; but it wont do. I know what I am now, but I do not know what I should be if I were thus made rich.' We may call this another 'fair escape.'"

Charles Wesley and Vincent Perronet.

Vincent Perronet was the Vicar of Shoreham, Kent, and such was his relation to Methodism that Charles Wesley called him "the Archbishop of the Methodists." He was very wise in counsel, and Charles and John were in the habit of going to him for advice. He was a kind of patriarch among the Methodists, and deservedly held in high veneration. He wrote a number of able tracts in defence of Methodism. When Charles first preached in his pulpit, (to which the Vicar heartily welcomed him,) his parishioners mobbed the preacher. They roared and stamped, blasphemed and rang the bell, but Mr. Perronet threw his mantle over him. For forty years after he welcomed both the Wesleys and their sons in the Gospel to his pulpit.

He wrote to Charles Wesley: "I make no doubt Methodism, notwithstanding all the wiles of Satan, is designed by Divine Providence to introduce the approaching millennium." The old patriarch died in triumph in the ninety-second year of his age, and Charles Wesley preached his funeral sermon from "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." His children were all converted, and two of them, Charles and Edward, became itinerant preachers, and members of the Wesleyan Conference. Edward was the spiritual son of Charles Wesley, and travelled with him for a time. He was the author of the noble hymn, enough to immortalize any man,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

No wonder that in dying, in 1791, he exclaimed in holy triumph, "Glory to God in the height of his divinity! Glory to God in the depths of his humanity! Glory to God in his all-sufficiency! Unto his hands I commend my spirit!"

Charles Wesley and the Blasphemer.

Charles Wesley was very bold in denouncing sin and sinners, and very often he woke up their ire. He preached in the church of his friend Mr. Bennet, where scenes occurred which show not only the rudeness of the primitive times, but the familiarity with which he addressed his audiences. As he was speaking against their drunken revels one of his auditors contradicted him, and used most blasphemous language. Charles Wesley inquired, "Who is it that pleads for the devil?" The blasphemer, who declared his sin as Sodom, and hid it not, answered, "I am he that pleads for the devil." Mr. Wesley says, "I took occasion to show the revellers their champion, and the whole congregation their state by nature. Much good I saw immediately brought out of Satan's evil. Then I set myself against his avowed advocate, and drove him out of the Christian assembly." *

* Jackson's Life of Charles Wesley, page 318.

Charles Wesley and Harmless Diversions.

In the same church, at the same time, occurred another singular scene. Mr. Wesley was warning the people against what are called "harmless diversions," and declared that by them he had been kept dead to God, asleep in the arms of Satan, and secure in a state of damnation for eighteen years. There were three divines present besides Mr. Wesley. Mr. Meriton cried out, "And I for twenty-five!" "And I," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, "for thirty-five!" "And I," added Mr. Bennet, "for about seventy!" Four clerical witnesses confirmed the declaration.*

Charles Wesley and Lord Ferrers.

Lord Ferrers was the brother of the Rev. Walter Shirley, and a cousin to Lady Huntingdon. He committed a foul murder that shocked the whole kingdom. He sent for his steward, Mr. Johnson, to attend him, having sent all his men away, so there were none in the house except the Earl and three servant girls. When Mr. Johnson entered the room the Earl locked the door, then ordered him to settle his account, and afterward produced a paper purporting to be a confession of the steward's villainy, and required him to sign it.

* Jackson's Life of Charles Wesley, page 318.

Mr. Johnson refused, and the Earl, drawing a pistol out of his pocket, ordered him to kneel down, which the terrified man did on one knee. His lordship called out, so loud as to be heard by one of the women at the kitchen door, "Down on your other knee. Declare you have acted against Lord Ferrers. Your time has come, and you must die." He then fired, and the ball entered Mr. Johnson's body. He insulted and tormented the dying man for several hours. Mr. Johnson died the next morning, his murderer rejoicing in what he had done. The Earl was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and then was tried by his peers.

No one felt a greater sympathy for the criminal and his relatives than Charles Wesley. Mr. Shirley wrote him a letter, thanking him for his sympathy and kindness, beginning, "Blessed be the great God, who has enriched your heart with love, and filled your mind with wisdom; and blessings upon blessings on thy head, thou sweet messenger of comfort, for thou hast greatly refreshed my bowels, and caused me to rejoice even in tribulation. May God reward your sweet, loving soul!" He then expresses a desire to meet him or his brother John in London. He prays that the soul of his brother may be saved, no matter what his fate. Touchingly he says, "I know, sir, you will not leave me to pray alone. O let us raise up an army of blessed saints who will besiege the throne of Grace. Surely he will not be cast out."

The heart of the right honourable murderer was

as hard as the nethermost mill-stone. Sympathy, tears, prayers affected him not. Prayer was offered for him in the closet, family, and in the house of God on the Lord's day.

Charles Wesley attended the trial, (April, 1760,) and wrote an account of it in a letter to his wife. "They entered with the utmost state. First the Barons, then the Lords, Bishops, Earls, Dukes, and Lord High Steward; most of the royal family, the Peeresses, and chief gentry of the kingdom, and the foreign ambassadors present, made it one of the most august assemblies in Europe. The trial proceeded. After the testimony and the defence each lord was asked whether the Earl was guilty, and each answered, as he put his hand upon his breast, "Guilty, upon my honour." The Earl was sentenced to be hung. Charles Wesley continued to pray for the Earl, and composed three hymns of supplication for him, and wrote to those in the country, saying, "Help together in your prayers for a poor murderer."

The Earl was as hard-hearted as ever after being sentenced to death. Instead of being taken to the place of execution in a mourning-coach he went in his own splendid carriage, drawn by six horses, clad in his splendid wedding dress. On the scaffold he kneeled while the Lord's prayer was repeated, and with great energy ejaculated, "O God, forgive all my errors! pardon all my sins!" Well may Thomas Jackson, who relates the above, say, "Many a penitent convict trusting in Christ has Charles Wesley comforted when doomed to

suffer the extreme penalty of the law, but there is no comfort in infidelity, with all its pride and affectation of philosophy."*

The Perilous Voyage.

Charles Wesley passed through many perils. In October, 1748, he had a very narrow escape from a watery grave. He had embarked at Dublin on a packet for England; and while walking the deck at half past eight, he inquired of the Captain what time he expected to be in the harbour. He said, "By nine o'clock." Mr. Wesley said, "We would compound for ten." That moment the mainsail got loose and flew overboard, and it seemed as if it would drag them all over with it. The Captain called, "All hands on deck!" and thrust Mr. Wesley into the cabin. Immediately he heard a cry, "We have lost the mast." A passenger ran upon deck and brought the news that it was not the mast, but the poor Captain, with whom Mr. Wesley was talking a moment before. Mr. Wesley knelt down and commended his spirit to the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He says, "I thought of those lines of Doctor Young:

> "'No warning given! unceremonious death!
> A sudden rush from life's meridian joys,
> A plunge opaque beyond conjecture!'"

All on board were in exceeding danger. The sailors were so confounded they knew not what to

* Jackson's Life of Wesley page 573.

do. The vessel was near the shore, and in danger of being wrecked. One of the passengers ran to the helm, and gave orders as if he was Captain. The ship righted, and about ten they got safe into harbour, and Mr. Wesley says in regard to their safety, "I inscribe it to our Invisible Pilot."

Charles Wesley and the Thunder-storm.

The 23d of June, 1747, Charles Wesley preached at Colham Chapel. He says, "While I was speaking of our Lord's appearing we were alarmed with the loudest clap of thunder I ever heard. I thought it must have cleft the house. Most of the congregation shrieked out as if the day of the Lord were come. A thought darted into my heart as quick as lightning, 'What if it should be the day of judgment!' I was filled with faith stronger than death, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. The same spirit rested on all the faithful while I broke into singing,

> "'So shall the Lord, the Saviour, come,
> And lightnings round his chariot play!
> Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
> Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.'

I went on for half an hour describing that scene. The heart of every person present rejoiced or trembled. A mixed cry of horror and triumph was heard till I dismissed them with the blessing. Afterward we heard that a house on one side of

our chapel was almost demolished, both roof and walls, by the thunder-clap, the lead of the windows melted, and six persons struck to the ground. On the other side of us a gibbet was split into a thousand pieces."

Poetical Eccentricities.

When at the University at Oxford John dreaded to have Charles come into his room. Sometimes, full of poetry, he would run against his brother's study-table and overthrow it. Or, if the "fine frenzy" was not so high, he would derange the books and papers, ask some questions without always waiting for a reply, repeat some poetry that then just struck him, and then abruptly leave the room. It required some Christian patience in John, who was all method and order, to bear with these vagaries.

Charles and his Brother's Request.

When John Fletcher died John requested Charles to write an elegy upon his character, that he might print it with his funeral sermon. He made no reply. Charles Wesley never wrote a line on any subject that was given to him. Some time after Henry Moore inquired of John if he had received from Charles the elegy upon Fletcher. He said, "No; my brother, I suppose, is waiting for a thought. Poets, you know, are maggoty."

Habits in Old Age.

Mr. Moore informs us that when Charles Wesley was nearly fourscore he retained something of his eccentricity. He rode every day upon a little horse, gray with age, clothed for winter even in summer. When he mounted his horse, if a subject struck him he proceeded to expand it and put it in order. He had a card and pencil in his pocket, and wrote a hymn in short-hand. He often rode to the City Road parsonage, and entered crying out, "Pen and ink! pen and ink!" Supplied with these, he wrote the hymn he had been composing. This done, he would look round on those present and salute them with much kindness, ask after their health, give out a short hymn, and thus put all in mind of eternity. Frequently, on such occasions, he would give out the following stanza from one of his own sweet hymns:*

"There all the ship's company meet
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath
With shouting, each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last."

Charles Wesley and Young's Night Thoughts.

Charles Wesley was a great admirer of Young's Night Thoughts. He not only read them, but

* Moore's Life of Wesley.

frequently transcribed them. He said, "No writings but the inspired have been more useful to me." And yet there were times when he transcended Young in poetic grandeur and sublimity. Take two examples. Dr. Young writes thus:

"Of man *immortal!* hear the lofty style!
If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck
As tow'ring flame from nature's funeral pyre;
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
His charter his inviolable rights,
Hell pleased to learn from thunder's impotence,
Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

Wesley's harp is tuned to loftier strains:

"Stand the omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust:—
Rests secure the righteous man;
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!"

Charles Wesley and Virgil.

Virgil was a great favourite with Charles Wesley. He had committed large portions of the Æneid to memory. One day, having spent some time in religious conversation, he said to Henry Moore, "Come, I'll give you two hundred lines of Virgil." He made such use of his Latin as few would ever dream of. Twice it delivered him out of serious difficulties. When, on his return voyage from Charleston, the drunken Captain Indivine poured forth volleys of invective against him, Charles Wesley defended himself by repeating Virgil in Latin. On another occasion Mrs. John Wesley had locked her husband and Charles in a room, from whence they could not escape. She then drew their portraits, and told them of their errors, real or imaginary, with a power neither of them could resist nor interrupt. Fortunately, when the storm raged with the utmost fury Charles thought of his ancient mode of defence, and he gave utterance to the strains of the Mantuan bard in such a manner and at such a length that the storm abated, the winds ceased to murmur, and the thunders expired, and he and his brother were permitted to make good their retreat.

The Persecutor.

A bitter persecutor in Wexford, Ireland, hid himself in a sack in a barn where the Methodists worshipped. It was his intention, when the Method-

ists were engaged in acts of devotion, to suddenly open the barn doors and let the mob outside come in. The Methodists began to sing, with their primitive sweetness, fire, and power, one of Charles Wesley's hymns. The Irishman listened, and the music was so sweet he resolved to hear them sing the hymn through before he disturbed the meeting. The singing not only thrilled his ears and his soul, but his conscience, and he was awakened, and trembled, and groaned. The people, hearing an unusual noise proceeding from a sack, were greatly alarmed, and some thought it was the devil. At last some one, more courageous than the others, opened the sack, and there lay the persecutor, a weeping penitent. He cried for mercy, and was pointed to the sinner's Friend, and found redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of sins. He identified himself with Methodism, and ever afterward maintained his integrity.

Charles Wesley and the Colliers.

The colliers at Newcastle thronged to hear Charles Wesley, felt the power of truth, and were reformed. Upon one occasion, when he was preaching there, nine or ten thousand attentive people listened to his word. His soul was drawn out so that he preached two hours. "Many years of suffering," he said, "was compensated by that one service." But the country was lighted up with blazing fires, which gleamed on the faces of preacher

and people from every quarter. This gave rise to that exquisite hymn which alludes to the rapid spread of religion from small beginnings by means of revival.

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,—
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!"

Charles Wesley at the Land's End.

It gives additional interest to a hymn to know the circumstances under which it was written.

Dr. Watts, it is said, when seated on an elevated place in Southampton on a beautiful spring-day, having a charming view of the Isle of Wight in the distance, that looked like a fairy land, and the river Itchen, embanked by sweet fields, flowing before him, wrote that sweet hymn,

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign," etc.

Charles Wesley was standing on the well-known promontory called Land's End, in Cornwall, at the point of which two seas join. It is narrow and high, and when one looks down there is great danger of falling into the sea. Here he wrote one of his most impressive hymns

'Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

"O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

"Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?"

Charles Wesley and the Stone-quarry Men.

The people in Portland were mostly employed in the stone-quarries. Charles Wesley before he preached to them, wrote the hymn beginning,

"Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone."

An immediate answer was given to the prayer it contains. Charles Wesley says, "The rocks were broken in pieces, and melted into tears on every side."

Charles Wesley and the Sailors.

In one of the seaport towns of England Charles Wesley was interrupted in the public service by a company of half-drunken sailors. Just as Mr. Wesley commenced singing the hymn for an out-door preaching the jolly tars struck up one of their lewd songs called "Nancy Dawson." The tune, voices, and sentiments were of course very different, and a great discord was the result. His quick ear, however, soon mastered the tune and meter of their song. A hymn was instantly composed, and at the very next service, when his blue-jacket friends were ready to repeat their coarse opposition, he gave out

"'Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas, too long has been
Pressed to obey the devil.
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flowed to the soul's undoing;
Widened and strewed with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

"Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent sound recover;
Fly on the prey and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover;
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure;
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure?

"Come let us try if Jesu's love
Will not as well inspire us;

This is the theme of those above,
  This upon earth shall fire us.
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,
  Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
  Jesus's name is sweeter.

"Jesus the soul of music is;
  His is the noblest passion;
Jesus's name is joy and peace,
  Happiness and salvation.
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
  Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
  Carry us up to heaven."

There are three more stanzas to the hymn.

The tune for "Nancy Dawson" was instantly set to these cheery and telling lines, and the poor mariners finding "all the wind taken out of their sails," gave up the contest as hopeless, and allowed him to finish the service in peace.*

Charles Wesley and the Theatrical Woman.

Mr. Rich was the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, London. His wife was a woman of great personal beauty, of superior accomplishments, and an eminent actress. Having heard Charles Wesley preach at West-street Chapel, she was convinced of sin, renounced the theatre, sought salvation through Jesus, and became a new creature. Her conversion greatly displeased her husband, who

* Kirk's Charles Wesley.

insisted upon her reappearance on the stage, and persecuted her on account of her Methodistical scruples. Mrs. Rich was

> "Like an iron pillar strong,
> And steadfast as a wall of brass."

Mrs. Rich declared that if she ever went to the theatre again she would publicly bear her testimony against theatrical amusements. Seeing her resolution, her husband at length discontinued his importunities. Mr. Rich sung in his theatre in a new scene—in the character of a Harlequin Preacher—to convince the town he was not a Methodist.

Mr. Rich died, leaving his widow in affluent circumstances. She retained a high regard for Charles Wesley until the end of life. Her house was his home, and herparlourswitnessed the hearty welcomes he received. There he used to meet Handel, the great composer, who instructed Mrs. Rich's daughters in music. Charles Wesley said of one of them, "She is the greatest miracle of all accomplishments, both of mind and body, that I have ever seen." *

Charles Wesley and Handel.

Charles, with John Wesley and Lampe, frequently met Handel at Mrs. Rich's. Handel composed tunes expressly for Charles Wesley's hymns. He set to music those beginning "Sinners obey the Gospel word," and "O love divine, how sweet

* Jackson's Life of Charles Wesley.

thou art!" and "Rejoice, the Lord is King." The musical manuscripts, in Handel's own handwriting, are preserved in the Cambridge University. Handel was so profane, and had a temper so ungovernable, that he would swear in three different languages; and yet Charles Wesley, in a beautiful elegy on the death of Dr. Boyce, places him in heaven among the worshippers before the throne of God:

> "The generous, good, and upright heart,
> That sighed for a celestial lyre,
> Was tuned on earth to bear a part,
> Symphonious with that warbling choir
> Where Handel strikes the golden strings,
> And plausive angels strike their wings."

Charles Wesley did not believe that Handel's transcendent musical genius would save him. He lost his property, and toward the close of life he became blind. A wonderful change passed over him. He regularly attended divine worship, and exhibited a spirit of deep devotion. Charles Wesley then had reason for representing the great composer of "the Messiah" striking his golden harp with angels and archangels before the throne of God.*

Charles Wesley and James Hervey.

James Hervey, well known as the author of "Meditations among the Tombs," etc., was one of the Oxford Methodists, and belonged to the Holy

* Heaton's Lecture, page 51.

Club. As has been remarked before, he was a great friend of the Wesleys till near the close of his life. He then became a Predestinarian, and entered the field of controversy against his old friends. When his life was drawing to a close he made a request that certain manuscript letters of his against John Wesley should be destroyed. He had a mercenary brother, who thought that money could be made by the sale of the book. He placed the manuscript in the hands of William Cudworth, with liberty to put out and put in just what pleased him. After having altered and fixed it to suit himself, "The Eleven Letters" were published under the honoured name of James Hervey. They did immense mischief, and produced a vast amount of prejudice against John Wesley. On the death of James Hervey, before this publication, Charles Wesley wrote two beautiful hymns in honour of his friend. After the publication of "The Eleven Letters" some one wrote, requesting him to write an epitaph on Mr. Hervey, to be placed on a tablet. Instead of complying with the request he wrote the following, which was found among his papers:

"O'erreached, impelled by a sly Gnostic's art
To stab his father, guide, and faithful friend,
Would pious Hervey act th' accuser's part?
And *could* a life like his in malice end?

"No: by redeeming love the snare is broke;
In death his rash ingratitude he blames
Desires and *wills* the evil to revoke,
And dooms th' unfinished libel to the flames.

"Who then for filthy gain betrayed his trust
And showed a kinsman's fault in open light?
Let *him* adorn the monumental bust,
Th' encomium fair in brass or marble write.

"Or if they need a nobler trophy raise,
As long as Theron and Aspasia live,
Let Madan or Romaine record his praise;
Enough that Wesley's brother can *forgive*."

Charles Wesley and Lady Huntingdon.

Lady Huntingdon was a very superior woman, and distinguished for her piety and her noble deeds of benevolence. Charles Wesley and she were great friends, and for her he felt a lofty admiration. They often corresponded. He had spent much time at her house, and received many favours from her. After the publication of the Minutes of the Conference of 1770, in which a question was asked, "Have we not leaned too much toward Calvinism?" she and her friends took great offence at the Minutes, and a circular letter was sent out against them. Lady Huntingdon sent one to Charles Wesley, accompanied by a long letter to him, in which she brings several accusations against John, and thus tried to prejudice him against his brother. In it she speaks of "Papists," "Popery unmasked." She says John's "principles set up another Gospel," "and make us appear rebels to God our King, and the most wicked enemies of our country." He could not

bear this effort of her Ladyship to prejudice him against his brother, with whom for years he had fought side by side the battles of the Lord. He was exceedingly grieved, and wrote on the back of her letter, "Lady Huntingdon's *last, unanswered by John Wesley's brother.*"

Charles Wesley and the Rich Banker.

Charles Wesley would not flatter a prince. In writing to Ebenezer Blackwell, the rich banker heretofore mentioned, he shows true friendship and sterling fidelity. He says, "I have often had it on my mind to tell you my friendly fears, lest your engagement with the gentlemen of your club, should insensibly draw you in further than you are aware into the ways and spirit of the world. Perhaps, by and by, you might be led into their diversions, which you know can never be done to the glory of God. Perhaps you may, by little and little, become partaker of their sins, at least by your silence at their idle words or oaths. There is no standing neuter in the midst of worldly men,

> 'We must or imitate or disapprove,
> Must list as their accomplices or foes.'"

Again he says, "The question is ever on my heart, 'What shall I do to make the most of a short life?'"

He urges him to perseverance: "*Go on*, be it ever so feebly and slowly, yet go on, and you shall

see the utmost salvation of God. I often rejoice in hope of it both for myself and friends. There must be a marvellous change in you and me when we are

'Above all fear, all anger, and all pride.'"

This faithful friend of the Wesleys maintained his integrity till his death, April 21, 1792. Charles Wesley was with him in his final hour. In his manuscripts are two hymns bearing the same date, one a "Prayer for Mr. Blackwell Departing," the other, "On the Death of Ebenezer Blackwell."

Charles Wesley and Dr. Thomas Coke.

Doctor Coke was one of the most useful men of the age in which he lived. At the age of thirty he identified himself with the early Methodists. John Wesley found in him a "fellow helper to the truth," and regarded him as his "right hand man." When the Doctor had fully identified himself with Methodism his attachment to the Established Church was far from being strong, and he thought it wise for the Methodist body to separate from it. This opinion he expressed in open Conference, where the question had often been previously mooted. Charles Wesley was present and heard the Doctor, and as his mind was sensitively alive on this point he thundered out the word "No" with all the vehemence of which he was capable, accompanying the emphatic utterance with

a stamp of his foot upon the floor of the chapel. On hearing this astounding negative upon his proposal the Doctor dropped upon his chair as if he had been shot, and said not another word on the subject.*

Charles Wesley and Adam Clarke.

Adam Clarke relates the following: "I was personally acquainted with the Rev. Charles Wesley, and a singular occurrence took place in the city of Bristol on the occasion of one of my visits there. Charles Wesley ascended the pulpit to preach. I sat behind him. He gave out a hymn and prayed, but was completely in the trammels, where he had often been before. Mr. Wesley then took a text, spoke a little, but soon found that he could not go on. He then tried to relieve himself by praying, and then rose from his knees and took another text, but that also was as fruitless as its predecessor. On finding it so he took up the hymn book and beckoned me to step forward. On giving me the book he left the pulpit and retired to the rooms over the chapel. Though I had no promise of his return, I indulged a slight hope that he would not disappoint the congregation by leaving the service to me. I turned to a hymn and gave it out; I trembled for fear. Had it been left to my own judgment I could have done well enough; but his intentions and return were alike unknown.

* Wesleyan Magazine. 1860, vol. ii, page 742

I did not even know till afterward where he was. I went leisurely on with the hymn, giving out verse after verse till I came to the sixth, and just as I was giving up for lost to the people Mr. Wesley made his appearance. He commenced by telling an anecdote about Mr. La Trobe, who was then not expected to live long; after which he exclaimed with a strong voice, yet a little drawling, 'Believe—love—obey.' He then proceeded in the following strain: 'Who are they that believe? All true Christians. Who are they that love? All those that believe. Who are they that obey? Such as believe and love.' His remarks were in abrupt and broken sentences. He was fast in this way in the North once, and it was the salvation of one of the preachers."

Charles Wesley and the Young Preacher.

Dr. Clarke says, "A young preacher had run away from his circuit wholly discouraged. He had an opportunity of hearing Charles Wesley preach. Charles, alas! was in the trammels, and was obliged to give up. The young man thought, 'Well, bad as I am, it was never thus with me.' He took courage, and returned to his circuit."

Charles Wesley and Wilberforce.

Wilberforce may be classed among the friends of Charles Wesley. He was a young statesman

just rising into life. Their first interview took place at the house of Mrs. Hannah More, and is thus described by Wilberforce: "I went in 1786 to see Hannah More, and when I came into the room Charles Wesley arose from the table, around which a numerous party sat at tea, and coming forward gave me his solemn blessing. I was scarcely ever more affected. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether overset me, and I burst into tears, unable to restrain myself." *

Charles Wesley and "The Man of Fashion."

Charles Wesley wrote the following in 1784, four years before his death. It shows that he possessed his sprightliness, vigour of thought, and humour until old age.

What is a modern man of fashion?
A man of taste and dissipation:
A busy man, without employment,
A happy man, without enjoyment.
Who squanders all his time and treasures
On empty joys and tasteless pleasures;
Visits, attendance, and attention,
And courtly arts, too low to mention.

"In sleep, and dress, and sport, and play,
He throws his worthless life away;
Has no opinion of his own,
But takes from leading beaux the ton;

* Life of Wilberforce, vol. i, page 248.

With a disdainful smile or frown,
He on the riffraff crowd looks down·
The world polite, his friends and he,
And all the rest—Nobody!

"Taught by the great his smiles to sell,
And how to write, and how to spell;
The great his oracles he makes,
Copies their vices and mistakes;
Custom pursues, his only rule,
And lives an ape, and dies a fool."

Charles Wesley and the Music Seller.

Few people love to pay bills more than once. When Charles Wesley was near the end of his journey and reduced to great weakness, in the month of February, 1788, he received a note from a music seller, asking for the balance of a small account of some years' standing. Mr. Wesley had little doubt but that he had paid it. He immediately transmitted the money with the following note: "If there is the least doubt Mr. Wesley always takes the safest, that is, his neighbour's side, choosing to pay a bill twice or twenty times rather than not at all. He will be obliged to Mr. Wright for a line of acknowledgment that he is now out of debt."

A Rare Volume.

William R. Williams, D.D., of New York City, presented to the editor of these pages "The Life of

the Most Learned and Reverend and Pious Dr. H. Hammond, by John Fell, D.D." It was printed in London, 1661. It belonged to the library of Charles Wesley, and contains his autograph, "C. Wesley, 1734," with the words, "Longé Sequar," expressing his desire to follow, though but remotely, the footsteps of the saintly Hammond. When he wrote his autograph in the old book Charles Wesley was only twenty-six years of age, and a College Tutor in Oxford. The volume was seventy-three years old when he wrote his name in it, and it probably had belonged to his father, Samuel Wesley, in the old library at Epworth.

Charles and John Wesley on Reputation.

Numerous and bitter were the attacks made upon the character of John Wesley in the year 1775. He was publicly accused of crimes sufficient to exclude him from the kingdom of grace and glory. But innocence has nothing to do with fear. Miss Sarah Wesley, his niece, says he had promised to take her with him to Canterbury and Dover. "My dear father, to whom the reputation of my uncle was far dearer than his own, saw the importance of refutation, and set off to the Foundery to induce him to postpone his journey, while I in my own mind was lamenting such a disappointment, having anticipated it with all the impatience natural to my years. Never shall I forget the manner in which my father accosted my mother on

his return home. 'My brother,' said he, 'is an extraordinary man. I placed before him the character of a minister; the evil consequences which might result from his indifference to it; the cause of religion; stumbling-blocks cast in the way of the weak, and urged him by every relative and public motive to answer for himself and stop the publication. His reply was, 'Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation? No. Tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow.'"

Charles Wesley and his Sister, Mrs. Wright.

His sister Mehetabel was the tenth child, and when she was eight years old could read the Greek Testament. She was full of wit and humour, and possessed fine poetic talents. She was very unfortunate in her marriage, and led a wretched life. She died in peace. Charles Wesley felt the most tender sympathy for her in her sufferings, and loved her with the purest affection, as the following from his Journal will show: "March 8, 1751. I prayed with my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul; a bruised reed which the Lord will not break." March 21, he says he called on her a few moments before her soul was set at liberty, and had sweet fellowship with her in explaining these solemn words, "Thy sun shall no more go down," etc. "The 26th of March," he says, "I followed her to her quiet grave, and wept with them that wept."

This woman of blighted hopes and blasted expectations wrote the following epitaph upon herself:

"Destined while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain,
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learned to bear
A living death, a long despair,
Till, hard oppressed by adverse fate,
O'ercharged, she sank beneath its weight,
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteemed, so long desired!
The painful mortal conflict's o'er,
A broken heart can bleed no more!"

Charles Wesley and his Sister Martha.

Charles Wesley was one day relating with much apparent pleasure how useful his father was to the prisoners when he was confined in Lincoln Castle. "By his constant reading, prayers, and preaching," said he, "the whole jail was reformed." Mrs. Hall was a lofty-spirited woman, and she chided him, exclaiming with peculiar emphasis, "Brother Charles, how can you speak of these things?" He replied in his usual short way, "If you are ashamed of your poverty you are ashamed of your Master."

Charles Wesley and his Sister Kezziah.

Kezzie was the youngest daughter of Samuel Wesley. When Charles was excluded from the Churches, and began to preach present salvation,

Kezziah objected to the doctrine of justification by faith. She adhered to the notion she was a true believer, though she did not bring forth the fruits of faith. "My sister," said he, "who would not give up her pretensions to faith, told me, half angrily, 'Well, you will know in the next world whether I have faith or no.' I then asked her, 'Will you then discharge me in the sight of God from speaking to you again? If you will, I will promise never more to open my mouth till we meet in eternity.' She burst into tears, fell on my neck, and melted me into fervent prayer for her." He was present when she died, March 9, 1741. He says, "Yesterday morning Sister Kezzie died in the Lord Jesus. He finished his work, and cut it short in mercy. Full of thankfulness, resignation, and love, without pain or trouble, she commended her spirit into the hands of Jesus and fell asleep."

Charles Wesley and his Daughter Sarah.

Mr. Wesley took great pains in the cultivation of her intellect. One day, during her childhood, when she was repeating her Latin lesson to him before she had sufficiently mastered it, he said, somewhat impatiently, "Sarah, you are as stupid as an ass." She said nothing, but lifted her eyes with meekness, surprise, and imploring affection. On beholding her look he immediately burst into tears, and finished the sentence by adding, "and as patient."*

* Jackson's Life of C. Wesley.

Charles Wesley, his Daughter, and the Prisoners.

Charles Wesley was the prisoner's friend. He was desired to preach the last sermon to some malefactors under sentence of death in Newgate. Sarah was then a little girl, and her father asked her to accompany him. Her mother shuddered with horror at the idea of taking her daughter to such a scene, and Sarah replied that her feelings were so tender she would never have strength to endure it. He made no remark, and during the evening showed no displeasure. Mr. Wesley always retired at nine o'clock, and it was Sarah's custom to attend him to his bed-chamber. She did so that evening, and heard him repeating to himself, "Sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." Sarah was silent, but thoughtful. The next morning he called her at six o'clock, and she told him, "Father, I will go with you to Newgate this morning," and notwithstanding her mother's fears she went with him. On their entrance to the prison the jailer gave them vinegar, saying there had been jail fever among the prisoners; but this did not terrify her. Sarah was placed in a pew near the unhappy culprits, and the only sound she heard was the clinking of their chains. Charles Wesley, after entering the pulpit, was so overcome by his sympathies that it was many minutes before he could begin the prayer. Then he burst forth with an energy which impressed the whole auditory, "O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner come up before thee! According to the greatness of thy power

preserve thou those who are appointed to die." His whole sermon was alike affecting. Afterward he went to speak to the condemned prisoners, and each seemed very contrite.

When they returned home there was a lady at his house who learned where they had been, and seeing the pale face of Sarah, asked her father what possible good could result from taking his daughter to such a place. Mr. Wesley then, in most eloquent language, showed the vast benefits. "It expanded our sympathies, it excited gratitude to our heavenly Father for the grace which alone preserved any human being from similar offences to their fellow-creatures, it excited our prayers for them," etc., etc.*

Mrs. Charles Wesley's Singing.

Mrs. Wesley used to accompany her husband in his extensive journeys, generally riding behind him on horseback. At one time they put up at an inn, and after having partaken of some refreshments she went into the garden, and there sat down to rest. "It was a fine summer evening, and though wearied with the journey of fifty miles, a heavenly calm came over her spirit corresponding with the scene around her. She raised her sweet and melodious voice in a hymn of praise to her Saviour, who had so freely shed abroad his love in her heart. Her singing attracted the attention of some young ladies in an adjoining gar-

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1839, page 831.

den, who stood in silent attention on the other side of the hedge listening to strains which were equally devout and tasteful. Their father was a clergyman, who came and joined them with equal delight. When Mrs. Wesley had finished he complimented her upon her voice and skill, and invited her to sing in his church on the following Sabbath; but having learned who she was, and being given to understand that if he would have her in his choir he must allow her husband to occupy the pulpit, he declined the services of both. A Methodist sermon, even from a clergyman, he could not tolerate upon any terms."*

Charles Wesley's Last Hymn.

"In age and feebleness extreme," Charles Wesley lay one day silent and quiet for some time. He then called for Mrs. Wesley, his faithful wife, and requested her to write the following lines as he dictated them:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

Was there ever a better dying song?

* Jackson's Life of Charles Wesley, page 45a

CHARLES WESLEY, JUN.

The poet of Methodism had a son who bore his name, and was born December 11, 1757. Charles Wesley, Jun., was a musical prodigy in his infancy. Before he was three years old he manifested great talents for music, and in early life rose to eminence in the profession. No one ever excelled him in performing Handel's music on the organ. Two of the kings of England, George III. and George IV., employed him for a long time to play in their presence, and were highly delighted with his performances. Like his father, he was a man of small stature, and exhibited the eccentricities of genius. He abounded in anecdote. Several that follow were related by him. For years Charles Wesley, Jun., was a member of the Wesleyan Society in London, a good man with a pure Christian character. The 23d of May, 1834, he died in great peace in London, and was gathered to his fathers.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Charles Wesley, Jun., and King George.

King George III. is well known to have been very fond of music, particularly that of Handel. Charles Wesley excelled in playing the compositions of that great master. He became a special

favourite with his Majesty. At one time he offered himself as a candidate for the vacant situation of organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, when he met with a painful repulse. On appearing before the ecclesiastics, with whom the appointment lay, and presenting his claims to their confidence, they said to him abruptly, "We want no Wesleys here." The King heard of this unseemly act, and was deeply grieved. He sent for the obnoxious organist to Windsor, and expressed his strong regret that he should have been refused in such a manner and for such a reason, adding, with his own frankness and generosity, "Never mind, the name of Wesley is always welcome to me."

At another time, after King George had lost his sight, Mr. Wesley was one day with the venerable monarch alone, and the King inquired, "Mr. Wesley, is there any body in the room but you and me?" "No, your Majesty," was the reply. The King then declared his persuasion that Mr. Wesley's father and uncle, with Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon, had done more to promote the spread of true religion in the country than the whole body of the dignified clergy who were so apt to despise their labours.*

Charles Wesley, Jun., and King George IV.

Charles Wesley, Jun., used to speak of King George IV. as an admirable judge of music. He

* Wesleyan Magazine, 1834

was very fond of Charles Wesley, Jun., not only for his ability as a performer, but because, such was the tenacity of his memory, he scarcely ever had occasion to refer to his books. Whatever favourite composition the King might call for Mr. Wesley was prepared to play without delay or hesitation. In one of his visits to Carlton House one of the pages refused to admit him by the front entrance, but ordered him to go round and seek admission by some less honourable way. He obeyed. The King saw him approach, and inquired why he came to the palace in that direction. Mr. Wesley explained, and his Majesty sending for the page, gave him such a rebuke as he was not likely soon to forget, and commanded that whenever Mr. Wesley visited the palace he should be treated with all possible respect.

The Bishop's Rebuke.

Charles Wesley, Jun., was dining with the venerable Bishop Burgess, remarkable for his theological learning, and for the zeal and ability with which he defended the principles of Protestant Christianity. There was a young clergyman at the dinner-table who seemed desirous of attracting attention by the avowal of his partialities as a minister of the Established Church. "My lord," said he, addressing the Bishop, "when I was passing through — · I saw a man preaching to a

crowd in the open air. I suppose he was one of John Wesley's itinerants." "Did you stop to hear him?" inquired the Bishop. "O no," said the clergyman, "I did not suppose he could say any thing worth hearing." The Bishop ended the conversation by saying, "I should think you are mistaken, Mr. ——. It is very probable that that man preaches better sermons than you or I could nave done. Did you know, sir, that this gentleman," pointing to Charles Wesley, "is John Wesley's nephew?"

Charles Wesley, Jun., and his Sister Sarah.

Sarah Wesley was younger than her brother Charles. She was finely endowed, and had great influence over her brother. At a certain time he was greatly dejected, feeling that his talents had not been adequately rewarded. He came to his sister in a melancholy mood, and said, "All my works are neglected. They were performed at Windsor, but no one minds them now." Sarah answered him in a sprightly tone, "What a fool you would be to regret such worldly disappointment! You may secure a heavenly crown and immortal honour, and have a thousand blessings which were denied to poor Otway, Butler, and other bright geniuses. Johnson toiled for daily bread till past fifty. Pray think of your happier fate." "True," said he, with sweet humility, and took away his productions. Having recorded this anec-

dote, she adds, "Lord, sanctify all these mundane mortifications to him and me. The view of another state will prevent all regrets."

Charles Wesley, Jun., and his Uncle John.

In early life Charles formed an attachment for an amiable girl, but of inferior birth. His father was not pleased, and wrote to him, "'If any man would learn to pray,' the proverb says, 'let him go to sea.' I say, 'If any man would learn to pray let him think of marrying.'" The engagement met with strong opposition from the mother, and she mentioned it with much concern to John Wesley. He said, "Then there is no family blood. I hear the girl is good, but of no family." "Nor fortune either," said the mother of Charles. John Wesley, who was as far above those sentiments as the heavens are above the earth, ever preferring sound sense and religion before money and an honourable ancestry, encouraged his nephew, and sent him fifty pounds as a wedding gift. But some way the engagement was broken off, and Charles doomed himself to perpetual bachelorship.

Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.